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No. IV.

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THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

APRIL 1856.

ART. I.—CHARACTERISTICS OF GOETHE.

The Life and Works of Goethe: with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries, from published and unpublished sources. By G. H. Lewes. 2 vols. Nutt, 1855.

Freundschaftliche Briefe von Goethe und seiner Frau an Nicolaus Meyer, aus den Jahren 1800-1831. Leipzig, Hartung, 1856. [Friendly Letters from Goethe and his Wife to Nicolas Meyer, between the years 1800 and 1831. Leipzic, 1856.]

GOETHE tells us in his Autobiography, that while his mind was wandering about in search of a religious system, and thus passing over the intermediate areas between the various regions of theological belief, he met with a certain phenomenon which seemed to him to belong to none of them, and which he used to call therefore demonic influence. "It was not divine, for it seemed unintellectual; nor human, for it was no result of understanding; nor diabolic, for it was of beneficent tendency; nor angelic, for you could often notice in it a certain mischievous-It resembled chance, inasmuch as it demonstrated nothing; but was like providence, inasmuch as it showed symptoms of continuity. Every thing which fetters human agency seemed to yield before it; it seemed to dispose arbitrarily of the necessary elements of our existence." It is not always, says this great observer of life, "the first and best, either in moral nature or in abilities," who possess this magnetic influence, and it is but rarely "that they recommend themselves by goodness of heart; but a gigantic force goes out of them, and they exercise an incredible power over all creatures, nay, even over the elements themselves; and who can say how far this influence may reach? All moral forces united are powerless against them. The masses are fas242

cinated by them. They are only to be conquered by the universe itself." when they enter into conflict with it. Of course Goethe was thinking mainly of Napoleon, and men like him, as he afterwards told Eckermann, when he wrote this passage. Such men put forth, he says, a power, "if not exactly opposite to, yet at least crossing, that of the general moral order of the world; so that the one might be regarded as the woof, the other as the warp." He adds, that his life-long friend and patron, the Duke of Weimar, had this magnetic influence to such a degree that nobody could resist him, and no work of art ever failed in the poet's hands which the duke had suggested or approved. "He would have been enviable indeed if he could have possessed himself of my ideas and higher strivings; for when the dæmon forsook him, and only the human was left, he knew not how to set to work, and was much troubled at it. In Byron this element was probably very active, giving him such powers of fascination, especially with women." Eckermann, with his usual delightfully childlike simplicity, anxiously asks, "Has not Mephistopheles traits of this nature?" "No," replies Goethe, "Mephistopheles is too negative a being. The dæmonic manifests itself in positive active power among artists. It is found often in musicians, more rarely among painters. In Paganini it shows itself to a high degree, and it is by means of it that he produces such great effects." Of himself he says, "it does not lie in my nature, but I am subject to its influence;" by which Goethe probably meant modestly to disclaim having any personal fascination of this kind over other men, but to indicate, what we know from other conversations he really held to be true, that apparently arbitrary and quite inexplicable impulses had often exercised the most decisive and frequently fortunate influence on his own career. But it is quite clear that Goethe did possess in no common degree this faculty for, in a certain sense, fascinating men by his presence, as well as by his writings. If Byron had more of it as a man, Goethe succeeded in imparting far more of it to his works, and neither his life nor works can be properly judged without reference to its influence. It is something quite distinct from mere beauty, power, or general merit, either of personal character or of literary creation. It is a power which goes out from the individual man, and which can imprint itself only on such writings as carry with them the stamp of individual character; and not always even on those, if, as for example in the case of Byron's earlier works, the play of character is a good deal merged in some exaggerated mood of sentiment. It is not intensity: numbers of writers have surpassed Goethe in the intensity both of literary and personal characteristics. Schiller was a man of far keener and intenser, though narrower nature, and yet he could

not help going into utter captivity to that calm and somewhat limply-constituted mind. It is not even in itself independence or strength of will; for though Goethe had this in a remarkable degree, many others, as probably Schiller, had possessed it in as high a degree, who had been quite destitute of his fascinating talent. If it be expressible in one phrase at all (which it is not), it might be called presence of mind in combination with a deep knowledge of men;—we mean that absolute and complete adequacy to every emergency which gave Napoleon his sang froid at the very turning-point of his great battles, which has descended in some measure on his nephew, and which in the literary world has secured for Johnson his Boswell, and for Goethe his Eckermann. Johnson, indeed, was immeasurably Goethe's inferior in the range of his experience, and, what is of more importance, in his knowledge of man; but he was perhaps his superior in mere presence of mind, and hence was greater in conversation, but less in fascination. The Duke of Wellington had nearly as much presence of mind as Napoleon himself; but he had immeasurably less of the other element of fascination—instinctive knowledge of men, and how to use them.

Goethe is almost unrivalled in the literary world in the degree in which he combines these qualities. Shakespeare may have had them equally, but his dramas are too impersonal to tell us clearly what kind of individual influence he put forth. We should conjecture that his sympathy with men was too vivid to have enabled him to keep, as was the case with Goethe, a part of himself as a permanent reserve-force outside the actual field of action, and ready to turn the flank of any new emergency. Shakespeare can scarcely, we think, have been so uniformly able to detach himself, if he would, from the sympathies and passion of the moment as Goethe certainly was; for Goethe, like the little three-eyed girl (Drei-äuglein) in the German tale, had always an extra organ besides the eyes he slept and wept with, to take note of his own sleep and his own tears, and an extra will, subject to the command of the third eye, ready to rescue the ordinary will from the intricacies of human emotion. Shakespeare's knowledge of life was, we should think, less drawn from constant vigilance and presence of mind in the passing moment (to which we imagine him to have abandoned himself far more completely than Goethe), and more from the power of memory and imagination to reproduce those sympathies again. However this may be, Shakespeare has himself sketched, less perhaps this cool presence of mind itself than the effect which it produces on other men, in his picture of Octavius Cæsar in Antony and Cleopatra. Cæsar's cool self-possessed eve for every emergency, and for the right use of human instruments, and its paralysing effect on Antony's

more attaching and passionate power of character, is a striking example of what Goethe would have called the 'dæmonic' element in human affairs—the element that fascinates men by at once standing out clear and quite independent of their support, and yet indicating the power to read them off and detect for them their own needs and uses. There is always in this kind of magnetic power something repulsive first; but if the repulsion be overcome, the attraction becomes stronger than ever; there is a resistance while the secondary mind is striving to keep its independence, and conscious of the spell,—an intense devotion after he has once relinquished it, and consented to be a disciple or a servant. So the soothsayer tells Antony,—

"Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Cæsar's is not; but near him, thy angel Becomes a fear, as being overpowered; therefore Make space enough between you."

And Goethe, who had, as he says, himself experienced the force of this blind fascination in the Duke of Weimar's influence over him, as well as wielded it in no slight degree, tells Eckermann (himself a captive), "The higher a man stands, the more he is liable to this dæmonic influence; and he must take constant care that his guiding will be not diverted by it from the straight way. . . . This is just the difficult point—for our better nature stoutly to sustain itself, and cede to the dæmonic no more than is reasonable."

In Goethe himself this fascinating power existed as strongly as it is well possible to conceive in a man whose whole intellectual nature was of the sympathetic and contemplative, rather than of the practical cast,—who had no occasion to 'use' men except as literary material,—and who, while he stood out independent of them, and could at will shake off from his feet the dust of long association, yet felt with them as one who understood their nature and had entered into their experience. Goethe's sympathetic and genial insight into man would have been a pure embarrassment to a practical cold-tempered tool-seeker like Napoleon, who never deciphered men through sympathy, but always by an instinctive tact for detecting masterly and workmanlike results. And vice versû, the imperturbable self-possession and Napoleonic sang froid of judgment, that underlay in Goethe all storms of superficial emotion, was no little embarrassment to him in many of his literary moods. It prevented him, we think, from ever becoming a great dramatist. He could not ever lose himself in his creations: yet it was emphatically this which gave that peculiar and undefinable fascination to those minutelyaccurate observations on life with which all his later prose works

and his conversations are so thickly stocked. You can clearly see that men of strong nature did not submit to Goethe's magnetic influence without a struggle. Schiller, at first intensely repelled from him, was only gradually subdued, though thoroughly and strangely magnetised into idolatry by personal converse. Herder's keen and caustic nature vibrated to the end between the intense repulsion he felt for Goethe's completely unmoral genius, the poet's impartial sympathy for good and evil alike, and the irresistible attractions which his personal influence exerted. Only those could thoroughly cling to Goethe from the first who were not conscious of having any strong intellectual independence to maintain. Women, who love nothing so much as a completely independent self-sustained nature, especially if joined with thorough insight into themselves, were purely fascinated Wieland,* who had no intellectual ground to fight for, surrendered without terms. But no man of eminent ability and a different school of thought seemed to approach him without some sense that, if exposed constantly to his immediate influence, he had to choose between fascination and repulsion. Hence his very few intimate male friends: scarcely any man at all able to enter into his mind and share his deeper interests, was likely to be found who could go so completely into captivity to his modes of thought: and, tolerant as he was, the centrifugal force of his mind threw off, to a certain respectful distance, all that the attractive force was not able to appropriate as part of itself. There has been a very similar effect produced by his writings on those even who did not know the man. Novalis fluttered round them, repeatedly expressing his aversion, like a moth round a candle. They invariably repel, at first, English readers with English views of life and duty. As you read more and more, and the characteristic atmosphere of the man is breathed into your life, you find the magnetic force coming strongly over you; -- you are as a man mesmerised; -you feel his calm independence of so much on which you helplessly lean, combined with his thorough insight into that desire of yours to lean, drawing you irresistibly towards the invisible intellectual centre at which such independent strength and such genial breadth of thought was possible. And yet you feel that you would be in many and various ways lowered in your own eyes if you could think completely as he thought and act as he acted. It becomes a difficult problem, in the presence of so much genius, and beneath so fascinating an eye, "for our better nature stoutly to sustain itself and yield to the dæmonic no more than is reasonable."

^{*} The most pleasant and characteristic sketch of Wieland in English literature is contained in a few pages contributed to the second volume of Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe, p. 227.

Let us attempt to contribute to the solution of this difficulty by some account and criticism of Goethe's life and genius in connection with that personal character which so subtly penetrates all he has written. Carlyle mistook completely when he said that Goethe, like Shakespeare, leaves little trace of himself in his creations. To a fine eye this is not even true of Shakespeare, though Shakespeare leaves no *immediate* stamp of himself, and critical inference alone can discern him in his works; but far less is it true of Goethe. A rarefied self no doubt it is—a highly distilled gaseous essence; but every where, penetrating all he writes, there is the ethereal atmosphere which travelled about with Johann

Wolfgang Goethe.

Mr. Lewes's volumes give us a very able and deeply interesting biography,—a book, indeed, of permanent value; the incidents illustrating character, though not quite exhausting his materials, are disposed with skill, and the artistic criticism, while thoroughly appreciating Goethe's transcendent poetical genius, is independent, sensible, and English. From his moral criticism of Goethe, and sometimes, though not so frequently, from the poetical, we very widely dissent, and hope to give the grounds of Something more too might have been done, we our dissent. think, in the way of defining his individual position both as a poet and as a man. But it is impossible to deny Mr. Lewes high merit for the candour of his biography. Where Goethe has been most censured, he gives all the facts without reserve; and he does not go into any helpless captivity to the poet and artist. He gives his readers the elements for forming their own moral judgments, and he has shaken off from his feet the ponderous rubbish of the German scholiasts. Herr Düntzer and his colleagues are valuably used in Mr. Lewes's book; but they are also valuably spared. Mr. Lewes has not submitted himself to Carlyle's somewhat indiscriminating, strained, and lashed-up furor of adoration for every word that the German sage let drop. There is, by the way, nothing more remarkably illustrative of Goethe's 'dæmonic' influence than Carlyle's worship of him. Except his permanent unfailing self-possession, he lacked almost all the personal qualities which usually fascinate that great writer's eye. And accordingly there runs through the essays on Goethe a tone of arduous admiration,—a helpless desire to fix on some characteristic which he could infinitely admire,—betraying that he was in subjection to the "eyes behind the book," not to the thing which is said in it. There was nothing of the rugged thrusting power of Johnson, of the imperious practical faith of Cromwell, of the picturesque passion of Danton, of the kingly fanaticism of Mahomet; nothing, in short, of the intensity of nature which Carlyle always needs behind the sagacity he wor-

Mr. Lewes reports a rather affected piece of Carlylese, delivered by the Latter-day oracle in Piccadilly upon one of the injurious attacks that had been directed against Goethe. Carlyle stopped suddenly, and with his peculiar look and emphasis said, "Yes, it is the wild cry of amazement on the part of all spooneys that the Titan was not a spooney too! Here is a godlike intellect, and yet you see he is not an idiot! not in the least a spooney!" This was true enough of Goethe, no doubt; but we suspect that Mr. Carlyle was resisting a secret feeling that there was a limpness and want of concentration in Goethe's whole nature intellectual and moral, from the results of which his imperturbable self-possessed presence of mind and great genius alone saved him; that he did in consequence go sometimes up to the brink of spooneyishness in early days, and even across the verge of unreal "high art" in later life. These are just the defects to which Mr. Carlyle is most sensitive. It is true Goethe never was in danger of permanently sinking into either abyss; for his head was always cool, and his third eye, at least, always vigilant. But it may perhaps account for the unusual failure of our great essayist in delineating Goethe, that the poet's wonderful writings were less the real object of his admiration than the strange fascination of the character behind. In the very brief sketch we must give of the poet's life, we shall, of course, so far as possible, select our illustrations from passages or incidents passed over in Mr. Lewes's volumes, wherever they seem to be equally characteristic.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe, born at noon on the 28th August 1749, in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, seems to have inherited his genial, sensitive, sensuous, and joyous temperament from his mother; and from his father, the pride, self-dependence, and magnificent formality, the nervous orderliness, perseverance, and the microscopic minuteness of eye by which, at least after the first rush of youth was gone by, he was always distinguished. His mother was but eighteen when he was born. She was a lively girl, full of German sentiment, with warm impulses, by no means much troubled with a conscience, exceedingly afraid of her husband, who was near twenty years her senior, and seemingly both willing and skilful in the invention of occasional white lies adapted to screen her children from his minute, fidgety, and rather austere superintendence. She "spoiled" her children on principle, and made no pretension to conduct a systematic training, which she abhorred. She said of herself in afteryears, that she could "educate no child, was quite unfit for it, gave them every wish so long as they laughed and were good, and whipped them if they cried or made wry mouths, without ever looking for any reason why they laughed or cried."* Her

^{*} Letter to her granddaughter, - Düntzer's Frauenbilder, p. 544.

belief in Providence was warm with German sentiment, and not a little tinged with superstition. She rejoiced greatly when her son published the Confessions of a Beautiful Soul, which she loved as a memorial of a lost pietistic friend. Her religion was one of emotion rather than of moral reverence. She was generous and extravagant, and, after her husband's death, seems to have spent capital as well as income. She was passionately fond of the theatre; a taste which she transmitted to her son. hearty simplicity of nature made her every where loved. servants loved and stayed with her to the last. She seems to have had at least as much humour as her son, which, for Germans, was not inconsiderable, and not much more sense of awe. She gave the most detailed orders for her own funeral, and even specified the kind of wine and the size of the cracknels with which the mourners were to be regaled; ordering the servants not to put too few raisins into the cakes, as she never could endure that in her life, and it would certainly chafe her in her grave. Having been invited to go to a party on the day on which she died, she sent for answer that "Madame Goethe could not come, as she was engaged just then in dying."* Yet her sensitiveness was so great, that she always made it a condition with her servants that they should never repeat to her painful news that they had picked up accidentally, as she wished to hear nothing sad without absolute necessity. And during her son's dangerous illness at Weimar, in 1805, no one ventured to speak to her of it till it was past, though she affirmed that she had been conscious all the time of his danger without the heart to mention it. This peculiarity Goethe inherited. Courageous to the utmost degree in all physical danger, he could never bear to encounter mental pain which he could any how avoid. invented soft paraphrases to avoid speaking of the death of those he had loved, and indeed of all death. Writing to Zelter of his son's death, he says, "the staying-away (Aeussenbleiben) of my son has weighed dreadfully upon me in many ways." And his feeling was so well known, that his old friend and mistress, the Frau von Stein, who died before him, directed that her funeral should not pass his door, lest it should impress him too painfully. No one dared to tell him of Schiller's death; and so it was also at the death of his wife's sister, and in other cases. Indeed, his constant unwillingness manfully to face the secret of his own anguish, was a principal source of a shade of unreality in a generally very real character. He habitually evaded the awful task of fathoming the meaning and the depth of suffering. avoided all contact with keen pain. He could not bear, al-

[•] Düntzer's Frauenbilder, p. 583.

though in the neighbourhood, to visit his brother-in-law at a time when his sister's child was dving. It was not weakness,—it was his principle of action; and the effect remains in his works. He writes like a man who had not only experienced but explored every reality of human life except that of anguish and remorse. The iron that enters into the soul had found him too; but instead of fronting it as he fronted all other realities of life, and pondering its message to the last letter, he drew back from it with what speed he might. This experience even his Faust Remorse, grief, agony, Goethe gently waived; and, by averting his thoughts, softened them gradually without exhausting their lesson. Hence his passion never reaches the deepest deep of human life. It can glow and melt, but is never a consuming fire. His Werther, Tasso, Ottilie, and Clärchen, suffer keenly, but never meet the knife-edge. There is nothing in his poems like the courageous reality of suffering which vibrates through some of Shelley's lyrics and his Cenci. The fascination of pain he can paint, but not the conquest of the will over its deeper aspect of terror. The temperament he inherited from his mother. But to him was granted a conspicuously despotic will, which should have enabled him to sound this depth

From his father it is far more difficult to say what qualities of mind Goethe inherited. The old man had always worried his family; and it became fashionable among the poet's friends, who were enthusiastic about his mother, to ignore or depreciate the old counsellor, and they seem to have regarded it as a "mercy" when "Providence removed him." There are, however, one or two incidents in the Autobiography which convey an impression that his affection for his children was as real and deep as even that of his wife. He was a formal man, with strong ideas of straightlaced education, passionately orderly (he thought a good book nothing without a good binding), and never so much excited as by a necessary deviation from the "pre-established harmony" of household rules. He could not submit to the inevitable. was the kind of man who is so attached to his rules, that if he cannot shatter the obstacles of circumstance, he thinks it next best to let the obstacles of circumstance shatter him. He had none of his son's calm presence of mind. But whatever perseverance of temper Goethe had, he probably gained from his He could not bear to do any thing superficially. was as thorough (gründlich, as the Germans say,) in preparing Wolfgang for the coronation of the emperor by an exhaustive investigation into the authorities for every ceremony to be observed, as in teaching him the civil law. Einleitung, Quellen, &c. were all raked carefully up; for was not the coronation a part of

the Entwickelung der Geschichte? He had the formal notions about every thing, considering rhyme the essence of poetry, and believing that pictures, like wine, improved in value by mere keeping. He taught his children himself, and completely alienated his daughter by his dry and exacting manner. But he was at least in earnest with his task. He began to learn both English and drawing at the same time with his children, that his own participation in their efforts might spur them on. He copied all his children's drawing-copies "with an English lead-pencil upon the finest Dutch paper; and not only observed the greatest clearness of outline, but most accurately imitated the hatching of the copies with a light hand. He drew the whole collection, number by number, while we children jumped from one head to another just as we pleased." This is very characteristic of his son's genius in later years, at least in the microscopic detail. After the first outburst of the poet's youthful passion, the lad took a sudden passion for rude fragmentary drawings from nature, on all sorts of odd gray scraps of paper. And of this time he tells us, "the pedagogism of my father, on this point too, was greatly to be admired. He kindly asked for my attempts, and drew lines round every imperfect sketch. . . . The irregular leaves he cut straight, and thus made the beginning of a collection in which he wished at some future time to rejoice in the progress of his son." There seems to us real tenderness here. He was a proud man, who had drawn back into himself at the first repulse from civic politics; and was hardly reconciled to his son's adhesion to the Weimar court, because he dreaded lest some ducal caprice should bring mortification to his family pride.

The poet was born, as he himself records, with that sedate kind of humour in which alone he excelled, with a "propitious horoscope." There was clear anticipation in it of the special worship of young ladies, and of a general sceptre over earth and air. "The sun stood in the sign of the Virgin, and was culminating for the day." Jupiter and Venus were friendly; (little Pallas, latent for another half-century, must surely have lent a helping ray;) Mercury was not adverse; Mars and Saturn indifferent; "the moon alone, just full, exerted the power of her opposition, all the more as she had reached her planetary hour; she therefore resisted my birth, which could not be accomplished

till this hour was passed."

Frankfort was a busy old-fashioned town, with old walls and new walls, full of lingering traditions and gray customs still surviving, which served as an antique poetic frame for its changing pictures of motley German life. Goethe remembered his childish exploring expeditions about the old walls, moats, towers, and posterns, with great delight. Directly behind his father's house

was a large area of gardens, to which the family had no access, stretching away to the walls of the city. The boy used often to gaze on this forbidden Eden in evening hours from a room in the second story called the garden-room. Even after the lapse of sixty years, the many-coloured picture of these gardens—the solitary figures of careful neighbours stooping to tend their flowers, the groups of skittle-players, and the bands of merry children,—all blended together in the warm sunset—the floating sounds of many voices, of the rolling balls, and the dropping ninepins—would again beset his imagination, bringing with them many a

"tale of visionary hours."

Mr. Lewes remarks that the child's character frequently presents far more distinctly the ground-plan of the matured man's than the youth's, since the proportions of the whole are often completely disguised by the temporary caprices of newly-expanded passions and newly-gained freedom. This is, at all events, extremely true of Goethe, and is generally true of all casts of character where the permanent influence of a manly conscience does not start forth into life along with the new powers and new freedom it is to control. The awful sense of responsibility and moral freedom, once awakened, does not again subside, and where searching moral convictions have once taken hold on the character, the subsidence of youthful impetuousness does not give back again the characteristic features of childhood: but in Goethe this element was always faint, and the difference between the child's mind and the man's was only a difference in maturity of powers; when the spring-tide of youth fell back, his inward life was as it had been, only that all was stronger and riper. He was a reflective, old-fashioned, calmly-imaginative child, always fascinated by a mystery, but never, properly speaking, awed by it. It kindled his imagination; it never subdued He was full of wonder, and quite without veneration. In the "altar to the Lord" which the child secretly built on a music-stand of his father's at seven years of age, and on which he burnt incense in the shape of a pastil, until he found that it was at the risk of injuring his altar, he was innocently playing with a subject which to almost any other child would have been too sacred for imaginative amusement. He was evidently charmed with the picturesqueness of the patriarchal sacrifices, and thought with delight of the blue smoke rising up to heaven beneath the first beam of the rising sun: of the religious feeling, the desire to give up any thing of his own out of love to God, he had not of course any idea;—that in a child of seven no one would expect. But what is characteristic is, the absence of any restraining awe, in thus mingling the thought of God with his play at an age when he had already begun to think whether

it was just in Him to send earthquakes and storms. Religion was already to him what it ever continued to be,—not the communion with holiness, but at most a graceful development of human life, a fountain of cool mystery playing gratefully over the parched earth.

Mr. Lewes has translated a delightful anecdote of Goethe's relation to his mother, from Bettina von Arnim's account. That bold young lady's authority is generally more than questionable; here, however, there is the strongest evidence of internal

truth:

"This genial, indulgent mother employed her faculty for storytelling to his and her own delight. 'Air, fire, earth, and water, I represented under the forms of princesses; and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning, in which I almost believed more fervently than my little hearers. As we thought of paths which led from star to star, and that we should one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favourites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the nasty tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would in the meanwhile think it out for himself, and so he often stimulated my When I turned the story according to his plan, and imagination. told him that he had found out the denouement, then was he all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, there was a little diplomatic secrecy between us, which we never disclosed. I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfilment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

His self-command and self-importance showed themselves early. He once waited resolutely for many minutes till school-time was "up," though his schoolfellows were lashing his legs with switches till they bled, before he would defend himself by a single movement; and then fell upon them with immense success. Like all petted children, he did not like school; his pride was hurt by the unrespecting self-assertion of the republic around him. His most intimate friends were usually women and younger men. He never could endure to be laughed at. Her-

der's rather vulgar pun on his name (Göthe), made in college days.

"Thou, the descendant of gods, or of Goths, or of gutters,"*

was perhaps a little annoying for the time; but it clearly rankled in his mind; and he mentions it bitterly forty years later, after Herder's death, in the course of a very kindly criticism, as an instance of the sarcasm which rendered Herder often unamiable: characteristically adding this most true principle of etiquette, "the proper name of a man is not like a cloak, which only hangs about him, and at which one may at any rate be allowed to pull and twitch; but it is a close-fitting garment, which has grown over and over him, like his skin, and which one cannot scrape and flay without injuring him himself." As a small boy he is said to have walked in an old-fashioned way, in order to distinguish himself from his schoolfellows, and to have told his mother, "I begin with this. Later on in life I shall distinguish myself in far other ways." One cannot help thinking a little judicious whipping and nonchalance at home might at this period have been of great service to him. Yet the 'oracular' so entered into his nature, that one could ill spare it now from his essence. It gives a certain antique support to the light leaves of poetry that are twined round it.

His minute self-observation early showed itself. The following recollection in his Autobiography is extremely characteristic:

"We boys held a Sunday assembly, where each of us was to produce original verses. And here I was struck by something strange, which long caused me uneasiness. My poems, whatever they might be, always seemed to me the best. But I soon remarked that my competitors, who brought forth very lame affairs, were in the same condition, and thought no less of themselves. Nay, what appeared yet more suspicious, a good lad (though in such matters altogether unskilful), whom I liked in other respects, but who had his rhymes made by his tutor, not only regarded these as the best, but was thoroughly persuaded they were his own, as he always maintained in our confidential intercourse. Now, as this illusion and error was obvious to me, the question one day forced itself upon me, whether I myself might not be in the same state, whether those poems were not really better than mine, and whether I might not justly appear to those boys as mad as they to me? This disturbed me much and long; for it was altogether impossible for me to find any external criterion of the truth; I even ceased from producing, until at length I was quieted by my own light temperament, and the feeling of my own powers."

He could not see then that what really distinguished him above them was not near so much, probably, the excellence of

^{*} In German "Koth," literally "mud."

his verses, as the power of detecting and applying to his own

case the general law of self-deception.

Goethe was, as he intimates in Wilhelm Meister, in a passage well known to be in fact autobiographical, a very inquisitive child, and as unscrupulous as spoiled children are in gratifying his inquisitiveness. His childish fondness for the 'store-room' is rather universal and human than individual and personal. "More than any other of the young ones I was in the habit of looking out attentively to see if I could notice any cupboard left open, or key standing in its lock." There are few minuter bits of life in his writings than his description of the predatory excursion into the store-room one Sunday morning, when the key had not been withdrawn. "I marked this oversight," he says. He pilfered, however, with less than his usual self-possession; the cook made "a stir in the kitchen," and even Goethe was flurried. But he seems to have had no ordinary childish shame and selfreproach connected with the adventure—the loved puppets were always dearer to him because of the "French-plum" fragrance

which they had acquired in the scene of theft.

His delight in the theatre was the same through life. He liked the little mystery. He liked still better to have the key to the mystery. He was as quick as any child to find out "the man in the bear;" but it did not destroy his pleasure, especially if he was able to be "the man in the bear" himself; and besides, his heart was always in his eyes. But what mainly fascinated him in the theatre, we think, was its condensation and concentration of life into one consecutive piece. His imagination was wandering, digressive, microscopic, incoherent; he had the greatest difficulty in grasping in one vision a consecutive whole. He saw vivid points in succession, and saw the continuity and growth; but his sight was like the passing of a microscope over a surface,—it laid bare the transition, but did not give a connected vision. He saw too intensely and too far at each point to be able to sweep his eve quickly over the The theatre helped to remedy this defect, and he was grateful to it. But for that very reason he never could write successfully for the theatre. The boy's passion for the theatre had one very bad effect. During the French occupation of Frankfort he (then a lad of ten to twelve years old) had a free admission to the French theatre, which he used daily, accompanied by no older friend. His mother unwisely obtained the reluctant permission of his father that he should go; and his consequent quick progress in French reconciled his father to the habit. The lad had constant access behind the scenes and in the greenroom along with his young French companions. Here we have little doubt the first delicacy of his mind was rubbed off. Probably he was constitutionally deficient in that element of mind which shame and reverence have in common ($ai\delta\omega s$, as the Greeks called it); and during the French occupation of Frankfort, at a most susceptible age, he was subjected to influences that would be likely to have endangered the most delicate of natures. He was too young, his friends imagined, for danger; but certainly he was not at all too young for that kind of curiosity about evil which is often more tainting than evil itself. Even in the late-written autobiographical recollections of his youth this is distinctly visible.

At the age of fourteen he was a great tale-composer; and one of these tales, "The New Paris," full of the genius of his later years, he has preserved in his Autobiography. It is a most characteristic tale, brimming over with the self-importance of the boy, and full also of the fanciful grace, the mysterious simplicity, and the simple mysteriousness of his older compositions. It is far the most graceful of his short tales; and must, we think, have received some touches from his older hand. For our own parts, we greatly prefer it to the second part of Faust. But the childlike delight in puzzling his readers is the same. The scene of the fairy-tale, which is autobiographic, is laid in gardens discovered by him through the old wall of the city. The tale ends with the following charming mystery:

"The porter did not speak another word; but before he let me pass the entrance, he stopped me, and showed me some objects on the wall over the way, while at the same time he pointed backwards to the door. I understood him; he wished to imprint the objects on my mind, that I might the more certainly find the door which had unexpectedly closed behind me. I now took good notice of what was opposite to me. Above a high wall rose the boughs of extremely old nut-trees, and partly covered the cornice at the top. The branches reached down to a stone tablet, the ornamented border of which I could perfectly recognise, though I could not read the inscription. It rested on the corbel of a niche, in which a finely-wrought fountain poured water from cup to cup into a great basin, that formed, as it were, a little pond, and disappeared in the earth. Fountain, inscription, nut-trees, all stood directly one above another; I would paint it as I saw it.

Now, it may well be conceived how I passed this evening and many following days, and how often I repeated to myself this story, which even I could hardly believe. As soon as it was in any degree possible, I went again to the Bad Wall, at least to refresh my remembrance of these signs, and to look at the precious door. But, to my great amazement, I found all changed. Nut-trees, indeed, overtopped the wall, but they did not stand immediately in contact. A tablet also was inserted in the wall, but far to the right of the trees, without ornament, and with a legible inscription. A niche with a fountain was found far to the left, but with no resemblance whatever to that which I had seen; so that I almost believed that the second adventure

was, like the first, a dream; for of the door there is not the slightest trace. The only thing that consoles me is the observation, that these three objects seem always to change their places. For in repeated visits to the spot, I think I have noticed that the nut-trees have moved somewhat nearer together, and that the tablet and the fountain seem likewise to approach each other. Probably, when all is brought together again, the door, too, will once more be visible; and I will do my best to take up the thread of the adventure. Whether I shall be able to tell you what further happens, or whether it will be expressly forbidden me, I cannot say.

This tale, of the truth of which my playfellows vehemently strove to convince themselves, received great applause. Each of them visited alone the place described, without confiding it to me or the others, and discovered the nut-trees, the tablet, and the spring, though always at a distance from each other; as they at last confessed to me afterwards, because it is not easy to conceal a secret at that early age. But here the contest first arose. One asserted that the objects did not stir from the spot, and always maintained the same distance: a second averred that they did move, and that too away from each other: a third agreed with the latter as to the first point of their moving, though it seemed to him that the nut-tree, tablet, and fountain rather drew near together: while a fourth had something still more wonderful to announce, which was, that the nut-trees were in the middle, but that the tablet and the fountain were on sides opposite to those which I had stated. respect to the traces of the little door they also varied. And thus they furnished me an early instance of the contradictory views men can hold and maintain in regard to matters quite simple and easily cleared up. As I obstinately refused the continuation of my tale, a repetition of the first part was often desired. I was on my guard, however, not to change the circumstances much, and by the uniformity of the narrative I converted the fable into truth in the minds of my hearers."

How vividly this reminds us of his mysterious conduct to Eckermann with regard to some portions of the second part of Faust. In that dark composition Faust asks Mephistopheles to show him Helena; and Mephistopheles tells him it can only be managed by application "to goddesses who live sublime in lone-liness, but not in space, still less in time—of whom to speak is embarrassment"—'the mothers;' 'a glowing tripod'* is to assure him that he has attained the deepest point of all, and by its shining he is to see the mothers. But there is no way there, as there can be no way into the "untrodden and untreadable," where he is to be surrounded by "lonelinesses." On hearing 'the mothers' mentioned, Faust starts back shuddering; and when asked why, only replies,

"Die Mütter! Mütter! 's klingt so wunderlich." (The mothers! mothers! it has the strangest ring.)

^{*} The passage is, it seems to us, a satire upon the Hegelian practice of deducing every thing out of "the pure nothing," by what may be called the tripartite cork-screw philosophy, which does every thing in logical triplets, but winds itself a little higher at each repetition.

Poor Eckermann had been set to read this remarkable scene, and was, naturally, a good deal puzzled. But he shall tell his own story.

"This afternoon Goethe did me the great pleasure of reading those scenes in which Faust visits the mothers.

The novelty and unexpectedness of this subject, with his manner of reading the scene, struck me so forcibly, that I felt myself translated into the situation of Faust, shuddering at the communication from Mephistopheles.

Although I had heard and felt the whole, yet so much remained an enigma to me, that I felt myself compelled to ask Goethe for some explanation. But he, in his usual manner, wrapped himself up in mystery, looking on me with wide open eyes, and repeating the words,—

'Die Mütter! Mütter! 's klingt so wunderlich,'

'I can betray to you no more, except that I found in Plutarch that in ancient Greece the mothers were spoken of as divinities. This is all for which I am indebted to tradition; the rest is my own invention. Take the manuscript home with you, study it carefully, and see to what conclusion you come.''

The good childlike Eckermann conscientiously tasked himself to find the riddle out quite as anxiously as Goethe's boyaudience did about the door in the old wall; perhaps it was even less worth while. He elaborated a most complex and difficult 'view' on the subject of these mothers; but Goethe let nothing further transpire. Indeed it might fairly wait at least till the nut-trees, and the fountain, and the tablet in the old Frankfort wall, had drawn together again.

There is one other slight incident of his boyhood so characteristic of the man that it is worth mentioning. The calm, unabashed, self-fortified boy appears in it the very image of the man. Coming out of the theatre, he remarked ponderingly to a companion, with reference to one of the young actors, "How handsomely the boy was dressed, and how well he looked! Who knows in how tattered a jacket he may sleep to-night!" The mother of the lad happened to be beside him in the crowd, took great umbrage, and read Goethe a long lecture. "As I could neither excuse myself nor escape from her, I was really embarrassed; and when she paused for a moment said, without thinking, 'Well, why do you make such a noise about it?--today red, to-morrow dead.'* These words seemed to strike the woman dumb. She stared at me, and moved away from me as soon as it was in any degree possible." This was not meant to give pain; it was only that he habitually cut short what annoyed him, without caring much how. He had the nerve and the presence of mind, and of other results he thought little.

^{* &}quot;Heute roth, morgen todt,"-a German proverb.

There is a like tale, referring to later years, of a fanatical admirer bursting into the bedroom of an inn where Goethe was undressing, and throwing himself ecstatically at his feet, pouring forth at the same time a set speech of adoration. Goethe blew out the candle and jumped into bed. This was truly a great inspiration;* but the power of calmly warding off any thing that did not suit him was exercised quite without reference to the moral elements of the case. Goethe had at every period of his life a thoroughly kindly nature; but one, as it seems to us, quite unvisited by any devoted affection. The conception of really living for another probably never occurred to him. His attachments to women were numerous and violent, never self-devoting. For his mother and sister he clearly felt warmly, but certainly he was neither a fond brother nor a fond son. After his transition to Weimar, he visited his mother only at very long intervals, and never seems to have hastened to her side in any time of special trouble, though he always rejoiced to see her and wished to have her with him. In the last eleven years of her old age he never once visited Frankfort, his summer holiday always taking him in another direction—to Karlsbad or Marienbad. And his letters were too few to keep her always well informed even of his more important movements. He was, in short, a kind and hearty, rather than a deeply-attached brother and son. If he never gave himself up to an affection, he never demanded or even expected it from another. Never was there a less jealous or exacting man. He seldom interfered with his own calm process of self-culture for the sake of another. He never expected another to do it for him. But this remark belongs to a later period of Yet the genial but pliant and self-considering nature of his relation to others is distinctly visible in his childhood. He was already beginning to accommodate himself to all inevitabilities, and to ward off, wherever possible, all that was foreign to his nature. The extent of his boyish studies was not less wide than that of his boyish experience of life. To Latin, Greek, Italian, German, English, and Hebrew, together with drawing, music, geography, and Roman law, he had given much time, and apparently made considerable progress in them, before he went to college at sixteen. He scattered his studies, and had 'alternate fits' of Hebrew and drawing, &c.; but his retentive memory did not easily lose what it had once laid hold of.

In 1764 Goethe began that habit of falling in love, of which he never broke himself for the next sixty years. Mr. Lewes makes light of his love for Gretchen, and the scholiasts seem

^{*} We do not know the authority for this anecdote of Goethe. Mr. Emerson used to narrate it, not without keen sympathy for the oppressed lion.

never to have traced her history. But bovish as his passion was, the separation clearly caused him as intense a suffering, and a more inconsolable despair than any subsequent adoration. His mind had not yet got the strength to carry him through. His nature was still the dependent nature of a home-bred boy. He had yet no intellectual passions, no penetrating consciousness of creative power. It is clear to us that this kind, sisterly Gretchen, was still living in his imagination when he immortalised her name in Faust. The night of Joseph II.'s coronation, when he forgot his secret door-key, by which, through his mother's connivance, he used to enter long after his father had supposed him to be in bed, was the last night of his childhood. With his separation from Gretchen there came upon him the moody humours, the dark sentimental infinitudes, the confusion of energies, the thankless melancholies and boisterous caprices peculiar to that period of life when young men are most grateful to themselves and most oppressive to mankind. The passion for Gretchen had involved him with a set not quite so harmless. And the stiff dignity of his father was sadly injured by having his son's name mixed innocently up in questions of swindling, and even forgery. He was subjected to the companionship of an accommodating tutor; and a year later, in the autumn of 1765, went forth to see the world as a student of the University of Leipzic.

Most poets' youth is turbid, and apt to be egotistical. Goethe's is not an exception. He seems to have had generally. when in good health, buoyant spirits. But the spiritual abysses are of course unfathomable. We must pass this period briefly. Mr. Lewes has got some very interesting letters concerning Goethe at this time from his college friends. At Leipzic Goethe got a good deal of knowledge without much diligence. He fell into dissipation. The only pure influence over him that he felt powerful was that of Gellert, the professor of belles lettres, and one lady-friend, the wife of a law professor. The latter died during his studentship. Gellert's mild influence he felt painful and a reproach to him, and he began to avoid it. Perhaps it was not very wisely exerted. He used, says Goethe, "to hold his head down, and ask us with his weeping, winning voice, whether we went regularly to church, who was our confessor, and whether we attended the holy communion. If we passed this examination but ill, we were dismissed with lamentations, we were more annoyed than edified; and yet we could not help loving the man heartily." Goethe's law-lectures were rather jokes. He naturally preferred drawing caricatures of the official persons in their official costume, to taking notes. Fritters (very good ones), hot from the fire, came into competition with one of these classes, and were considered the more attractive. Goethe fell deeply in

love again at Leipzic; but he quarrelled with the young lady, and he seems to say the despair he felt at her loss was the impulse which plunged him into dissipation. This affection was the origin of his little pastoral piece, The Lover's Humours, which certainly gives promise of his future power. Besides containing some fine lines, and one fair living character in profile, it shows that rich fertility of ordinary feeling and harmonious sentiment which must flow on long in order to temper the mind to the higher creative mood. A poet who, like Gray, for instance, has no flow of level feeling, loses the predisposing influences from which the deeper truer insight can alone come. When the poet has reached, as it were, the ordinary level of genial human emotion, then, and not sooner, do his special characteristics begin to work with effect. If he is not in the first place luxuriant in common feeling, he loses all the advantage of his higher faculties. Goethe, like all great poets, was most luxuriant in mere ordinary thought and feeling; and when once fairly affoat in that, his genius began to work. Gray's imagination had good sails; but he had not enough common human nature to float in, his vessel was always aground. The Fellow-Sinners, which Goethe wrote at this same time, has equal ease, but not equal warmth, with the piece just mentioned, and consequently very little trace of his characteristic From Leipzic Goethe went home ill, after three years' residence, in 1768. His father was irritated by his delicate health, and still more by any thing like hypochondriacal conver-His mother and sister paid him, as is usual in such cases, something like divine honours. They were moped, and delighted to have an invalid to worship. He looked into alchemy, and began to think of Faust.

In the spring of 1770 he went to the University of Strasburg. where he fell in with Herder, who first introduced him to the Vicar of Wakefield, the loose awkward machinery of which Goethe (who never had any power of constructing a plot) afterwards partly borrowed in his novel of Wilhelm Meister. The exquisite humour, and childlike simplicity of taste in that book, are Goldsmith's own. But in the style of representing nature and life Goethe is not at all unlike Goldsmith. Like him, he does not impartially paint, but rather vaguely indicates the principal influences of the scene before him. He sketches no outlined picture, at least of men—but gives one or two figures, hovering too close to the eye to be caught completely in any one glance, and which are presented therefore successively in minute yet very significant details to the closest conceivable scrutiny; and for the rest, he indicates only the most important inlets of accessory influence in a few words of loose spacious suggestion. As Goldsmith presents Dr. Primrose and his wife by such minute successive touches, that not till you fall back from the story can you see them as a whole, and represents the daughters only by the general streams of influence they diffuse, the rosy and violet light their characters respectively reflect, in the vaguer distance, adding too those influences of external nature which most beset the senses, but no clear landscape,—so also Goethe painted in his three novels, Werther, Meister, and finally, though with more distinctive outline, and less attempt at indicating a whole character or a whole landscape by isolated samples, in the Elective Affinities. We do not wonder that he told Eckermann, in later years, that he found in Sir Walter Scott the suggestion of a wholly new school of art. That writer's strong, masterly, often hard outlines, were the most vivid possible contrast to the faint fringes of the luminous nimbus which usually involves his own

most carefully finished figures.

While at Strasburg, Goethe made the acquaintance of the family which seemed to him the counterpart of Dr. Primrose's, and in which he appeared first in the character of Mr. Burchell: exchanging it, however, not for Sir William Thornhill's, but for his own. Pastor Brion had a little parsonage at Drusenheim, sixteen miles north of Strasburg, into which Goethe was introduced, in the disguise of a poor and dilapidated theological student, by a fellow-student. The latter was attached (or becoming so) to the eldest and most lively daughter, whom Goethe identified as the Olivia of Goldsmith's tale. The second daughter, Frederika, who took benign pity on the shabby theologian, and captivated his fancy by her simplicity and grace, reminded him of Sophia; but she little knew that instead of giving rise to a novel, she was starting a new epoch in German criticism, and spinning the first thread of a very ponderous "Frederike litteratur," in which an erudition as yet unborn would discuss, with prodigious learning and subtlety, after collation of Ms. letters, personal examination of the place, and cross-questioning of aged survivors, the precise point where Goethe had crossed the Sesenheim road, the position of her own arbour, and the date of the first kisses she bestowed, and many other questions of equal weight. To have spurred on heavy-armed German commentators (of the class who discuss a lost iota in fragments of Greek plays) into a cumbrous canter of exegetical sympathy with a little affair of the heart, must have been about as far removed from Frederika's presentiments as this apparatus criticus is from the light air of the life it "expounds." Imagine an Anthon's "edition of Tennyson's Miller's Daughter, with critical notes," and you have a faint picture of the "Frederike litteratur."* Goethe acted his part skilfully,

[•] There is a profoundly learned controversy, for example, as to whether one of Goethe's letters to a friend at this time was or was not written on the piece

and promised occasionally to "supply" for the pastor on weekday occasions. But, disgusted with his shabby appearance, he fled the next day, only to change one disguise for another. He came back as the innkeeper's boy, with a "christening-cake" and an Alsatian patois; and when this disguise was penetrated, he took his own character, and began seriously to fall in love. The visit was often repeated, and Frederika's heart completely gained. Goethe now became uneasy. The presence of Frederika pained him, though he "knew of nothing more pleasant than to think of her while absent." He had to free himself from this influence, which threatened to introduce something foreign to his natural development. He was leaving Strasburg, and once more he visited the "golden children" at Sesenheim, where he found a gray desolate mist settling down over the little parsonage, instead of the fresh buoyant air of days gone by. reached her (Frederika) my hand from my horse; the tears stood in her eyes, and I felt very uneasy." He felt more than uneasy. These words copy only the blanched picture that remained in the old man's memory. Frederika fell ill; and Goethe, on his return to Frankfort living in bitter suspense as to the effect on her peace, and yet knowing that he could not comfort her without transforming himself and exchanging a quiet sentiment for real self-devotion of spirit, became restless and miserable. That his final decision was wrong is far from clear. The thought of devoting himself to her gave him no joy, but seemed to weigh him down. But it seems clear that the reason lay, not in the absence of any thing which any other attachment ever gave, but in the reluctance which was now beginning to creep upon him to devote himself and his inward life to any thing outside of him-The idea of self-development, self-idealisation, as the only scope of his conscious life, was beginning to creep upon him, and to gnaw at the roots of his nature. If he could by one generous act of self-forgetfulness have devoted himself to secure Frederika's happiness, there seems every probability that he would have secured a far happier and clearer life for himself also. It was, perhaps, far less the want of love,—for he never seems to have felt more love.—than the want of strength to cast away the miserable dream of keeping the course of his inward development free from all foreign interference. It was much later than thiswhen the self-idealising vein had become more prominent—that he wrote to Lavater: "The desire to raise the pyramid of my existence—the base of which is already laid—as high as possible

of blue paper in which some comfits, &c. had been sent to him from Strasburg. The question turns, to a considerable extent, on whether he gave the paper-bag with the comfits to the young ladies, or only the comfits out of it. It is discussed with laborious good faith.

in the air absorbs every other desire, and scarcely ever quits me;"* but the poison was already working in him. Goethe never became a selfish man in the coarse sense of the term. He always cultivated benignant unselfish sympathies as the most graceful elements in this same fancy-pyramid of his existence. He was generous by nature, and would give up, from kindly feeling, any thing that was not of the essence of himself. But it soon became his habit to cultivate disinterested affection only as a subordinate element, needful to the harmony of a universally experienced nature. To have loved the goodness of either God or man more devotedly than he loved its reflex image in his own character would have done him more good than all the sickly pottering with the "pyramid of his existence" with which he was so much occupied.

It would be absurd to say all this about Goethe's youthful conduct to Frederika, were it not the type of what was always happening in his after-life, when he knew by experience that he very much preferred to be passively hampered by a wounded heart to being actively hampered by an affectionate wife. The essence of these tedious tortures was almost always the same. He wished to devote his affections to young ladies to a limited extent; he did not wish to devote himself to any one except himself. This "limited extent" did not so well meet the views of the young ladies† themselves, who were sometimes, to his infinite embarrassment, willing even to "go to America" with him, or any where else. This was meeting him a great deal more than half-way. He could not, of course, avail himself of the sacrifice.

Goethe returned to Frankfort, bringing with him a little harper-lad whom he had picked up at Mannheim, and with thoughtless kindness promised to befriend. His mother, at first much perplexed, found the boy lodging and employment out of the house. Götz von Berlichingen was now in Goethe's mind, and, spurred on by his sister's incredulity as to his literary perseverance, he completed it in its first form in six weeks. To us it seems far the most noble as well as the most powerful of Goethe's dramas. We agree with Mr. Lewes, that in its first shape there are many finer elements which are lost in the later and sanctioned edition. No doubt something is cut away

^{*} Lewes's Life of Goethe, vol. ii. chap. i.

[†] A distinct classification of Goethe's loves has not yet been added by the critics to the "chronology of the origin" of his writings. It would be a material help to head the different years with the name or names of the ascendant star, and some indication of its apparent brightness. There were about eight A 1's, "heiss und leidenschaftlich geliebte," &c.; five, at least, Æ 1's, with whom he stood "im innigsten Verhältniss der Liebe;" and finally, a great number of "holde Wesen," some of them already obscured by shadows of time, who were recipients of a more transient adoration.

that needed cutting away, and more appearance of unity is given by the condensation of Adelheid's episode. But this is the part on which Goethe's imagination had really worked with finest effect, and the gain to unity is a loss to poetry. It is the only great production of Goethe's in which a really noble, self-forgetful man stands out in the foreground to give us the moral standard by which to measure the meaner characters. It is the only great production in which awful shadows of remorse haunt the selfish and the guilty. One reads in it that Goethe's mind had as yet by no means finally embraced the calm self-culture view of life—the doctrine which looked upon women's devotion, human life, indeed the whole universe itself, mainly as artistic material to be assimilated by the individual constitution, and with as little pain in the digestive process as that constitution would allow. Fascinating as Egmont is, Egmont himself is the later Goethe, the conscious master-builder condescending to accept from woman, and man, and God, materials for his "pyramid of existence." Götz is a very different figure; and among all Goethe's masculine creations he stands alone,—the only one who did not use the world, but served it. The play (in its early form) will be thought gross; but it has little of that tainting impurity which turns a microscope full upon the subtler workings of physical passion, to the great disfigurement of some of his later works. In another respect Götz is exceptional. It is curious that Adelheid, in Götz von Berlichingen, is the only feminine character of the proud passionate class that Goethe ever drew; and that Maria, much more like his other characters in type, is about the faintest and poorest of them. With all his unmistakable wealth and inimitable grace in producing women's characters, each as distinct from the other as Adelheid is from Maria, they are all, Adelheid only excepted, of the dependent, tender, worshipping class. Mr. Thackeray's Beatrice, in Esmond, is less completely exceptional in his writings than Adelheid is in Goethe's. Thackeray and Goethe are alike in this, as in some other respects-both of them have drawn women as living as Shakespeare's. And all three, by one consent, are disposed to make their powerful queen-like women bad. No doubt this is according to nature; but Sir Walter Scott must have seen the exceptions, for his finest female characters (Rebecca, Flora, Die Vernon, &c.) are certainly of the queenly class. Goethe's predilections are explained by the fact that he painted, for the most part, the women who worshipped him, and it may be that he punished Adelheid for not being one of them by robing her in passionate crime. She is the only woman in his works of whom we find no autobiographical trace.

In 1772 Goethe went to Wetzlar, ostensibly to watch chancery suits; and there culled some poignant experiences for his

next work, Werther. This he did not write, however, till 1774. We have so recently spoken of this episode in his history,* that we need not dwell on it here. The remarkable contrast, both in substance and form, between Gotz and Werther-written within three years of each other—gives, however, some insight into Goethe's dramatic power and want of power. We find it asserted on all hands-Mr. Lewes vehemently concurring-that a poet must be a greater artist for entirely ignoring all moral partialities, and, as they say, picturing life as it is, not as it ought There is a sense in which it is true (for instance, it is a valuable criticism on Edgeworthian art); but the sense in which it is put forward as a defence of the utter want of moral perspective in most of Goethe's productions is certainly not that sense. Compare, for instance, Götz von Berlichingen with Werther, Wilhelm Meister, the Elective Affinities, Egmont, and even Faust. In the first there is as much moral evil as any appetite, however eager for "things as they are," could wish; but it is thrown into its right relative place by the appearance in the foreground of two noble and simple characters—Götz and Elizabeth's—by which all the others are naturally estimated. Shadows are shadows, and light is light. In Werther the moral evil introduced is far less—is, indeed, of a quiet, subtle, sentimental kind the mere heart-eating rust and destructiveness of unmeasured self-indulgence; but there is nothing noble to contrast with it nothing but the cold external phantom Albert, and the floatingimage of Charlotte, reflected in such a mist of Wertherism that it has no distinctness at all. What is the mere artistic effect on the reader's mind? Almost universally this, that the picture, powerful as it is, almost entirely misses its effect from the absence of any fine moral contrasts by which to measure it. It is like the picture of a mist seen from inside. Nothing adds more to the beauty of a landscape than vapours rising round a mountain's brow; but then you must stand out of the fog. and see the dark bold ridges round which they climb. In Werther you find painted wreath upon wreath of emotion, blinding doubts. and shapeless passions; no speck of firm land anywhere. This will probably be conceded of Werther; but the moral part of the criticism applies equally to Goethe's other works. We believe the extraordinary want of outline in his characters to be greatly due to this entire absence of any attempt at moral proportion in all his later works. Werther is made, in one letter, to say most characteristically, "I scarce know how to express myself,-my power of representing things is so weak,—every thing swims

^{*} No. I. Article VII. "Goethe and Werther." Mr. Lewes speaks of the "execrable" English translation of Werther. He probably wrote this before the one in Bohn's series appeared. It is, on the whole, very well executed.

and wavers so before my mind, that I can catch no outline; but I fancy somehow that, if I had clay or wax, I could succeed in moulding. If it lasts longer, I shall get some clay, and begin kneading, even though it be only cakes after all." Werther's mind is so dissolved, that he can only feel and grope his way in the dark, as it were, to grace of form. This weakness is partly the expression of an artistic difficulty Goethe really felt in grasping in one glance any extensive outline of thought,—a difficulty due to the microscopic nature of his insight, which only travelled very slowly over a large surface of life: he often modelled his groups figure by figure; the outline of the whole grew up as he felt his way to it. But a part reason of this was, that he had no moral graduation for his groups,—no natural admirations which. gave a unity to the whole and determined the line of the shadows. Outline is a result of comparison, -moral outline of moral comparison. You cannot compare without an implied standard. The heroes in Werther, Wilhelm Meister, Tasso, Faust, are such cloudy, shadowy pictures, because they are essentially sketches of moral weakness without any relief in characters of corresponding power. Albert, Jarno, Antonio, are not foils to them—they have not the force which the others want, but are simply deficient in the moral qualities which make the former characters problems of some interest. Certainly, the former are soft, the latter hard. But the second set do not give strength as opposed to weakness, but rigidity as opposed to weakness.* What is wanted all along is some dim picture in the minds of Werther, Meister, Tasso, and Faust, of what they would be, -what it is which would lift them out of the imbecility of their purposeless career. This is the element never supplied. We are presented with a set of contradictions instead of contrasts. Only in Götz is there any picture of strength without hardness; only in Weislingen is there a picture of fatal irresolution that has a real vision of the career by which he might have been saved. The moral outline which Goethe's youthful remorse put into this picture has raised it, considered merely as a work of art, in many respects high above its fellows. So far from the truth is it that the poet must have

^{*} Goethe well knew, in physical nature, that soft things should not be contrasted with hard, but with firm. He had (we are not speaking ironically) an exquisitely fine sympathy with vegetable life. Consider this picture of a fruit-basket in Alexis and Dora (we quote the graceful version given among the English Hexameter Translations published by Mr. Murray in 1847):

[&]quot;Silently thou arrayest the fruit in the comeliest order, Laying the heavier gold-ball of the orange beneath; Next the soft-pulpt figs, that the slightest pressure disfigures; Lastly, the myrtle at top roofing the whole with its green."

If, instead of the orange, Dora had laid a cocoa-nut under the figs, she would never have made such an impression on the yielding heart of Alexis.

no moral predilections at heart, that if he has none such, his picture becomes feeble, watery, wavering. Impartiality in delineation, not impartiality in conception, is what is needed. Shakespeare frequently gives no foil to the character whose weakness he is delineating; but he always gives it some clear vision of the nobleness and the strength above it. Hamlet knows what he could do, and dare not. Lady Macbeth knows what she should do, and will not. Antony knows what he would do, and cannot. But Faust has no glimmering of salvation; Werther has no gleam of what he might be; Wilhelm is a milksop pur et simple; and Tasso's character is then, and then only, a fine picture if it be granted that he is intended to be insane. It seems to us that no more remarkable breakdown of the theory of the "moral indifference" of art can be suggested than Goethe's writings. His poetry is perfect until it rises to the dramatic region, where moral actions are involved, and a moral faith therefore needed, and then it becomes blank, shadowy, feeble. Wilhelm Meister would not have been "a menagerie of tame animals," as Niebuhr called it with great truth, if Goethe had not lost the (never strong) moral predilections of younger days, but had purified his eve and heart for their insight into human weakness by reverent study of nobler strength.

Another criticism which has a real connection with that just made is suggested by the comparison of Werther and Götz. Mr. Lewes truly says, that Goethe never gives enough importance to the action, the progress of events. He does not develop the characters essentially through the action, but on occasion of the action. You do not feel that Götz has come in from that last scene; it is too much a series of pictures, like Hogarth's pictorial biographies; the art is much greater, no doubt, if you do take them in succession; but the breath of the past has not passed into the present scene, each is almost intelligible in separation. A very great part of the skill in Werther consists in the gradual rise of the excitement,—the stages of passion; -still it is a series of pictures; there is nothing to make you look back to the past and forward to the future. It might begin almost any where, and stop almost any where, and be intelligible still as a delineation of character. This is so also in Egmont. It is less so in Götz von Berlichingen, though it is too much so there, than in any other work. The past action is much more worked into the essence of the following scenes than is the case in Egmont, Meister, Iphigenia, Tasso, or Faust. And the obvious reason is, that the actors have moral characters, and so the sense of what they had done or not done hangs upon them throughout; they do not turn up as unchanged in every scene, as if they had had no previous life: they have a sense of the past,

a presentiment for the future. The presence of an implicit moral estimate of the characters does not only help art by adding outline, but the delineation of moral responsibility gives many a strong link between the past, present, and future, which is otherwise wanting. Is it not, indeed, the strongest of all links between the past and the future in actual life? Werther's uneasiness grows organically; but it grows as a tree puts out its branches, without memory or reference to its past stages. Egmont does not grow at all. Faust does not grow. Tasso undergoes changes; but only those of a sensitive-plant, drawing in with every touch, expanding at every sunbeam. All Goethe's feminine creations grow; but usually it is the growth of affection only. The only portions of a coherent drama that Goethe ever wrote are the Gretchen element in Faust. That is the highest drama in every sense, and one of the most essential elements in it is a deep and true remorse.

After his return from Wetzlar, and publication of Götz and Werther, Goethe became a famous man. The effect of this fame upon himself was certainly very great. Not only are the letters to Kestner clearly written under great excitement after the publication, but other correspondences which he then began are far more dizzy than Werther itself. His letters to the Countess von Stolberg are mostly mystical emotional quavers. This young lady he never saw. They struck up an inarticulate attachment on the strength of Werther. He rushes into a correspondence with her of this description: "My dear one,-I will call you by no name;—for what are the names—friend, sister, lover, bride, wife, or even a word that expresses a union of all these names, —compared with the very feeling itself to which—I can write no more; your letter has come upon me at a strange moment.— Adieu-(written at) the very first moment."* And some of these remarkable letters are much more incoherent still. greatly did Goethe err in afterwards representing Werther as setting his mind free from the stress of sentimentalism, that not till after its publication did he fully give way to it.

Introduced by his celebrity as a writer to many eminent men, Goethe began to see and to study a far wider and more various field of social life than he ever attempted to delineate. It might be matter of surprise, that in so freely-moving a plot as that of Wilhelm Meister Goethe should not have anticipated the easy sketches of character which Dickens and Thackeray have made so popular, and thus effectively used his large experience of social life;—and he never willingly let a grain of real experience go unused. The reason obviously is, that he had none of the comic genius which makes sketches of superficial

^{*} Quoted by Düntzer in his Frauenbilder aus Goethe's Leben, p. 271.

life and manners living and agreeable. His remarks on common men and manners and on uncommon men and manners are always subtle, often amusing; but you need to have his personal comments to give his descriptions of these trivial matters any interest; he has not the art of making his characters speak so as to explain their own folly; he cannot give just that touch of caricature by which Dickens effects this; he cannot introduce that background of fine irony by which Thackeray turns them into critics of themselves. He understood every-day German life as well as either Dickens or Thackeray understand every-day English Nothing could be much more skilful than his accounts, for instance, of the prophetic Lavater (whom Mr. Lewes most uncharitably and untruly terms a "born hypocrite," quite in contradiction to Goethe's latest and maturest estimate), and of Basedow the educational reformer,—the one a man of real power, spoiled by being a lady's preacher and by the needful devices for keeping up popularity which this involved; -the latter a coarse, self-indulgent, unscrupulous, and exceedingly dirty philanthropist, who characteristically enough had the greatest horror of baptism.* The only element wanting in Goethe's description is, not a perception of that in them which is to us ridiculous, but a thorough perception and enjoyment of the ridiculous part. He can see a full-blown absurdity, but not the delicate transition by which real life passes into unreality. His Plundersweilern Fair, and other things of that description written at this time, and his subsequent comic works (such at least as we know), of which Mr. Lewes thinks the Triumph of Susceptibility a fair specimen, are mere farces,-ridiculous on the stage perhaps, but tiresome to read. Bombastes Furioso gives a good idea of this kind of production, but seems to us more amusing. It is strange that so great a poet had not a quicker eye for the boundary-line between reality and unreality, between things and words; he was never quite out of danger of mistaking sham-pathos for true; he had never the eye of a great humorist for the subtle distinction between the ring of hollow and of solid metal in others, not always even in himself. A thin vein of genuine trash turns up here and there both in his compositions and his personal life; to which indeed all men are subject, but which a man with the least humour would immediately have detected in himself and extirpated on the spot. We may take as instances the execrable sentimental device of giving an artificial appearance of life to Mignon's corpse, in the

^{*} Schlosser, in his History of the Eighteenth Century, tells us that Basedow had a long dispute with his wife and the clergyman, in which both of them used all possible arguments and entreaties to induce him to give up the notion of having his daughter baptised "Prænumerantia Elementaria Philanthropia," partly, we suppose, in ridicule of the ceremony, and partly as a puff of his Philanthropic Academy at Dessau.

last part of Wilhelm Meister (against which Schiller meekly but hesitatingly protested),—or, in actual life, the ponderous sentimentality that induced him, at the mature age of thirty-three, being seized with a taste for inscriptions, actually to engrave on a big stone in his garden at Weimar some lines beginning "Here the lover has mused in silence on his beloved;" nor does it appear that he ever suffered from nausea on beholding it. This sort of unreality was in the atmosphere, no doubt; but Goethe was proof against so much malaria that was also in the atmosphere, that it is worthy of notice—especially in connection with the little artistic use he made of his wide experience of contemporary mannersthat he was not able to keep himself completely free from this. His observations on society, which were very acute and rich and various, he threw into the form of epigrammatic maxims, and stowed them away in every gap and corner-suitable or unsuitable-of his many works. He used them but very little-owing. we think, to the unfitness for successful manners-painting we have just indicated—in the really concrete delineation of the times he lived in and the society he had himself observed.

Soon after Goethe's literary fame was established, in the Christmas of the year 1774, he was introduced to Anna Elizabeth Schönemann, whose mother, the widow of a rich Frankfort banker, was one of the very few who at that time ever thought of assembling fashionable society in their houses so often as every evening in the season. To this young lady, so familiar in Goethe's writings as Lili, the poet now transferred his affec-His father and mother had been anxious that he should marry a quiet girl in their own circle, to whom he had been thrice assigned by a marriage-lottery in the picnics of the previous year--Anna Sibylla Münch-but he seems to have thought this an extreme and parental view of the case, in which he could not concur, although in the mean time he was quite ready to be affectionate. To Lili, on the other hand, he was really warmly attached, and for a time betrothed; but neither his father's pride nor his own found it easy to bear the reluctance felt towards the engagement by Lili's friends, who knew that Goethe had neither that amount of money nor of prestige to offer, for which, as it is said, not only the family, but the bank itself, had a craving. Poetry was no object. Goethe wrote many of his most exquisite lyrics under the inspiration of this attachment, sending them simultaneously to the young lady and to the newspaper.*

^{*} The lovely song, "Warum ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich," was, as Düntzer has ascertained, composed in March 1775, and sent to Jacobi for insertion in the *Iris* at the same time. So of other songs. Of course names were not given; but the entire absence of any reserve in the sentimental life of that period is very curious.

curious to note how all Goethe's finest lyrics cluster round his attachments. Few things else seem ever to waken in him the same tones of unconscious airy melody. His other poetry, often exquisitely fine, has the polish of high art upon it,—but his lyrics seem to escape as unconsciously from the essence of the earth and air as the scent from a violet, or the music from a bird. Some of Goethe's finest lyrics sprang up at Leipzic under the genial influence of Käthchen Schönkopf; others, but scarcely of equal loveliness, owe their origin to Frederika; the third, and as yet the richest group, belong to Lili; but curiously enough, the richest cluster, we think, of all,—that which most resembles a lapful of fresh wildflowers,—was written in 1803, when Goethe was fifty-four years old, and is due, we imagine (from what Mr. Lewes tells us concerning the origin of the *Elective Affinities*), as well as the sonnets written two or three years later, to Minna Herzlieb, the ward of the Jena bookseller. The engaged or married ladies he adored appear to have had more of a prose influence upon him. In the present instance, after a good deal of torture, owing to the deliberative elder representatives of both families, a good-natured Fräulein Delf, much given to mediation, procured a tacit consent of the parents on both sides, and Goethe was engaged to Lili. This seems to have on the whole made him unhappy. His sister, who was married and at a distance, took a strong view against the match, and wrote letters about it; the old Rath, she thought, would never so accommodate himself to the arrangement as to make Lili happy; Goethe would be obliged still to live with his father and mother, as the custom was, and a young lady of family and wealth would put the former out. In short, his sister was sure that for Lili's sake he ought to break off the engagement, intimating, in fact, as Goethe implies, that she found her own husband but dull company, and that he himself could never make up to Lili for the splendour she would resign. So, after some torture, he suddenly departed for Switzerland, with the two Counts von Stolberg, on a probationary absence, only hinting to Lili that he was going because he could not bear to take leave. It appears to have been his intention, if he could have persuaded himself to endure the pain, to break off the engagement by going on into Italy; if not. as proved to be the case, to return and see what fate should give. It is not easy to imagine, from the style of Goethe's narrative, that all this effort was made for Lili's sake. He admits that she never hazarded a doubt of her own happiness, and was willing to follow him even to America; a solution which distressed her lover extremely. "My father's good house, but a few hundred yards from her own, was at all events a more tolerable condition to take up with than distant uncertain possibilities beyond the

sea." They were actually engaged at this time, and for some time after; and it does not seem very generous or considerate in Goethe to have left Lili without explanation to fight his battles for him with her reluctant friends, in order to try experiments on his own fortitude. This flight into Switzerland, while pursued by Lili's image, gave rise to one or two of his loveliest lyries. As the heavy white masses of the distant Alps rose up in the early dawn, at the foot of the broad lake of Zürich bordered by gently sloping cornfield-banks, he composed the lovely little poem of which we have attempted to produce an English version. He was at the time debating in his mind his future relation to Lili. We must premise, with Mr. Lewes, that Goethe is untranslatable. Some dim visions of the beauty of the poem may, however, glimmer through this semi-transparent medium.

I suck new milk of life, fresh blood,
From the free universe,—
Ah, Nature, it is all too good
Upon thy breast, kind nurse!
Waves rock our boat in equal time
With the clear-plashing oar,
And cloudy Alps with head sublime
Confront us from the shore.

Eyes, have ye forgot your yearning? Golden dreams, are ye returning? Gold as ye are, 0, stay above! Here too is life—here too is love.

Hosts of stars are blinking
In the lake's clear cup,
Flowing mists are drinking
The towering distance up.
Morning winds are skimming
Round the deep-shadowed bay,
In its clear mirror swimming
The ripening harvests play.

On the summit of the St. Gothard Goethe felt that German home and love behind him was sweeter to him than all the wide warm loveliness into which the bright Ticino rushed eagerly before his eyes; and he returned, with hesitation in his heart, to Frankfort. Lili, naturally hurt at his unexplained absence, was soon as affectionate as ever, and the poet as happy; but it did not last long. The hurt pride at feeling himself rather tolerated than welcomed by her friends, and the dread of domestic fetters, returned. Gradually he broke the chain, and strove to flirt with other young ladies; but he was miserable. In this restless state he began Egmont. An invitation to visit the young Duke of Weimar was very welcome to him. His father opposed his going, and thought it would place him in a dependent position. Moreover, the Weimar friend in whose carriage and company he

had been invited to make the journey never appeared, and his father treated the mistake as an intentional slight. His portmanteau was ready packed, his mind set upon change. father proposed to give him money for an Italian journey. Goethe consented to go by Heidelberg and the Tyrol to Italy, if in Heidelberg he found no trace of the missing Weimar escort. There lived Fräulein Delf, the mediating lady who had secured the fruitless consent of the reluctant parents to his engagement with Lili. Her head was busy with mediating a substitute-scheme. She hoped to marry him to a lady at the Mannheim court, and connect him permanently with it after his return from Italy. A courier came from Frankfort in the middle of the night to announce the arrival of the Weimar friend and to recal Goethe immediately. Fräulein Delf gave vehement counsel, urging him to decline, and go on into Italy. Goethe was in favour of Weimar, and ordered the postchaise. Long he disputed by candlelight with this lady, while an impatient postillion fidgeted about. At length Goethe tore himself away, apostrophising his astonished friend in the words of Egmont: "Child, child no more. Lashed on as by invisible spirits, the sun-steeds of time travel on with the light car of our destiny; and for us it only remains in calm self-possession to hold fast the reins, and here to the right, there to the left,—here from a rock, there from a precipice, to direct the wheels. Whither we are going who can tell? Scarcely can we remember whence we came." The "sun-steeds of time," with the aid of the visible postillion, took him safely to Weimar. Goethe, reluctant to talk of Providence, intimates, however, that this epoch in his life was providential, and that the 'dæmonic' element to which a man ought to concede "no more than is fitting" was represented by his father, his own impatience, and good Fräulein Delf,-all eager to shatter his Weimar prospects. We are not at all sure that the reverse was not true—that the young Duke of Weimar may not have been the 'dæmonic' element at this crisis, while the elderly lady may have spoken the voice of higher warning, if not in her match-making views, at least so far as she resisted the attraction to Weimar. Goethe had now reached the maturity of his powers, and henceforth we shall find his character more distinctly written in his works than in the monotonous circumstances of his external life.

There is no part of Mr. Lewes's book which is more interesting and picturesque than the delineation of the Weimar localities and the new life the poet led. He has himself visited the place, and surveyed every thing with a quick and thoughtful eye. The garden-house on the banks of the Ilm—the larger house to which Goethe removed in the town—the open-air theatricals at

Ettersburg-and the life of the court, are all gracefully and vividly sketched. Far from convincing us, however, that the new life had no injurious effect on Goethe's mind, even Mr. Lewes's apologetic narrative strengthens a strong impression in the other direction. That it made Goethe into a "servile courtier," no one with the faintest insight into the man could for a moment dream. Karl August, the young Duke of Weimar, was a lad of nineteen years-eight years younger than the poet; and though possessed of a strong will and a certain personal fascination, Goethe was far too conscious of his own superiority of mind to become a courtier, had even his temperament allowed it. But it did not. He was a very proud man, and one moreover whose life-long principle it was to resist every encroachment of external influence on his own individuality of character. He never endured interference with himself; but he frequently interfered with remonstrances in order to tranquillise the mad humours of his young master. When Goethe said of himself in his old age, that he had always been conscious of an innate aristocracy which made him feel perfectly on a level with princes, and this too in its fullest measure before as well as since receiving the diploma which ennobled him,—he spoke no more than the truth. He could endure any criticism; but he could not endure any assumption of a right to influence and direct him. When the old poet Klopstock wrote to remonstrate with him—during his first year at Weimar-for the wild life he was encouraging at court, Goethe wrote back a polite reply as brief and haughty in its reserve as he could well have returned to a college companion. And it is as clear as day that the majestic mannerism of his later years was the stiffness of princeliness itself, not the petrified ceremony of a prince's satellite. But nevertheless it seems clear enough that some of the worst tendencies of his mind were fostered by his Weimar life. The man who replied to his dearest friends, Charlotte Kestner and her husband, when they expostulated on the public exposure of private relations, "Ye of little faith! Could you feel the thousandth part of what Werther is to a thousand hearts, you would not reckon the sacrifice you have made towards it,"—who surprised Fräulein Delf with the assurance that "the sun-steeds of time were whirling on the light car of his destiny,"—was not the man to be improved by living in a narrow circle of admirers where none of the humiliating and busy indifference of the great world could ever draw his keen eve away from himself to those many high qualities of practical minds in which he himself was comparatively deficient. It was good, even intellectually, for Goethe to have objects above himself; yet he left a social world, in which he must often have felt himself an insignificant learner, for a literary world in which

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all the talent was of the same kind as his own, but far beneath But, what was far worse than this, the Weimar atmosphere was stagnant with moral evil. Laborious indolence and pleasureseeking was the great occupation of the greater part of the court. The women had no employment at once so fashionable and interesting as intrigues. "There is not one of them," says Schiller, "who has not had a liaison;" and women's influence was the only influence which completely reached Goethe. "The first years at Weimar were perplexed with love-affairs," as he told Eckermann; and what love-affairs! One of them at least with a married woman, whose children were growing up around her to learn that the family-bond had no sacredness in their mother's heart, and that fidelity and purity were far less noble than passion in the eyes of the great poet of their nation. We know well that this was the sin of the century, and may not be in any large measure attributed to the personal laxity of any one man's con-But all the more is it to be lamented that Goethe left a social atmosphere where domestic virtue was held comparatively sacred, for one where it was almost a thing unknown. There was indefinitely more difference between Frankfort morals and Weimar morals than between the social virtue of a wholesome busy city like Manchester and that of an idle watering-place cursed with barracks. It was a place, like all idle places, eager for self-conscious stimulants of enjoyment. And it acted upon Goethe accordingly. He became more devoted to that *cultus* of his own character, which would not, perhaps, have been his worst occupation in a court where there was very little so much worth attending to, if unfortunately it had not been the very worst influence for that character that he should thus affectionately nurse it. He never became, indeed, at all deeply infected either with the vulgar selfishness or with the frivolity of court-life. did not act upon him in this way. He had not been a year at Weimar before he felt its genuine hollowness, and busied himself as much as in him lay with the regular discharge of official duty, and the busy earnestness of artistic creation. Always generous by nature, always deeply touched with the sight of suffering, it is pleasant, but not surprising, to find him giving away a sixth part of his income in charity, and still less surprising to find him doing it in secret, so that his left hand knoweth not what his right hand doeth. There never was a man less influenced by the love of approbation: he never through his whole life seems even to have felt the passion strongly agitating him, except perhaps in the flush of the first months of his Wertherfame. His pride alone would have raised him above it, even if he had not had so strong a feeling of contempt for the public judgment that he was scarcely shaken by disapprobation, and scarcely

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confirmed by approbation. He had a thorough contempt for He did not care to hear other persons' approbation of his private conduct, just as he would not hear their disapprobation. When he was giving a poor man two hundred dollars a year, no one knew of it; and moreover he continued to give it, in spite of rather graceless and ungrateful acceptance of his charity. He pointed out calmly to his pensioner the unfitness of such conduct, and gave on. The way in which Weimar affected him so unfavourably was not by the contagion of selfishness, but rather by giving him such an inferior world with which to compare himself—by the easy victory it permitted him in active goodness on the one hand, and by the contagion of impurity on the other. Goethe had no active religious conviction, and of all men most needed to look up to his companions: he was in almost every direction, at this time, obliged to look down. "The mind," he said, "is driven back all the more into itself, the more one accommodates oneself to other men's modes of life, instead of seeking to adapt them to one's own: it is like the relation of the musician to his instrument"-a remarkable indication that these "other men's" life was on a platform below rather than above the speaker. Goethe felt that his companions were in a sense his "instruments," from whom he could bring forth fine music,—which was, however, his own music after all, not theirs. But he would not have felt so amongst men and women who, even in mere practical power and domestic virtue and devotedness, called forth his reverence as standing higher than himself.

The thing that jars upon the mind throughout Goethe's life, in his letters, his books-every thing he said and did-is the absence of any thing like devotedness to any being, human or divine, morally above himself. God he regarded as inscrutable, and as best left to reveal Himself. The future life was not vet. From all men he maintained himself in a sort of kindly isolation -sympathising with them, aiding them, helping them against themselves, understanding them, but never making any of them the object of his life. The object of his life, so far as any man can consciously and permanently have one, was the completion of that ground-plan of character presented to the world in Johann Wolfgang Goethe. To perfect this he denied himself much both of enjoyment and real happiness; to keep this ground-plan intact, or to build upon it, he was always ready to sacrifice either himself or any body else. To this he sacrificed Frederika's love, Lili's love, and his own love for them—the friendship of any who attempted to interfere with his own modes of self-development; to this he would at any time have sacrifieed, had it been needful, the favour of the duke and his posi-

tion at court; to this, in fact, his life was one long offering. There was nothing Goethe would not have given up for others, except any iota of what he considered to be his own individuality. To tend that was his idolatry. And that this self-worship grew rapidly upon him at Weimar, no one can doubt. Only compare the tone of Wilhelm Meister with that of Götz von Berlichingen. Compare even his letters to the Frau von Stein with his letters to the Kestners. There is a real sense of humility and remorse gleaming out at times in the latter: with all his susceptibility to other persons' sufferings, there is nothing but at most a sense of error, regret at past mistakes, generally merged in satisfaction at his own steady progress towards "clearness and self-rule," pervading the former. Compare the picture of the cold, self-absorbed, remorseless Lothario, held up as it is to admiration as a kind of ideal, with the ideal of Goethe's earlier days. Compare even Wilhelm Meister himself, who is meant, we are told, to be a progressive character, with Werther, who is meant to be a deteriorating character. With all his hysterics, there is far more trace of humility and sense of the wrong he is doing, and even effort to undo it, in the latter than in the former. Mr. Lewes discovers a "healthy" moral in Wilhelm Meister—that he is raised from "mere impulse to the subordination of reason, from dreaming self-indulgence to practical duty, from self-culture to sympathy." This is a mere dream of Mr. Lewes's. Wilhelm seems to us to become, so far as he changes at all, more selfish as he goes on. He begins with a real deep affection, and ends with the most cold and insipid of "preferences," which he is far from sure is a preference. He begins with resisting, and yet finally yields to, mere physical passion. He begins with an enthusiasm for at least one art, and ends with an enthusiasm for none. He begins with a passionate love of fidelity, and ends with worshipping Lothario, whose only distinction is calm superiority to such ideas. In short, he begins a kind-hearted enthusiastic milksop, and ends a kind-hearted milksop, with rather more experience and more judgment, but without any enthusiasm and with far laxer morality. If this be Goethe's notion of progress, it gives but a painful idea of Goethe. The only element in which Wilhelm is made to grow better is knowledge and coolness; in every thing else he degrades. You can see that even Werther, far more Gotz, was written with a much distincter feeling of right and wrong, of the contrast between real strength and real weakness, between domestic purity and guilt, than Wilhelm Meister. And in purity of thought the change is more remarkable still. Goethe was not infected with the commonplace selfishness and frivolity of court life—he was only driven in upon himself. He was infected with its impurity.

His former writings had been coarse; but they were not coarser than the day, not so coarse as Shakespeare, not near so coarse as Fielding, Götter, Helden und Wieland and Götz are delicate to many parts of Tom Jones. But while most of his later writings are perhaps less coarse than his earlier, they are indefinitely more tainting. The fragment of the Letters from Switzerland at first intended to be pieced on to the beginning of Werther, several portions of Wilhelm Meister, not a few minor poems, and parts of the Elective Affinities, emulate Rousseau in their prurience. The "plague of microscopes" with which, as Emerson says, Goethe was pursued, follows about every where that aweless mind. Schiller (quoted by Mr. Lewes) says, that "whatever is permitted to innocent nature is permitted also" to the artist; but Goethe gazes away every shrinking reserve of "innocent nature" with bold curious eye. This he seems to have learned in Weimar society. Goethe was in his own life higher, we believe, than he was in his works—fuller in sympathy and generous self-denials for others' sake than he ever makes his heroes to be. But his works betray the moral standard by which he consciously moulded himself,—the absolute prominence in his mind of the aim of self-cultivation—the infinite value he attached to unmoral self-mastery as an end and as in itself far higher than any duty for the sake of which he might master himself—the great deficiency of fidelity of nature, and of the purity with which fidelity is usually associated, and the general absence of moral reverence. They also reflect the geniality, the large charity, the intellectual wisdom, the complete independence of praise or blame, and the thorough truthfulness of mind which marked him throughout life. Goethe never deceived himself about himself.

During the ten years of Weimar life, before his Italian journey, Goethe's external life had but few recorded events. He was ennobled in 1782. He carried on a correspondence of billets with the Frau von Stein, which are extremely tiresome reading, and were never meant for publication. Mr. Lewes is very desirous to prove that all the trifling was on the lady's side, and that whenever she drew back from Goethe's advances, it was only in the spirit of a flirt. It is not a charitable view. In the complete absence of her letters, we know nothing about the matter. It does not seem so impossible that visitings of remorse and delicacy, and real doubt of the disinterested devotedness of a man who considered so little her other domestic and social relations, may have led, in the earlier years of this connection, to the vibrations of feeling which are reflected in Goethe's replies. There is no need to judge the matter at all. It is almost the only case in which Mr. Lewes paints another in dark colours, without justification, for his hero's sake.

During these years Goethe wrote Iphigenia and a part of Tasso, in their earliest shape; and worked hard at Egmont, besides the composition of the finest part of Wilhelm Meister. Nothing is more striking than the infinite distance between Goethe's success in imagining women and men. The feminine characters in Goethe's works are as living, we dare almost say more living than Shakespeare's, though there is much less variety and range in his conceptions of them. His men are often creditable sketches; sometimes faint, sometimes entirely shadowy and perfect failures: they are never so lifelike that we cannot imagine them more so. But his women are like most of his lyrical poems-perfect. "My idea of women is not one drawn from external realities," said Goethe to Eckermann, "but it is inborn in me, or else sprang up, God knows how. My delineations of women are therefore all successful. They are all better than are to be met with in actual life." "The more incommensurable and incomprehensible for the understanding, a poetic production is, so much the better," he said on another occasion; and judged by this standard also, almost all his women (the dull Theresa and Natalia in the later part of Wilhelm Meister alone excepted) are better than almost any of his men. His men are conceptions badly outlined; his women spring up unconsciously out of his nature, exactly like his smaller poems. Mariana, Philina, and Mignon in Wilhelm Meister, Clärchen in Egmont, Gretchen in Faust, and Ottilie in the Elective Affinities, are characters any one of which would immortalise a poet. We think the reason of this lies deep in the nature of Goethe's genius. There is a tiresome dispute whether he is more objective or subjective. He is really as much one as the other; for you find in all his poems at once a vague indefinite self, reflecting a defined and clearly outlined influence which impresses that self. own mind is the sheet of water which reflects the image, and you see only that it stretches vaguely away far beyond and beneath the image it is reflecting; but what catches the eye is the clear outline of the reflected object in the water. His imagination was passive, not active; it did not, like Shakespeare's, by its own inherent energy mould itself into living shapes, and pass into new forms of existence. It always waited to be acted on. to be determined, to receive an influence; and then, while under the spell or pressure of that influence, it pictured with perfect fidelity the impressing power. Goethe was so far dramatic that he was never absorbed in depicting the mere result on himself, but rather reflected back with faithful minuteness the influence which produced these results. Where (as in Werther, and perhaps Tasso) he was mainly occupied in painting the internal effect produced, he was far vaguer and less successful than where he

lent his imagination to reflect truly the external influence which had thus deeply affected it. But still it was a passive imagination-i.e. one which acted under the spell of external influences, and generally sensuous influences-not one which went voluntarily forth to throw itself into new forms and moulds. though far the best part of his poems is that in which external objects and social impulses are rendered again, you always find the vague mental reflecting surface by which they are thus given back; you always have both the deep dim Goetheish mirror and the fine outlined object which skims over it. The two never coalesce, as is the case in Shakespeare. If you have a Gretchen living before your eyes, you must have with her, as the condition of her existence, the shadowy Faust whom she impresses. The point of sight of the picture requires the presence of Faust: not because she is delineated through the effect produced on Faust's nature, but because you really only see that portion of her nature which was turned to Faust, and no other side. It may be noticed that, perfect as Goethe's women are, they are never very finely drawn in their mutual influence on each other; it is only in the presence of the lover who is for the time Goethe's representative that they are so strikingly done. Even their lovely songs only express the same aspect of their character. Indeed it is of the essence of Goethe's feminine characters to express themselves in song. Each of them is a distinct fountain of song. But the current of all these songs sets straight towards the poet himself, who is always in love with these creations of his own genius. As an instance, take the lovely little song of Clärchen in Egmont, of which we attempt an English version for our non-German readers:

Freudvoll Und leidvoll, Gedankenvoll seyn; Langen Und bangen In schwebender Pein; Himmelhoch jauchzend, Zum Tode betrübt: Glücklich allein Ist die Seele, die liebt.

Cheerful
And tearful,
With quick busy brain;
Swayed hither
And thither
In fluttering pain;
Cast down unto death—
Soaring gaily above:
Oh, happy alone
Is the heart that doth love.

If Goethe paints two women in each other's company alone, the scene either fails, or they are both talking away to some imaginary masculine centre; and instead of being a telling dialogue, it becomes two monologues. Hence Goethe seldom attempts this at all. The scene between the two Leonoras is the worst in Tasso, and those between Ottilie and Charlotte the worst in the Elective Affinities; that between Clärchen and her mother in Egmont is really only a soliloguy of Clärchen's; that

between Elizabeth and Maria in Götz gives no mutual influence

of the women—they are simply in juxtaposition.

And Goethe's imaginative power is not only passive, -not only waits to be influenced,—but it is generally a sensuous influence that most easily and deeply impresses it. Hence, he not merely paints special women, but he can always give the very essence of a feminine atmosphere to characters not at all individually well-marked. He is so sensitive to the general social influence diffused by women, that he makes you feel a feminine power at work almost without copying the distinguishing peculiarities of any particular person; he can make a woman a very living woman without being what is called a *character* at all. This is what few can do. Mignon and Philina and Adelheid and Ottilie are women and something more—they are characters, and we should know them when we met them among a thousand. But all human beings are not thus marked characters; and when they are not, most authors in attempting to picture them become merely faint and vague. They depend on special peculiarities for the life of their pictures. Not so Goethe. Gretchen is little more than a simple peasant-girl. She has not a single striking characteristic; yet she is his finest creation. Clarchen and Mariana are a little more distinctively moulded, but very slightly; and yet they too live more in us than most of our own acquaintances. The little play Die Geschwister (The Brother and Sister) has a delightful heroine, who is nothing at all more than an ordinary affectionate girl; yet she has more life than would fill out a hundred "characteristic sketches" of modern novelists. It is Goethe's extreme sensitiveness to all feminine influence that gave him this power. Men exercised in general no such influence over him, hence his imagination is never impressed by them; he has to string up his powers of observation to draw them by sheer effort, and he seldom succeeds conspicuously even in delineating himself. Werther is scarcely so much a delineation of himself as of a series of emotions by Goethe needed to have some which he had been agitated. fascinating power taking hold of his imagination in order to call out its full powers. Nature would do it; women could do it; but he could not in this way fascinate the eye of his own imagi-He could picture the influences which touched him most deeply; but never, as a whole, the nature which they thus You do indeed get some notion of his men, who are all more or less quarried out of his own nature; but it is not by means of any unique influence which accompanies them every where, but only by a sort of secondary inference from the successive states of emotion in which we are accustomed to see them. Tasso, Werther, &c. are never personally known to us;

we have gathered up a very good notion of them, but the mark of organic unity which distinguishes living influence from the fullest description has not been set upon them. Edward, in the Elective Affinities is perhaps the most skilful portrait amongst Goethe's male figures. But Goethe could not outline any character—did not even know the outlines of his own. Where he succeeded, it was not by outline, like Scott, but by a single keynote, usually a feminine undertone running through every thing they say. When that is wanting, the character may be true, but

does not hang together; it is a loosely-knit affair.

That Goethe should be called by Mr. Lewes "more Greek than German" struck us with astonishment. But in the special criticisms on his works Mr. Lewes virtually retracts altogether this general verdict. Greek poetry is never the product of this passive imagination, that waits for a distinct impression and then reflects back the impressing power. And moreover its subjects are as different from Goethe's as its intellectual process. It does not occupy itself with character so much as events. characters are there more for the sake of the circumstance than the circumstance for the characters. And so too with the gods themselves. There is no anxiety to display their personal characters: they are not explained as in later times: their caprices or their kindness is only a part of the machinery for enlisting human interest. But Goethe makes a study of his Greek gods and demigods, and takes his idea entirely from the most godlike element he could feel in his own character-his cool selfdependence, and his power of shaking himself free at will from the acute impressions of pain or pleasure. There was nothing Greek at all about the character of Goethe's intellect. Mr. Lewes had in his mind was the heathen element (not specially Greek) in his *character*. The entire superseding of personal trust by self-reliance, the absence of all trace of humility, the calm superior glance which he cast into the mystery around but never into the holiness above him, gave often a heathen colouring to his works; but his cast of intellect is strikingly, distinctively German, far more so than Schiller's. For one whose mind yielded freely to any sensitive impression, he had a wonderful power of shaking himself voluntarily free from all adhering emotions, and raising his head high above the mists they stirred. This power of assuming at will a cruel moral indifference to that which he did not choose to have agitating him, is the feeling he has so finely embodied in the picture of the gods which he has drawn in the song of the Fates in *Iphigenia*, far the finest thing in a poem rich in small beauties, but without any successful delineation of human character. This last has been so finely translated by a recent

American writer,* and represents so truly a characteristic phase of Goethe's mind, that we give it as a pendant to Mr. Lewes's translation from the *Prometheus*.

"Within my ear there rings that ancient song,—
Forgotten was it and forgotten gladly,—
Song of the Parcæ, which they shuddering sang
When from his golden seat fell Tantalus.
They suffered in his wrongs; their bosom boiled
Within them, and their song was terrible.
To me and to my sister in our youth
The nurse would sing it, and I marked it well.

'The gods be your terror, Ye children of men; They hold the dominion In hands everlasting, All free to exert it As listeth their will.

Let him fear them doubly Whome'er they've exalted! On crags and on cloud-piles The seats are made ready Around the gold tables.

Dissension arises:
Then tumble the feasters
Reviled and dishonoured
To gulfs of deep midnight;
And look ever vainly
In fetters of darkness
For judgment that's just.

But they remain seated At feasts never failing Around the gold tables. They stride at a footstep From mountain to mountain; Through jaws of abysses Steams towards them the breathing Of suffocate Titans, Like offerings of incense A light-rising vapour.

They turn, the proud masters, From whole generations The eye of their blessing; Nor will in the children The once well-beloved Still eloquent features Of ancestor see.'

So sang the dark sisters. The old exile heareth

^{*} Mr. N. L. Frothingham. "Metrical Pieces, translated and original." Boston, Crosby and Nichols, 1855. A word or two is altered.

That terrible music In caverns of darkness, Remembereth his children And shaketh his head."

The metre, like the thought, has a heathen cast. It speaks of

cold elevation above all human prayers.

In the autumn of 1786 Goethe "stole away" from Carlsbad, having received secret permission from the duke, for a lengthened journey in Italy which had long been the dream of his life. Mr. Lewes has made no use of the finely characteristic touches which Goethe's journal-letters of this tour contain. He speaks of them as of little interest. To us they seem the most fascinating and delightful of the prose works of Goethe. only illustrate his character, as it showed itself in the quiet isolated study of beauty, but they explain more than any other of his works the common ground in his mind where science and poetry met. We must give two very characteristic glimpses into his character which the incidents of this journey furnish. his way to Venice he turned aside to visit the Lago di Garda, and took his way down the lake in a boat. A strong south wind obliged them to put in to Malsesina, on the east side of the lake, a little spot in the Venetian territory close to the (then) boundary between the Venetian and Austrian states. went up to sketch the old dismantled castle. He was absolutely alone and unknown-had not even introductions to any authorities in Venice. The stranger was observed, and soon many of the villagers had assembled round him with signs of displeasure. One man seized his drawing, and tore it up. Others fetched the podesta. Goethe found that he was taken for an Austrian spy sent to make drawings of the strong points on their boundary. The podesta's clerk was threatening, the podesta himself was a captive to his clerk. Goethe was near being sent as a prisoner to Verona to account for his conduct. Instead of feeling nervous and embarrassed, however, he was enjoying the scene, and undertaking to instruct the Italian peasants in the pleasures and pursuits of an artist. "I stood on my steps, leaning with my back against the door, and surveyed the constantly increasing The curious dull glances, the good-natured expression in most faces, and all that usually characterises a mob, gave me the most agreeable impression." He assured them all, in his best Italian, that he drew for beauty and not for political designs. He explained that they could not possibly see so much beauty in the old castle, which they had known all their lives, as he did. The morning sun threw tower, walls, and rocks into the most picturesque light, and he began to describe the picture to them with a painter's enthusiasm. These picturesque objects being,

however, in the rear of his audience, who did not wish to turn quite away from him, "they twisted round their heads like the birds which they call 'wrynecks,' in order to see with their eyes what I was thus glorifying to their ears." This ridiculous scene vividly reminded Goethe of the "chorus of birds" in the play of Aristophanes, and with intense amusement, he would not let them off without a detailed dissertation on every element of beauty in the picture, particularly dwelling on the ivy which hung about the walls. His presence of mind extricated him

from the scrape.

A still more characteristic incident occurs on his voyage from Sicily back to Naples. The ship should have passed the straits between the Island of Capri and the mainland. Evening came on; Vesuvius glowed brightly; sheet-lightning was in the air; it was a dead calm; the captain had missed the course; a very slow but decided under-current was drifting them straight on the rocks of Capri; the herdsmen were visible on the rocks, shouting that the ship would strand; on deck was a crowd of Italian peasants—men, women, and children; handkerchiefs were held up to try and find a breath of air by which they might be saved; the women screamed reproaches on the captain, and all was shricking and confusion. "I," says Goethe, "to whom anarchy had ever been more hateful than death itself, found it impossible to be longer silent. I stood up, and represented to them that their cries and shrieks were stunning the ears and brains of those from whom alone help could be expected. As for you, I said, retire into yourselves, and then put up your most fervent prayers to the Mother of God, with whom it alone rests, whether she will intercede with her Son to do for you what He once did for the apostles, when, on the stormy lake of Tiberias, the waves were already washing into the ship while the Lord slept; and yet, when the helpless disciples awakened Him, He immediately commanded the winds to be still, as He can now command the breeze to blow, if it be His holy will." These words had the best effect. The women fell on their knees, left off abusing the captain, and fell to prayer. They were so near the rocks, that the men seized hold of beams to stave the ship off, directly they should be able to reach them. "My sea-sickness, which returned in spite of all this, compelled me to go down to the I threw myself half-stunned on my mattress, and vet with a certain pleasant sensation, which seemed to emanate from the sea of Tiberias; for the picture in Merian's illustrated Bible hovered quite clearly before my eyes. And thus the force of all sensuous-moral impressions is always strongest when men are quite thrown back into themselves." Goethe lay here "halfasleep," with death impending, till his companion came down

to inform him a light breeze had just sprung up to save them. There is no incident more characteristic of the calm self-possessed artist in Goethe's whole life: the "musician adapting himself to his instrument;" playing thus skilfully on strings which were deficient in his own mind, in order to bring out tones of feeling for which there were ulterior reasons; then lying down to dream so vividly of what he really held to be but a picturesque legend, that all the awe of death was held at a distance by the vivid light of that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude." This one scene brings out the secret at once of the man's vast personal influence, and of the poet's yielding wax-like imagination, more vividly than any incident of his life. We wonder much that Mr. Lewes has omitted to give it.

It was in his Italian journey that his poetic powers culminated, and that science and art met in his mind. You see the meeting-point in his descriptions of what he saw. He fits his mind so close to the objects he studies, that he not only takes off a perfect impression of their present condition, but becomes conscious of their secrets of tendency, and has often a glimpse back into what they have been. Goethe discovered, as is well known, that all the parts of a plant—stalk, leaf, stamen, petal, fruit—are but various modifications of the same essential germ, best exhibited in the leaf. It was a most characteristic discovery. But to understand the mental process by which it was made—to prove that it was not, in him, due to a mere scientific tendency just look at this glance of his into the essence of a quite different thing,—the amphitheatre, written at Verona: "It ought not to be seen empty, but quite full of men; for, properly speaking, such an amphitheatre is made in order to give the people the imposing spectacle of themselves, to amuse the people with themselves. If any thing worth looking at happens on a flat space, the hindmost seek in every possible way to get on higher ground than the foremost; they get on to benches, roll up casks, bring up carriages, and plank them over, cover any hill in the neighbourhood, and thus a crater forms itself. If the spectacle is often repeated, such a crater is artificially constructed," &c. Now this illustrates the way in which Goethe became so great in criticism, so great in science, so great in description, and so great in the more conscious and less inspired part of his poetry. He moulded himself with such flexible mind to every thing he studied, that he caught not only the existing present, but the state which had just preceded, the state which would follow; he caught the thread as it untwined, he caught not the "being" only (das Seyn), but the "becoming" (das Werden). He had no gift for experimental science. He did not even believe in laws of nature that did not make themselves felt on the living surface

He rejected "refractional" theories of light with scorn, because the coincidence that certain geometrical and arithmetical properties attach to the laws of colour (and it really is nothing more than a coincidence) did not explain in any way the living colours as they shine upon the eye. What is it to the living perception that the length of the wave is greater with the red ray than with the violet ray; does length explain any thing about colour? It is only a sort of inward thread of order running through the phenomena, which is quite independent of the essence of the phenomena as they affect the living organs of man. Goethe had no faculty at all for this experimental detection of aids to knowledge, which are not in any way aids to living insight. He thought it a kind of mathematical back-stair to optics, which it was mean to desire; you ought to look the phenomenon livingly in the face, and explore its symptoms as you do the physiology of a plant or an animal. He used the microscope to detect what is really going on; but he despised an hypothesis which left the physiology of colour just where it was. Indeed, his science and his poetry and his descriptions alike were of the microscopic order; not that they had the confinement of the microscope, for his eye ranged freely; but we mean, that he rather pierced nature and life at many points in succession, letting in gleams of an indefinite vista every where, than combined all he conceived and saw in one co-existing whole. Look at his finest poems and descriptions. It is the intensely vivid gleam thrown on single spots, not the aspect of the whole, that makes you seem to see with your own eyes what he describes. Thus, in his finest poem, Hermann und Dorothea, every touch of description will illustrate what we mean. And the sense of breadth and freedom pervading it is given in the same way by transient glances sidewards and forwards, which open out little vistas of life in many directions, without completing them in

"Und die Hengste rannten nach Hause, begierig des Stalles;
Aber die Wolke des Staubes quoll unter den mächtigen Hufen.
Lange noch stand der Jüngling, und sah den Staub sich erheben,
Sah den Staub sich zerstreun; so stand er ohne Gedanken."*

What a vivid *impression* (it is only one or two strokes for a picture, not properly a picture) is here given, by means of pursuing a little side-path of insight into the feelings of horses, and then fixing the eye intensely just on that dreamy cloud of dust in the distance which would most catch the eye of a man in a reverie!

^{*} And the horses started off home, pricking their ears for the stable, But a cloud of dust grew under the rushing hoofs of their gallop. Long the youth stood still, and watched the dust whirling upwards, Watched the dust settle down,—thus stood he vacant in spirit.

It is always by casting these isolated piercing glances in two or three directions that Goethe produces his vivid impressions. When Hermann and Dorothea, for instance, are walking by moonlight to the village, there is no attempt to paint the scene; but each object, as it comes in view, is made to flash on the eye of the reader. Thus:

"' 'How sweet is the glorious moonshine, as clear it is as the daylight;
I can surely see in the town the houses and courtyards quite plainly,
In that gable a casement,—I fancy I count every pane there.'
Then they rose, and went downwards through the cornfield together,
Dividing the thick-standing corn, and enjoying the splendour above them;
And thus they had reached the vineyard, and passed from the light into
shadow."

When Goethe returned from Italy in 1788, his genius had reached its highest maturity. Faust (his greatest work) was virtually written, though afterwards modified, and not published for eighteen years. Iphigenia and Egmont had received their last touches, and Tasso was all but finished. The really fine part of Wilhelm Meister was in existence; all that he added afterwards was a dreary superinduced element of "high art," a painful "hall of the past,"—except indeed the religious episode, which is a study from memory, a reproduction of the "experience" of a gentle mystic whom both he and his mother had dearly loved. Hermann und Dorothea is the only great poem of any length which he wrote afterwards, in 1796, and it is far the most perfect, though not the richest of them all.

During his Italian residence he had only fallen in love once. He returned reluctantly to the north, like a child from a Christmas visit, feeling that every thing at home was old and slow, and that he, coming from the sweet south, was bringing "gold for brass, what was worth a hundred oxen for what was worth ten." Even the Frau von Stein was tedious; the Italian lady had displaced her. In this mood he fell in with Christiane Vulpius, a girl of no culture and considerably lower rank than himself, who, after being for seventeen years his mistress, became in 1806 his wife. There can be no doubt that he was passionately in love at first, and that this passion ripened afterwards into a real and deeper affection, which had sufficient strength, when he found his heart attracted to another, to enable him to resist the danger and remain faithful to the mother of his child, in spite of serious estranging influences arising from her intemper-Goethe's connection with Christiane, if judged by the lax morality of his age,-by which alone we can fairly judge him, when we have once admitted, as we must do, that he was in no way morally purer than his age-that, indeed, in his es-

timate of these matters he had become less pure since his resi-

dence in Weimar,—was surely not the most guilty of his life. It is in its origin that it is most offensive. That he should either allow himself to encourage passion without love, and feel no horror, no self-abasement, but rather immortalise it by using it as literary capital for "elegies;" or, on the other hand, if he did feel real love for this poor girl, that he could endure to write about her to friends in the tone of his letters to the Frau von Stein,—is one of those facts concerning Goethe which makes one feel that a wider gulf divided his nature from purity and fidelity than any merely passionate sins could create. During the first months of his liaison he writes, in answer to the Frau von Stein's remonstrances, "And what is this relation? Who is beggared by it? Who lays any claim to the feelings I give to the poor creature? who to the hours I pass with her?" And again: "I will say nothing in excuse; but I beg thee to help me, so that the relation which is so objectionable to thee may not become vet worse, but remain as it is. Give me thy confidence again; look at the thing in a natural light; allow me to speak to thee quietly and reasonably about it, and I may hope that all will be once more right between us." That a man should write in this tone about a woman he really loved, and keep her in so humiliating a position, in which he knew that she was a mark for the contempt of his friends, is hardly credible. And yet, if he did not really love her, that he should have felt no selfreproach and disgust at his own conduct, while he calmly worked it up into poetry, is still more revolting and still more incredible. The truth seems to be that he did really love her, and yet was insensible to the dishonour to himself and to her implied in writing and thinking of his relation to her in this way, and permitting his friends' neglect. Mr. Lewes says that Christiane declared later she had herself resisted the marriage. Possibly she may have wished to excuse Goethe; possibly it really was so; but the decision lay with him, and no false theories can relieve him from the charge of permitting a permanent dishonour to rest upon the woman who was to him in the place of a wife. He took her to live with him immediately on the birth of his son, and never again forsook her. But we may well believe, that one great exciting cause for the habits of intemperance in her which caused him so much misery was the consciousness of her miserable position in society,—slighted as she was by the very friends whom Goethe most honoured and loved, Goethe permitting the slight. Schiller never seems to have sent her one greeting in his letters, nor even alludes to her existence; while Goethe's messages to Schiller's wife are constant and courteous. Contrasts of this kind should surely have stung him to the quick, if he really honoured and loved her as a wife.

Since Mr. Lewes's book was published, letters have appeared from Goethe and his wife to Dr. Nicolaus Meyer of Bremen, a medical student in Jena in 1798, who resided in Goethe's house in the winter 1799-1800. The correspondence adds little to what we knew: but the letters from Christiane Vulpius (who in 1806) became Christiane Goethe) confirm Mr. Lewes's conception of her as an uncultivated but not vulgar person; and one or two show great depth of feeling. The editor intimates that they were poorly spelt and worse written; but in those days many ladies of rank had little knowledge of this kind. The letters both Goethe's and his wife's-are mostly about herrings. butter. and port wine. Goethe's letters are seldom very good. saved up his best things for type. One does not expect literary merit from Christiane Vulpius. But her letters are simple, housewifely, and friendly. It seems she had a genius for jams, which had in part gained her Meyer's esteem. Parts of one or two letters, written in 1805, during a dangerous illness of Goethe's, give a glimpse of the thread of pain in her life. She tells Meyer that Goethe has "now for three months back never had an hour of health, and frequently periods when one fancies he must die. Think only of me-who have not, excepting yourself and him, a single friend in the world; and you, dear friend, by reason of the distance, are as good as lost. . . . Here there is no friend to whom I could tell all that lies on my heart. I might have many; but I cannot again form such a friendship with any one, and shall be forced to tread my path alone. Seldom, indeed, in these letters, does she express feeling of this kind, which gives it more meaning when it is expressed. She says again, "I live a life of pure anxiety." Then she writes a better account, adding, that though better, she fears "it is but patchwork. O God, when I think a time may come when I may stand absolutely alone, many a cheerful hour is made wretched."* The sentence in which Goethe announces to Meyer,

^{*} We have before alluded to the fact, that Goethe's passion for Minna Herzlieb gave rise to his novel of the Elective Affinities, and is depicted in the love of Edward for Ottilie. It seems, now, not improbable that Meyer's friendship for Christiane Vulpius at least suggested the relation of the Captain to Charlotte in the same novel. He must have been at least six or seven years younger than Christiane, as he was born in 1775. But it seems from these letters that the friendship between them had been strong, and not without sentiment. Christiane keeps Meyer's picture in her room, and speaks of the constant pleasure and comfort that she derived from looking at it. It was after, and immediately after, Meyer's own marriage in 1806, that Goethe determined on this step, and announced it to him in the curious form given above. There is no allusion at all to her marriage in any of Christiane's letters to Meyer. She speaks of his own marriage thus: "I have been especially pleased to hear that you have at last resolved to enter the state of holy matrimony, in which I heartily wish you happiness, and believe that you will also be convinced of these my sentiments." Meyer and his wife visited Weimar on their wedding journey: a great chasm in the correspondence occurs immediately afterwards.

in 1806, his own marriage, is characteristic. He speaks of the French occupation of Weimar, and the misery it caused, and adds: "In order to cheer these sad days with a festivity, I and my little home-friend (Hausfreundinn) yesterday resolved to enter with full formality into the state of holy matrimony, with which notification, I entreat you to send us a good supply of butter and other provisions that will bear carriage."

On the friendship for Schiller, and the other influences which surrounded Goethe's later years, we have no space left to comment. Early in the new century, Goethe's growing attachment to Minna Herzlieb seems to have given rise to one of the richest groups of minor poems that he ever wrote; and of one of these so beautiful a translation has come into our hands, that we venture to hope it will at least convey some feeling of the charm of Goethe's little ballads:

The Bill Castle.

Aloft stands a castle hoary On yonder craggy height, Where of old each gate and doorway Was guarded by horse and knight.

The doors and the gates lie in ashes, And silence broods over all; I clamber about unchallenged On the ancient mouldering wall.

Close here lay a cellar, of yore Well filled with the costliest wine; With the bottle and pitcher no more Steps the maiden merrily in.

No more in the hall the beaker She sets for the welcome guest; No more for the holy altar She fills the flask of the priest.

To the thirsty squires in the courtyard No more the flagon she gives; No more for the fleeting favour Their fleeting thanks she receives.

For burnt are the ceilings and floors, Into ashes long long ago passed; And corridor, chapel, and stairs, Are splinters and rubbish and dust.

Yet when on a merry morning From these crags I saw with delight, With lute and with wine, my darling Ascending the stony height,— Seemed a gay entertainment to burst From the dullness of still decay, And it went as, in times long passed, On a joyous and festive day.

It seemed the most stately rooms Were prepared for some guest of worth; It seemed from those hearty old times A loving pair had stepped forth;

And as if stood the holy father Within his chapel hard by, And asked, 'Will ye have one another?' And we smilingly answered 'Ay.'

And when our hearts' deep emotion In music broke forth aloud, Rang out the mellow-voiced echo In answer—instead of the crowd.

And when, at the coming of even, In silence all was entranced, And the sun from the glowing heaven On the craggy summit glanced,

The squire and the maiden, like nobles, Shine out in that golden blaze; Again the goblet she proffers, And again his thanks he pays.

Goethe seems ultimately to have battled firmly with, and finally subdued, the affection which thus renewed the freshness of his poetry with a second spring of even greater beauty than the first; but the whole story, as he has embodied it in the Elective Affinities, is a thoroughly repulsive one, and no mind but one so destitute as Goethe's of natural awe and remorse for the most humiliating class of sins, could have given such experience publicity in a work of art. The book betrays, in spite of its power, some of the diffuseness of age; a very great part of it is devoted to describing the laying down of a new gravel-walk and the making of a summer-house.

In 1816 his wife died; and Goethe's burst of grief was very great. We are told* that he utterly lost his presence of mind, kneeled down beside her deathbed, and seizing her hands, cried out, "Thou wilt not forsake me! No, no; thou durst not forsake me." The verse he wrote on the day of her death has more true affection than all his poems of passion together.

The last sixteen years of Goethe's life were passed in tranquil labour at the completion of his unfinished works. Now and then he wrote a lovely little poem. In 1818, when he was in his 70th year, came one of those little flashes of song which, he tells

Preface to Meyer's Correspondence.

us, he would in his youth often get up to scribble off in the middle of the night, or write down on the first scrap of paper he found, not even venturing to set the paper straight, lest the little mechanical act should put to flight the flow of the inspiration. Its beauty is quite as strange as that of the poems of his youth. Goethe always loved the song, and said it was of the very essence of himself. Here is a faint version of it, which we insert less as a poem than as a light on the old man's character:

At Dead of Night.

At dead of night I went, reluctant going—
A wee wee boy, across the churchyard-way,
To father's house, the pastor's; heaven was glowing
With star on star—oh, sweetly twinkled they
At dead of night.

Then in broad life, when new impellings drove me
To seek my love—impellings which she sent—
The stars and Northern-lights in strife above me—
I going, coming, drank in sweet content
At dead of night.

Till the bright moon at last in her high season, So pure, so clear, me in my darkness found; And with her, willing, thoughtful, vivid Reason Her light about my past and future wound At dead of night.

He fell in love once or twice more; and in 1823 was said to be near marrying again. The result, as usual, was not marriage, but an elegy—of beauty not greatly inferior to that which the poems of earlier days can show, and which, as his youngest and dearest poem, he copied out in Roman letters on fine vellum, and tied with a silk band into a red morocco cover, in which glory Eckermann saw it. Mr. Lewes, in deference to physiology, unpleasantly and untruly calls the story of an old man's life a "necrology." As a man Goethe was never so complete as in his

old age.

The only great addition to his fame which the last twenty years of Goethe's life produced was the conversations with Eckermann,—a book which gives to the English reader a far clearer conception of his personal influence than any other of his works. He never runs an opponent through, like Dr. Johnson; indeed, he does not willingly talk with an opponent at all. He rather flows round his disciple like an atmosphere, leaks into you at every pore, and envelopes you in such a calm wide mist of wisdom, that you can only say what he means you to say so long as you breathe that atmosphere. There is no possibility of a contest. There is no point to contest. He credits you with

a truth whenever you open your mouth (lässt das Gelten, as the Germans say); only he circumvents it with a whole mass of modifying thought, so that it would be easier to bring the air itself to a point than to bring the question you are discussing to an issue. In his old age he recurred again frequently to his religious belief, and some of his most fascinating conversations have relation to it. Goethe had a taste for religion, and a shrewd guess at the next world; but his mind seems to have been quite devoid of personal trust. He was perhaps the wisest man totally devoid of moral humility and personal faith whom the world has ever seen. He took the pantheistic view of God along with the personal view of man.* He knew that man was a free and responsible being, but he could not attribute human attributes of any kind to God; he thought the Infinite would be best honoured by merely denying finite characteristics, and leaving Him unapproached:

> "Feeling is all in all; Name but an earthly smoke, Darkening the glow of heaven."

And not only "name," but definite thought concerning God he equally rejected. "No one," he says, "now doubts the existence of God any more than his own;" but "what do we know of the idea of the divine, and what shall our narrow conceptions say of the Highest Being?" And so of immortality also; he believed it as an extension of his insight into nature, but he put it aside as not bearing in any way on this life. "I do not doubt of our future existence, for nature cannot afford to throw away any living principle (ἐντελέχεια). But we are not all in the same manner immortal; and in order to manifest ourselves as a powerful living principle in the future we must be one." Immortality was no present aid to him; he thought we should wait to rest on it till we had gained it. "To the able man this world is not dumb; why should he ramble off into eternity? what he really knows can be apprehended." And he was annoved with any thing that he thought a fuss about the matter.

Speaking of a poem relating to this subject, he says:

"Wherever you went, there lay 'Urania' on the table. 'Urania' and immortality were the topics of every conversation. I could in no wise dispense with the happiness of believing in our future existence, and, indeed, could say, with Lorenzo de Medici, that those are dead for this life even, who have no hope for another. But such incomprehensible subjects lie too far off, and only disturb our thoughts if made the theme of daily meditation. Let him who believes in immortality enjoy

^{*} See, for instance, the fine little poem, "Das Göttliche."

his happiness in silence, without giving himself airs thereupon. The occasion of 'Urania' led me to observe that piety has its pretensions to aristocracy no less than noble blood. I met stupid women, who plumed themselves on believing, with Tiedge, in immortality, and I was forced to bear much catechising on this point. They were vexed by my saying I should be well pleased to be ushered into a future state after the close of this, only I hoped I should there meet none of those who had believed in it here. For, how should I be tormented! The pious would throng around me, and say, 'Were we not right? Did we not foresee it? Has not it happened just as we said?' And so there would be ennui without end.

All this fuss about such points is for people of rank, and especially women, who have nothing to do. But an able man, who has something to do here, and must toil and strive day by day to accomplish it, leaves the future world till it comes, and contents himself with being active and useful in this. Thoughts about immortality are also good for those who have small success here below, and I would wager that better fortune would have brought our good Tiedge better thoughts."

In only one sentence do we catch a glimpse of a time when Goethe had looked to God for a Father's help, and, at least for a moment, conceived the spiritual world not as the mere unknown spaces beyond life, but as the inspiring love which shines every where into it. "We may lean for a while," he says once, in speaking of his youth, "on our brothers and friends, be amused by acquaintances, rendered happy by those we love; but in the end man is always driven back upon himself, and it seems as if the Divinity had so placed Himself in relation to man as not always to respond to his reverence, trust, and love; at least not in the terrible moment of need." There had, then, been a time when the easy familiarity with which the young man scrutinised the universe had been exchanged for the humble glance of a heart-stricken child; and he had shrunk away from that time (as he did from every other hour of life when the providence of God would have probed to the very bottom the secrets of his nature), to take refuge in the exercise of a faculty which would have been far stronger and purer had it never helped him to evade those awful pauses in existence when alone the depths of our personal life lie bare before the inward eye, and we start to see both "whither we are going, and whence we came." Goethe deliberately turned his back upon those inroads which sin and death make into our natural habits and routine. From the pleading griefs, from the challenging guilt, from the warning shadows of his own past life, he turned resolutely away, like his own Faust, to the alleviating occupations of the present. by inch he contested the inroads of age upon his existence, striving to banish the images of new graves from his thoughts

long before his nature had ceased to quiver with the shock of parting; never seemingly for a moment led by grief to take conscious refuge in the love of God and his hopes of an hereafter. And so, with his eyes still clinging to the life he left, on the 22d March 1832 he passed away himself, while drawing with his finger pictures in the air and murmuring a last cry for "more light." During the quarter of a century which has intervened, the influence of his writings in England has become He has been held up as the wisest man of modern days, and by some half-worshipped as a demigod. And, in truth, his was a light and spacious mind. Let us grant that he was the wisest man of modern days who ever lacked the wisdom of a child; the deepest who never knew what it was to kneel in the dust with bowed head and broken heart. And he was a demigod. if a demigod be a being at once more and less than ordinary men, having a power which few attain, and owing it, in part, to a deficiency in qualities in which few are so deficient; a being who puts forth a stronger fascination over the earth because expending none of his strength in yearnings towards heaven. In this sense Goethe was a demigod:

> "He took the suffering human race; He read each wound, each weakness clear; He struck his finger on the place, And said, 'Thou ailest here, and here.'"

He knew all symptoms of disease, a few alleviations, no remedies. The earth was eloquent to him, but the skies were silent. Next to Luther he was the greatest of the Germans; next—but what a gulf between! "Adequate to himself," was written on that broad calm forehead; and therefore men thronged eagerly about him to learn the incommunicable secret. It was not told, and will not be told. For man it is a weary way to God, but a wearier far to any demigod.

ART. II.—EARLY ENGLISH EXPLORERS.

- The Observations of Sir Richard Hawkins, Knt., in his Voyage into the South Sea in 1593. Reprinted from the Edition of 1622, and edited by Capt. C. R. Drinkwater Bethune, R.N., C.B.
- Select Letters of Columbus; with Original Documents relating to the Discovery of the New World. Translated and edited by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum.
- The Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana by Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt. Edited, with copious Explanatory Notes, and a Biographical Memoir, by Sir Robert H. Schomburgh, Phil. D., &c.
- Sir Francis Drake his Voyage, 1595, by Thomas Maynarde; together with the Spanish Account of Drake's Attack on Puerto Rico. Edited, from the original Ms., by W. D. Cooley, Esq.
- Narratives of Early Voyages undertaken for the Discovery of a Passage to Cathaia and India, by the North-west; with Selections from the Records of the Worshipful Fellowship of the Merchants of London, trading into the East Indies; and from Mss. in the Library of the British Museum. Now first published, by Thomas Rundall, Esq.
- The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, expressing the Cosmographic and Comodities of the Country; together with the Manners and Customs of the People, gathered and observed as well by those who first went thither as collected by William Strackey, Gent., the First Secretary of the Colony. Now first edited, from the original Manuscript in the British Museum, by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum.
- Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America and the Isles adjacent. Collected and published by Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Bristol, in the year 1582. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by John Winter Jones, Esq., of the British Museum.
- A Collection of Documents on Japan; with a Commentary. By Thomas Rundall, Esq.
- The Discovery and Conquest of Florida, by Don Ferdinando de Soto. Translated out of Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt; and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by W. B. Rye, Esq., of the British Museum.
- Notes upon Russia: being a translation from the earliest account of that country, entitled Rerum Moscoviticarum Commentarii, of

- the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein, Ambassador from the Court of Germany to the Grand Prince Vasiley Ivanovich, in the years 1517 and 1526. Translated and edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. 2 vols.
- The Geography of Hudson's Bay. Being the Remarks of Captain W. Coats, in many Voyages to that Locality, between the years 1727 and 1751. With an Appendix, containing extracts from the Log of Captain Middleton on his Voyage for the Discovery of the North-west Passage, in H.M.S. "Furnace," in 1741-2. Edited by John Barrow, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.
- Three Voyages by the North-east, towards Cathay and China, undertaken by the Dutch in the years 1594, 1595, and 1596, with their discovery of Spitzbergen, their Residence of ten months in Novaya Zemlya, and their safe return in two open boats. By Gerrit de Veer. Edited by Charles T. Beke, Esq., Ph. D., F.S.A.
- The History of the great and mighty Kingdom of China, and the situation thereof. Compiled by the Padre Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza; and now reprinted from the early translation of R. Parke. Edited by Sir George T. Staunton, Bart. With an Introduction by R. H. Major, Esq. 2 vols.
- The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake: being his nex Voyage to that to Nombre de Dios. Collated with an unpublished Manuscript of Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to the Expedition. With Appendices illustrative of the Voyage, and Introduction, by W. S. W. Vaux, Esq., M.A.
- The History of the two Tartar Conquerors of China, including the two Journeys into Tartary of Father Ferdinand Verbiest; from the French of Père Pierre Joseph d'Orleans. To which is added, Father Pereira's Journey into Tartary; from the Dutch of Nicolaas Witsen. Translated and edited by the Earl of Ellesmere. With an Introduction by R. H. Major, Esq.
- A Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland. Edited by Adam White, Esq., of the British Museum.

Here is a list of books the very titles of which are the earnest of a singular feast to those who can appreciate the delight of escaping for awhile from the atmosphere of modern fine writing into a region of simple facts simply narrated. Of all the publishing societies, the Hakluyt has performed and is still performing the most deservedly popular service. This society has had the peculiar good fortune of catering for an interest which is at once general, scientific, and antiquarian. Its publications find an appropriate place on the schoolboy's bookshelf beside Gulliver and Crusoe; in the catalogue of the circulating library

beside the modern novel of the most "startling interest;" and in the study of the historian or the geographer. Any one of the sixteen books we have undertaken to notice would afford "cream" enough for a highly amusing review article. As it is, we find ourselves suffering under an embarras de richesses. Our space will scarcely suffice for a catalogue raisonné of these works and their contents; and we are in some dread of being compelled to write a dry notice by the mere abundance of interest in our materials. One of the greatest charms of the simple narratives of these "old travellers" is a certain spaciousness and leisurely air about their way of saying things. Without the least pretension to literary art, theirs is in reality the "grand style" of narrative. Their "important facts" stand simply and strikingly in a pleasant wilderness of naïve platitude and commonplace; and Stonehenge, should it ever be brought to London by rail and set up as the central decoration of Trafalgar Square, would not differ more from Stonehenge in the centre of breezy Sarum Plain than these principal facts, condensed in a review article, must differ from the same in their original context. We cannot, however, pretend even to cull the principal facts from a mass like this, where so much is principal. Warning our readers against the injustice of mistaking single bricks for models, or hasty glances for epitomes, we proceed to speak of the Hakluyt Society's publications in order of their issue, reserving our space chiefly for the later volumes, with which the non-subscribing public have had fewer opportunities of making themselves acquainted by means of the Reviews.

The first work of the series is one of the least interesting. If we except some remarks of Hawkins, on the naming of ships, with a history of the christening of the vessel in which he sailed, we can scarcely recommend the work to those who seek mere amusement. It is a curious fact, that Sir Richard was in the habit of distilling pure water from the sea,—a process which most persons, we believe, imagine to be of quite modern invention. "The water so distilled was wholesome and nourishing," we are told. Wholesome it might have been; but the fact of its having been nourishing must rank in credibility with some others which rest on the same authority,—as, for example, the power of the moon's rays to produce "a furious burning pain, enough to drive one mad;" and the liability of water, under cer-

tain circumstances, to spontaneous combustion.

The Select Letters of Columbus are full of interest and value. Before the publication of this volume by the Hakluyt Society, only one of these letters had been translated, and that many years ago in the pages of the Edinburgh Review. No biography of Columbus or history of his discoveries has any thing approach-

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ing to the interest of these elaborately written accounts addressed by Columbus to his king and queen, or to persons about them. Perhaps the deepest impression left by the perusal of these letters—after the first overwhelming indignation at the ingratitude with which his services were requited—is admiration for his single-heartedness and the high motives by which he was actuated in his work. The conversion of the Indians and the extension of the realms of knowledge seem to have inspired him to the exclusion of all consideration of personal advantages either of fame or wealth; and his own nobility throws into deep contrast the grovelling spirits of those by whom he was surrounded. His companions and employers seem to have seen nothing in his great discoveries beyond the prospect of increased wealth and extended dominion. From scores of passages of equal interest we take the following characteristic trait of this great and noble mind:

"They" (the natives of Hispaniola, or San Domingo,) "exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves; they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I, however, forbad that these trifles and articles of no value, such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass keys, and leather straps, should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles; and for things of mere trifling value offered by our men, especially newly-coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required. . . . Thus they bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars, which I forbad as being unjust; and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles which I had brought with me, taking nothing for them in return. I did this in order that I might the more easily conciliate them, that they might be led to become Christians."

The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana by Sir Walter Raleigh is a work full of amusing matter, and sprinkled plentifully with travellers' wonders. We have accounts of Amazons; of men whose eyes were in their shoulders, whose mouths were in their breasts, and whose hair grew from their backs; of a race who "do use to beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends to drinke it all in their several sorts of drinks;" of poisoned arrows fatal to Europeans, but harmless to natives, &c. The editor of Raleigh's work, Sir Robert H. Schomburgh, has accompanied it with materials of his own, which render the entire volume an excellent and most entertaining biography. Raleigh was a fine writer as well as a fine gentleman and a great adventurer; and this volume

abounds in passages of elegant style and vivid description, as, for example:

"That Cassique that was a stranger had his wife staying at the port where we ankored; and in all my life, I have seldom seen a better favored woman. She was of good stature, with blacke eies, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, hir haire almost as long as hirselfe, tied up againe in pretie knots; and it seemed she stood not in that aw of hir husband as the rest, for she spake and discourst, and dranke among the gentlemen and captaines, and was very pleasant, knowing hir owne comelines and taking great pride therein."

Sir Francis Drake his Voyage is a short memorial of Sir Francis by his friend Thomas Maynard. It does not raise our idea of the personal character of the naval hero, who seems fully to have participated in the thirst for gold so prevalent in and about his age. It is often painful, in going through this collection of travels and voyages of discovery, to find how little interest was created in the minds of those engaged in them by the natural and social wonders, so new and so many, upon which they came, compared with that which was awakened by the hope of wealth. Columbus is almost the only person who appears to have been quite free from this disease, though even he—evidently to satisfy his royal employers, who were as sordid as the meanest of their subjects—devotes much time to this subject of gold-finding.

The Narratives of Voyages towards the North-west, in search of a passage to Cathay and India, include short notices of many well-known travellers and discoverers in Polar regions. This volume, like several others of the Hakluyt series, is unnecessarily deformed by the ancient orthography. Where the sound was evidently the same, we see no object in preserving the old spelling, which, in this particular case, is so different from the modern mode, as to constitute a serious obstacle to the enjoyment of the narratives to persons unaccustomed to the perusal of early English writings in their original dress. In the present instance this obstacle is the more injurious, inasmuch as the volume is one of very general interest. The most valuable narrative of the collection is that of Captain James, who, like most of his fellowlabourers in Arctic discovery, relates terrific sufferings with an almost amusing absence of self-consciousness. These "marine worthies beyond all names of worthinesse" seem to have regarded all that they saw, and all that befel them, alike as natural phenomena, only worth mentioning in so far as they threw light on the nature of new lands, or tended to unravel the riddle they were attempting to solve. If a freezing saucepan seemed a more apt illustration of the temperature of the climate than a shrivelled body, the former was noted down with due care, and the latter

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left to oblivion as a slight accident, and not to the point. are the examples, described in the Hakluvt works, of a more active manhood and hardiness of virtue developed by the dangers and sufferings of Arctic exploration, few. Some Englishmen, whose adventures on the coast of Greenland form part of a later volume, though in danger of perishing from want of fuel, would only appropriate such timber from buildings and old vessels belonging to the company by which they had been sent out. "as mighte well be spared without damnifying of the voyage of next yeare," which year they seemed to have extremely little chance "We got together," says their spokesman, of surviving to see. "all the firing that we possibly could make, except we would make spoyle of the shallops and coolers that were there, which might easily have overthrown the next yeare's voyage, to the great hindrance of the worshipfull company, whose servants we being, were every way carefull of their profite." And so these poor creatures condemned themselves to the scantiest fires and badly cooked food for eight months of a winter, the prospective horrors of which caused them to stand "with eyes of pitie beholding one another." The Voyage of Master Henry Hudson has a tragical ending, by no means unique as regards the catastrophe of death by cold and starvation, but happily so in the means by which such sufferings were brought about. Hudson had met with an unmitigated scoundrel named Henry Greene, and, from some kind impulse, after rescuing him from destruction, had taken him to his own house, and allowed him to join the crew of the Northern Voyage. This man got up and headed a mutiny, and, with some difficulty, prevailed upon the mutineers to rid themselves of the captain, his son, and such of the mates as were rendered useless by sickness, by casting them adrift in the icy seas in a small shallop, thus condemning them to a lingering but certain death. In the presence of so notable a disgrace to humanity, it is startling to find such a contrast as that of John King, the ship's carpenter, whose conduct was as noble as Greene's was demoniacal. When all the condemned party were in the shallop, this man, who was "hale and hearty," declared his determination to share their fate rather than even passively countenance the brutality of the mutineers by remaining in their company. His companions, who had been able unmoved to consign the condemned party to their horrible fate, were touched by King's courage, and begged him to have pity on himself; but his resolution was not to be shaken, and he descended to his place in the shallop, which was then sent adrift, and was never heard of more. The ringleaders of this mutiny soon met with retribution at the hands of a party of savages, by whom they were surprised and massacred.

The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia is one of the most entertaining volumes of the series. It was printed by the Hakluyt Society from a manuscript which was before almost un-The editor, Mr. Major, has prefaced the history by an excellent account of the disasters which befell the colony planted in Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, and has thus given to the volume the form of a complete sketch of Virginian history up to the time of the Mayflower. William Strachev, the writer of this "Historie," gives a long and amusing description of the chief, Powhatan, who is known to others than the subscribers to the Hakluyt Society for little besides his ill-treatment of the Eng-"He is a goodly old man, not yet shrinking, though well beaten with many cold and stormy winters, in which he hath been patient of many necessities and attempts of his fortune to make his name and his family great. He is supposed to be little lesse than eighty yeares old, I dare not saye how much more." This old gentleman maintained a hundred wives, who were summoned from "their severall places" at the chief's pleasure. The Virginians appear to be quite clear from the reproach, that attaches to the North Americans generally, of insensibility to female charms. Their chief happiness consisted in the number of their wives, who were considered to be of far more value than wealth or any other earthly good. Some Virginians, seeking help from the English against enemies who had devastated a town, on being questioned as to what plan they wished to pursue, declared that their only wish was to recover their wives, and they made a free offer of resigning all other spoils to the English. The Virginian wives are described as strictly virtuous, according to the rules of their country, which admitted of the loan of a wife by the husband. The following description of a Virginian woman of distinction, who had been stolen away by one Pipisco, reads like a bit of *Hiawatha* translated into old prose:

[&]quot;..... Yet is Pipisco suffered to retain in this his countrie a little small kaasun, or village, upon the rivadge of the streame, with some few people about him, keeping the said woman still, whome he makes his best beloved, and she travells with him upon any remove, in hunting tyme, or in his visitacion of us, by which meanes, twice or thrice in a sommer, she hath come into our towne; nor is she so handsome a savadge woman as I have seene amongst them, yet with a kinde of pride, can take upon her a shewe of greatnesse; for we have seene her forbeare to come out of her quintan or boat through the water, as the other, both mayds and married women usually doe, unles she were carryed forth betweene two of her servants. I was once early at her howse (yt being sommer tyme), when she was layed without dores, under the shadowe of a broad-leaved tree, upon a pallett of osiers, spred over with four or five fyne grey matts, herself covered with a faire

white drest deare skynne or two; and when she rose, she had a mayd who fetcht her a frontall of white coral, and pendants of great but imperfect coloured and worse drilled pearles, which she put into her eares, . . . and when thus attired, with some variety of feathers and flowers stuck in their haires they seeme as debonnaire, quaynt, and well-pleased as, I wis, a daughter of the howse of Austria."

The Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America, published by Richard Hakluyt, may be regarded as a sort of supplement to the Voyages towards the North-west. They are short accounts of various enterprises undertaken by different persons. Nearly half the volume is occupied by the editor's Introduction, which, as usual, equals the text in interest, and has the advan-

tage of being in readable English.

The Memorials of Japan are divided into four parts. Mr. Rundall's Preface contains a short and seasonable history of European intercourse with Japan,—a subject clothed with fresh interest by discussions and events now going on. This now most exclusive and mysterious of nations was once open to all the world. Christian missionaries numbered their Japanese converts by millions. In course of time, religious excitement became political rebellion; and, after much expostulation and forbearance on the part of the Japanese rulers, Christianity was no longer a tolerated sect, the missionaries were banished, and, as a further measure of security, the empire was closed to the outer world. The Kingdom of Japonia follows Mr. Rundall's Preface, and is a short account of Japan written in the reign of Elizabeth. Then comes a curious collection of letters written by an Englishman, William Adams, who in the early part of the seventeenth century contrived to raise himself to a post of distinction under the Japanese government. Lastly, we have various notes collected by the editor from every available source: the whole making up a tolerably complete epitome of what is known upon the subject of this empire. From the document entitled The Kingdom of Japonia, which is an extract from the Firste Booke of Relations of Moderne States, Harleian Ms. 6249, we take the following characteristics of a people in whom we are likely to become more and more interested:

"The inhabitantes shewe a noble witte, and an incredible pacience in sufferinge, labour, and sorrowes. They take great and diligent care lest, either in worde or deede, they should shewe either feare, or dulnesse of mynde, and lest they should make any man (whosoever he be) partaker of their trowbles and wantes. They covet exceedinglye honour and prayse; and povertie with them bringeth no dammage to the nobilitie of bloude. They suffer not the least injurie in the worlde to pass unrevenged. For gravitie and courtesie they give not place to the Spainardes. They are generally affable and full of compliments. They

are very punctuall in the entertayning of strangers. . . . They will as soone lose a limbe as omit one ceremonie in welcoming a friend. . . . They are far from all avarice. The marchantes, althoughe very riche and wealthye, are yet nothing accompted of there; those that are of nobilitie are greately esteemed althoughe they be never so poore. . . . Every one may change his name three times: when he is a childe; when he is a young man; and when he is ould. . . . They have the use of writing and printing, and have had the space of many years; no man knowes certeinely how long. . . . The lawes are very strict and full of severitie, affordinge no other kinde of punishment but either death or banishment."

The editor's notes, at the conclusion of the volume, are perhaps the most instructive portion of it. In one of them we find a very striking and characteristic story. A Japanese lady of high rank, having been forcibly dishonoured by one of her husband's friends during his absence, met her husband on his return with all kindness, but refused to see him alone, until after an appointed time. She assembled her relations and friends, and among them the man who had wronged her; then, leaning on her husband's shoulder and shedding torrents of tears, she declared her misfortune, and begged to be punished with death for her forced crime. Her husband declared his perfect conviction of her purity. All the guests joined him in endeavouring to convince the injured lady of her own innocence; but in the midst of their arguments, she broke from the caresses of her husband, and rushing to the edge of the terrace on which the party was assembled, flung herself over. The author of her misery left the assembly unnoticed, and was found by the husband and relations weltering in his blood by the side of his victim, having committed the usual Japanese form of suicide by two transverse gashes across the abdomen.—Here is another story, equally bloody, but not such "pure tragedy:" two officers once met on the palace stairs, and accidentally hustled each other. The elder man apologised, but was unable to appease the irritation of his companion, who was resolved that death should follow the offence. Finding himself unable to provoke his opponent to combat, he raised his robes and inflicted upon himself the approved suicidal gashes, knowing that custom would compel his adversary to follow his example; and the irascible young fellow had the satisfaction of beholding with his dying eyes his adversary in the same predicament. Whenever a Japanese noble commits a crime worthy of death, he receives a royal order to inflict it upon himself in the above style. All the offender's friends and relatives are invited to the ceremony.

The Discovery and Conquest of Terra Florida was translated from the Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt, and is now

reprinted from the edition of 1611. Its author was a gentleman of Elvas, who accompanied Don Ferdinand de Soto and his six hundred followers, of whose exploits he tells, in all their adventures. Hakluyt seems to have undertaken the translation of this book chiefly with the view of benefiting the unfortunate Virginian colony, being himself one of the patentees under the charter of King James. He hoped, by spreading the fame of the wealth of an adjoining country, to induce fresh adventurers to join those already stationed in those parts. The work was originally called Virginia richly Valued; but Hakluyt himself afterwards adopted the more appropriate title it now bears. Mr. Rye prefaces this work with a sketch of preceding travellers to Florida. Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, described by Peter Martyr as "a grave man, and of authority," visited the country in 1520, and from him we have the following "yarns." First, concerning the Indians of Duharhe:

"These people have a king of giant-like stature and height, called Datha, and they say that the queen his wife is not much shorter than himself. This lord, being demanded why he alone and his wife should attain to that tallness and height of body says, that it proceedeth from violent art, after this manner. While the infants are in the cradle, and under the breasts of the nurses, the masters of that art are sent for, who annoint the several members of the infant for certayne dayes with medicines of certayne herbs, which mollifie the tender bones, so that the bones being presently converted to the softnesse of lukewarme waxe, they so stretch them out in length oftentimes, that they leave the poor miserable infant halfe dead; and after that they feed the nurse with certaine meats of powerful virtue," &c.

The second story relates to a country called by Ayllon Inzignanin:

"The inhabitants, by report of their ancestors, say that a people as tall as the length of a man's arm, with tayles of a spanne long, sometime arrived there, brought thither by the sea, which tayle was not moveable or wavering, as in four-footed beastes, but solide, broad above, and sharpe beneath, as we see in fishes and crocodiles, and extended into a bony hardness. Wherefore, when they desired to sit, they used seats with holes through them, or, wanting them, digged up the earth a spanne deep or little more: they must convay their tayle into the hole when they rest them."

Of the three contemporary accounts of Soto's expedition, Mr. Jared Sparks, in his American Biography, gives the preference to the "gentleman of Elvas," the author of the work before us. "Yet," says Mr. Sparks, "whoever follows him closely will be likely to run into ten errors in arriving at a single truth, with the additional uncertainty of being able to distinguish the former from the latter. The narrative is, moreover, disfigured with de-

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scriptions of atrocious acts of injustice, oppression, and cruelty; in short, if this narrative is worthy of credit, few readers will be inclined to dissent from the remark of Philip Briet, in his Annales Mundi, that it is difficult to decide whether cruelty or avarice was the predominant trait in the character of Soto." Mr. Rye, however, defends the "gentleman of Elvas" and the other writers from the prevalent charge against them of extravagant "romancing," and shows that there are too many points of agreement in the three narratives to allow of the suspicion that they are not, in the main, faithful to fact. "The character of De Soto," says Mr. Rye, "as developed in his position of leader of this remarkable expedition, presents us with an amount of hardihood and courageous perseverance under the most fearful trials, unsurpassed perhaps even by Pizarro or Cortes." With this testimony we have to couple that of Bartolome de las Casas, who, in writing of "the acts and gestes of the Spaniardes in the West Indies," says, "it loatheth me to recount those actes so cursed, ghastly, and bloodie, not of men, but of savage beastes." The general style of this work is a confirmation of Mr. Rye's good opinion of its veracity. From the stirring incidents and striking local characteristics of this volume we extract the following scraps. This tale of a slave-master in Cuba will not be new to all of our readers, perhaps; but all will like to have it in its original dress:

"A steward of Vasques Porcallo, which was an inhabitour in that island, understanding that his slaves would make away with themselves, staied for them with a cudgill in his hand at the place where they were to meete, and told them that they could neither doe nor thinke any thing that hee did not know before; and that he came thither to kill himselfe with them, to the end that, if he had used them badly in this world, he might use them worse in the world to come. And this was a meane that they changed their purpose, and turned home againe to doe that which he commanded them."

At a certain place, called Aymay, "were four Indians taken, and none of them would confess any other thing, but that they knew of none other habitation. The Governor" (Soto) "commanded one of them to be burned; and presently another confessed that two daies journie from thence there was a province called Cutifa-Chiqui," &c.

This province of Cutifa-Chiqui had a queen, who interchanged courtesies with the Spaniards:

"And the ladie, perceiving that the Christians esteemed the perles, advised the governor to sende to search certeine graves that were in that towne, and that hee should find many; and that if hee would send to the dispeopled townes, he might load all his horses. They

sought the graves of that towne, and there found fourteene rooves of perles, and little babies and birds made of them."

The Notes upon Russia are less popularly entertaining than most of the series. Mr. Major's Preface, which is the most readable part of the book, contains a life of the author, the Baron Sigismund von Herberstein, who was ambassador from the German court to the grand Prince Vasiley Ivanovich, the contemporary of our Henry VIII. Herberstein's notes give a full account of the religious, political, and social condition of the Russians at that time, together with such topographical information as it was in his power to acquire; but his style is not graphic, and his work is chiefly interesting to the historical an-

tiquary.

The Geography of Hudson's Bay was written by Captain Coats, who made several voyages to that locality between the years 1727 and 1751. It is now published for the first time, by the permission of Sir Edward Parry, the possessor of the original manuscript, and is edited by John Barrow, Esq. Beyond what we learn from the diary of Captain Coats very little is known of him. He tells us that he was thrice shipwrecked on the ice, and proves by his hydrographical notes that he was an expert navigator. "These," he says, "are so adjusted, and with such care," that he "willingly submits them to the test of time." And indeed it is found that they are accurate to a degree quite surprising, when it is remembered at what time and with what appliances they were written. In publishing this manuscript the Society carried out the expressed wish of the author; for though the "notes" were made chiefly for the use of his own sons, he also states that he has "committed them to writing least they be buried with him, and posterity be deprived of what may one day be thought of some use." The "notes" are by no means so dry to the unscientific reader as their title seems to promise. Captain Coats had a good eye for land-scenery as well as hydrographical phenomena, and seems to have taken fully as much pleasure in observing the natives of the shores he visited as in attending to the more immediate object of his voyage. There is little real technicality about his work. His remarks on many things are made pleasant by the obvious goodness of his heart. His graphic description of the "Usquemows," and his enthusiastic admiration of their moral qualities, though he allows that occasionally they did eat their enemies, are amusing.

[&]quot;I have often," he says, "thought this people are of the linage of the Chinease, in the many features I think I see in them; their bloated, flatt faces, little eyes, black hair, little hands and feet, their listlessness to travailling, very fair when free from grease, very submis-

sive to their men, very tender of their children, and indefatigable in the gewgaws to please their men and children. I have had some of those toys from the children brought to me by father and mother, to learn them to look at us without trembling. These toys are little pieces of ivory, made in form of all their fishes, all their fouls, all their beasts, all their men, women, and children; nay, some to imitate our ships, our boats, and our men. In short, nothing escapes their notice. It has been said that these are Anthropophagions. I answer, it is no otherwise than as all the Indians in America do, to sacrifice their enimyes to their god; and then, indeed, they do partake of human flesh. But to say it is a delicate, and that they do it at any time they can gett it, and that it is a favorite dish, I believe 'tis quite otherwise; for my own part, I see nothing in them to countenance such a hellish principle, and do think them as gentle and sociable, and more so, and more unanimous than we can pretend to. That they are idolaters I am perswaided; for I have had a bone deity, which they seldom are without in their canoes. The rising sun summons all on their knees, when you hear such a contrast of vocal musick as comes from the lowest recessis of the mind, with such energy and noble contempt, as lift these people, in idea, above the common level of all mankind; and I dare say they think themselves the favorite people of God, and look on us with more compassion and contempt than we do them. For to what reason can we ascribe that great confidence in them, when they singly and alone have put themselves in my hands, but a nobleness of mind, above the low conceits of mean earthly creatures?"

In matters of decorum and natural breeding Coats declares that his favourites, the Esquimaux, excelled his own countrymen; and, in proof, relates how his own people, rendered over-free by the kind familiarity of the natives, peeped into the abodes of the women, who were unprepared for such an intrusion. The women and children thereupon hid themselves quietly; but the men, proving that their usual gentleness was not stupidity or effeminacy, pointed their arrows to revenge the insult. They were not hasty, however, in letting them fly; and when the captain called off his men, and showed signs of regret, the arrows were put aside, and a perfect reconciliation at once effected. "How mean and contemptible," exclaims the enthusiastic Coats, "must we appear in the eyes of this people!"

In the same volume with the "notes" of Captain Coats, the Hakluyt Society have published Extracts from the Log of Capt. Christopher Middleton, on his Voyage for the Discovery of the North-west Passage through Hudson's Straits, and other memoranda of the same expedition; but these do not contain any additions to our ordinary knowledge of the arctic regions.

The True Description of three Voyages by the North-east towards Cathay and China is a volume abundant in interest.

It contains an account of the exploits of Barentz, who, in the fifteenth century, circumnavigated Spitzbergen, and made further way north-east than any navigator who preceded or succeeded him. The re-publication of this "Description," with the elucidatory comments of the editor, will redeem from long neglect one of the greatest heroes of arctic travel. Barrow, Scoresby, Beechey, and other writers on the subject of arctic discovery, have never examined this account of Barentz's voyage closely enough to arrive at the important conclusion of the editor, that Spitzbergen was circumnavigated by this Dutchman and his companions. "The first discovery of this country by our Dutch navigators," says Dr. Beke, "is now universally admitted, though formerly the idea was entertained that they had been anticipated by Sir Hugh Willoughby. But that Spitzbergen was actually circumnavigated by them is a fact which, as far as we are aware, has never been adverted to by any writer on arctic discovery. The details of this portion of Barentz and Rijp's voyage are neither full nor precise enough to enable us to follow them minutely in their course; added to which, the maps of Spitzbergen, especially of its eastern side, are still not sufficiently trustworthy to render us much assistance in laying down their track. There can, however, be no doubt that they sailed up its eastern shores, passed along its northern extremity, and returned by the western coast." This important conclusion is illustrated in a long and laborious introduction. The narrative of the ten months' wintering of Barentz and his companions in Nova Zembla is one of great interest. Perhaps none of those who have weathered the polar cold have suffered more than this heroic band, who bore all with perfect patience and cheerfulness, and submitted themselves during the whole time with the greatest willingness to their commander's discipline. After an imprisonment of eight months, when the weather seemed to favour the idea of sailing, the crew "agreed among themselves to speak unto the skipper, and to tell him it was now more than time to see about getting from thence;" but it was with great reluctance and diffidence that they put into execution even this modest resolution, and they were easily prevailed upon by their leader to postpone their return, which, wonderful to relate, was subsequently undertaken in two small open boats, under auspices thus described by Barentz himself in a paper written before setting out:

"There are three or foure of us that are not able to stirre to doe any thinge; and the best and strongest of us are so weake with the great cold and diseases that we have so long endured, that we have but half a man's strength; and it is to be feared that it will rather be worse than better in regard of the long voiage that we have in hand, and our breade will not last us longer than to the end of the month of August;

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and it may easily fall out that the voiage being contrary and crosse unto us, that before that time we shall not be able to get to any land."

The little party set forth from Nova Zembla on the 14th of June. On the 17th, "in the morning, when we had broken our fastes, the ice came so fast upon us, that it made our haires stare upright upon our heades, it was so fearefull to behold." Their boats on this occasion were nearly crushed by the ice, upon which they were compelled to land, and "forced to drive all the nailes faste againe, and to peece many things;" their sick men lying meanwhile on the best beds they could make in the open polar air. This last fact, however, we only ascertain by means of one of the facsimiles of the curious original engravings, the circumstance of mere suffering not being regarded by the narrator, Gerrit de Veer, as worth writing of.

"The 20 of June it was indifferent weather, the wind west; and when the sunne was south-east Claes Adrianson began to be extreme sicke, whereby we perceived that he would not live long, and the boateson came in to our scute, and told us in what case he was: whereupon William Barents spake and said, I thinke I shal not live long after him; and yet we did not judge William Barents to be so sicke, for we sat talking one with the other, and spake of many things; and William Barents read in my card which I had made touching our voiage, and we had some discussion about it; at last he laid away the card, and spake unto me, saying, Gerrit, give me some drinke; and he had no sooner drunke but he was taken with so sodain a qualme, that he turned his eies in his head and died presently, and we had no time to call the maister out of the other scute to speake unto him; and so he died before Claes Adrianson, who died shortly after him. The death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God."

Are we not right in calling such writing as this the "grand style" of narrative?

Their leader gone, Gerrit and his companions prosecuted their astonishing retreat from the polar regions, and on the 2d of September they reached Cola, in Russian Lapland; "so that we sailed in two open scutes, sometimes in the ice, then over the ice, and through the sea 381 miles" (Flemish, i.e. 1524 miles

English).

The practical and unpretentious piety which seems to have governed the conduct of these and other of the old polar voyagers is very remarkable, and strongly contrasts with the general spirit of the contemporary gold-seekers, whom we have had occasion to mention. In a subsequent volume relating to Greenland, we read of a party who had but a few days before them for hunting and laying in the stock of food on which was to depend their existence during the ensuing winter; yet, when Sunday came, they

rested from their labours, "taking the best course they could for the service of God Almighty, although they had not so much as

a book with them."

The History of the great and mighty Kingdom of China and the situation thereof, compiled by Padre Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza, is a reprint of the early translation of R. Parke, who undertook it at the express wish of Hakluyt. This work is the first detailed account of China that has appeared in our language. In Mr. Major's interesting introduction to this republication, we are told that the first intelligence concerning the Chinese which reached Europe was derived from a twelfth-century manuscript, containing the observations of two Arabian merchants, who appear to have visited China in the middle of the ninth century. describe China as being smaller than the Indies, but far more populous, and speak much of its fertility. Tea seems to have been as popular then as now, and is described, not only as the common Chinese drink, but as a specific for the cure of all diseases-a notion which prevailed, as we know, on its comparatively recent introduction into Europe. There appears to have been little in the accounts of these Arabs of a thousand years ago, which would not exactly apply to the Chinese of the present day. Among the facts and characteristics related by travellers before Mendoza, and repeated in this Introduction by Mr. Major, are a few which may be novel and amusing to some of our readers. It is related by one, that ladies of royal blood were interred in a particular spot,—a grassy mountain, on the sides of which all their horses were turned out to wander at liberty for the remainder of their lives. The maids of honour were allowed the same privilege, with the difference that they were provisioned for five vears only, after which they were allowed to starve on the grave of their mistress. It is mentioned by Marco Polo, and even by travellers before him, that the Chinese had a paper-currency. A mode of punishing pirates was to make them stand in a leechpond. As an example of the highly populated condition of China, one writer remarks that "out of a tree you shall see many tymes swarme a number of children, where a man would not have thought to have found any one at all." The same writer notes the practice of town-drainage, a modern innovation with Europeans, and states that "frogges are solde at the same price that is made of hennes, and are good meate amongst them, as also dogges, cattes, rattes, snakes, and all other uncleane meates;" and asserts that "if you aske them what they do thynke of the soules departed, they will answere that they be immortals, and that as soone as any one departeth out of this life, he becometh a devyle, if he have lived well in this worlde; if otherwyse, that the devyle changeth him into a bufle, oxe, or dogge; wherefore

to this devyle do they much honour, praying him that he wyll make them lyke unto hymselfe, and not like other beastes." Matteo Ricci, who had access to Pekin early in the seventeenth century, speaks thus of their inaptitude for war:

"They have no more spirit than women, and are ready to kiss the feet of any one who shows his teeth at them. They spend two hours every morning in combing and plaiting their hair. Running away is no dishonour to them; they do not know what an insult is; if they quarrel, they abuse one another like women, seize each other by the hair, and when they are weary of scuffling become friends again as before, without wounds or bloodshed. In short, they are only formidable from their numbers. The walls of the towns are, at most, but fit to protect them from robbers. . . . The soldiers are a disgraceful set. The other day they had a quarrel with some Chinese, who were carrying provisions to market, and beat them; the latter went to complain to the governor of Macao, who caused forty soldiers to be arrested and beaten with bamboos. They came out afterwards crying like children. What can the soldiers be in a country where their position is looked upon as dishonourable, and occupied by slaves?"

Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza was one of a party of priests who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, conceived the wish to carry on the work, already commenced by others, of evangelising China. Through various misadventures they were entirely baulked in their object; and Mendoza, who had devoted much thought and study to the people in whose service he had hoped to spend his life, turned his labours to good account by collecting into one volume all the interesting matter to be found in the writings of those who had preceded him as missionaries. His book, written in Spanish, was published at Rome in 1585; and Parke's translation, now reprinted, bears the date of 1589. Mendoza's work concerning the unchangeable empire has, of course, the advantage of containing little that is not equally true of the present time, - if it was true then, which may sometimes be questionable. Among the "manners and customs" noted by Mendoza, our readers will not fail to admire the poetical equity of the following matrimonial arrangements. "All men and women" who wished to form the tender alliance are described as meeting annually at an appointed place before "twelve ancient and principall men" nominated by the sovereign. Notes were made of the names, rank, wealth, and appearance of the applicants; and when the number of one sex exceeded that of the other, the superfluous persons were cast out by lot, to stand over till the next year, their names being retained in a register, that they might then be first served. Then certain of the ancient men divided the male candidates into three classes, —the wealthy, the tolerably well-to-do, and the poor. The ladies were similarly divided

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into the "most fairest," the "not so faire," and the "fowlest." The "most fairest" were then allotted to the rich men, who had to pay a good round sum for their advantage, the price being fixed according to the discretion of the ancient men. The "not so faire" were given gratis to the men of middling means; and the poor men were compensated for their allotment of the "fowlest" damsels, by receiving, for dowries with them, the sums paid by the rich bridegrooms for their beauties. Mendoza tells us that this excellent custom was not practiced by the higher classes, "the lords and gentlemen marrying every one as he liked." To the following account Mendoza says, "let every one give credite as liketh him best;" for, says he, it "is very doubtfull to be beleeved, although I have bin certified by religious men, that have talked with persons that within these two yeares have seene the said women."

"Not farre from these ilands of Japan, they have discovered of late certaine ilandes which are called of the Amazones, for that they are all inhabited by women, whose ordinary weapons are bowes and arrowes, and are very expert in the same. They have their right breast drie, the better to exercise their bow. Unto these ilands, in certaine monethes every yeare, goeth certaine shippes from Japones with merchandise, and they bring from thence such as they have there; in the which time the men do deale with the Amazones as with their own proper wives, and for to avoide dangers that might happen amongst themselves, they deale in this order following. After that their shippes are aryved, there goeth on shoare two messengers for to give advice unto the queene of their arrivall, and of the number of men that are in their shippes, who dooth appoint a day when they shall all come on shoare; the which day she dooth carrie to the waters side the like number of women as they be of men, but the saide women doo first come thither before the men doo disembarke themselves, and every one of them dooth carry in their hande a paire of shooes, or a paire of slippers, and on them their own severall marke, and doo leave them on the sands at the waters side, without any consort or order, and presently departe from thence. Then the men come on shoare, and every one taketh the first paire of shooes that he cometh unto, and put them on; then presently the women come forth, and every one of them carryeth with her him who hath fallen unto her by lot, to put on her shooes, and maketh him her guest, without any other particularitie, although it chanceth unto the most vilest of them all to meet with the queenes shooes, or otherwise to the contrarie. So when the monethes are expired set downe by the queene, in the which are permitted the men aforesaide, they doo depart, every one leaving with his hostis his name, and the towne where hee dwelleth, for that if it so fall out that they bee with childe, and bee delivered of a sonne, that hee may bee carried the yeare following unto his father, but the daughters doo remain with them."

Towards the close of his work, which is of a very miscellaneous description, Mendoza speaks hopefully of the great subject he had at heart, and relates how miracles had already been performed for the conversion of the Chinese. A native who went to Portugal returned a Christian, and decorated his house with a cross, before which he often bowed in the presence of his countrymen. The Chinese, seeing only matter for mirth in his movements before the, to them, unintelligible symbol, determined to pull down and burn it; but no sooner was the notion conceived than the disbelievers fell down dead, and within a few days "all the linage of those dead persons did follow the same way, and not one escaped." The result of this notable miracle is somewhat of an anticlimax. "This miracle being spread throughout all the kingdom, the naturals thereof did set up many crosses in all parts." We wish that Mr. Major, whose geographical learning is well known to be most extensive, had rendered the readers of Mendoza's China the great service of giving, whenever possible, the modern names of the places mentioned by his author. Although the archæology of geography is the professed and main sphere of the Hakluyt Society, its list of members indicates a degree of popularity extending considerably beyond the limits of the antiquarian world, and we think that a few more concessions to the requirements of the merely general reader, such as that we have just suggested, and a modern orthography, by increasing the popularity of the Society's issues, and consequently its pecuniary means, would also increase its power of furthering its scientific objects.

The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake is a reprint of an extremely rare quarto published in 1628 by the nephew of the admiral, chiefly from the notes of Francis Fletcher, chaplain on board Drake's ship. The editor, Mr. Vaux, of the British Museum, accompanies this reprint with a publication of the original notes by Fletcher, and other documents, throwing important light upon the mysterious trial and execution of Thomas Doughty, an affair by which the character of Sir Francis would seem to be much more deeply impeached than appears from the narrative of his nephew, whose account of this matter by no means agrees with the accounts of others who had better opportunities of knowledge. Our space forbids more than mere reference to these highly interesting documents, and the discerning remarks of the editor upon them. The general features of the voyage itself are also too well known for abstract here. We are much indebted to Mr. Vaux for giving us Francis Fletcher's original notes, which are full of lively description, and abound in curious local details omitted in the transcript of them by Drake's relative, who seems more intent on making his narrative favourable to Sir Francis than on any thing else. Among other sights witnessed by Fletcher, he describes "a faire and large iland," where,

"Such was the infinite store of eggs and birds that there was no footing upon the ground but to tread upon one or the other, or both, at every step; yea, the birds was so thick, and would not remove, that they were enforced with cudgells and swords to kill them, to make our way to goe, and, the night drawing on, the fowls increased more and more, so that there was no place for them to rest in; nay, every third bird could not find anny roome, in so much that they sought to settle themselves upon our heads and shoulders, armes, and all parts of our body they could, in most strange manner, without any feare; yea, they were so speedy to place themselves upon us, that one of us was glad to helpe another; and when no beating with poles, cudgells, swords, and daggers would keepe them off from our bodyes, wee were driven with our hands to pull them away one from another, till with pulling and killing wee fainted, and could not prevaill, but were more and more overcharged with feathered enemies, whose cries were terrible, and their poder and shott poisoned us even unto death, if sooner wee had not retired, and given them the field for the tyme."

The next work on our list, the History of the two Tartar Conquerors of China, is a translation from the French of Father Pierre Joseph d'Orleans, a Jesuit, by the Earl of Ellesmere, one of the vice-presidents of the Hakluyt Society. This volume is the most readable of the whole series, chiefly because it is a comparatively modern work, and can scarcely be said to belong to the "archeology of geography" at all. It is a lively little historical work of the date of 1688, written with the air of literary facility which conferred a distinctively "modern" character upon French literature nearly a century before the same character was visible in the writings of our own countrymen. But although books written in this manner are the most "readable," it does not follow that they are the most valuable, or even interesting. The presumption is the other way. Smoothness and facility of style are apt to be purchased by the sacrifice of that sincerity and minute accuracy of observation and narration which are the charm of the early literature of all countries; and accordingly the glib and pleasant narrative of Father Pierre is deficient in the "pre-Raphaelite" truthfulness of most of the other Hakluyt issues. It seems to us that the Hakluyt Society have somewhat deviated from the pursuit of their peculiar objects in the publication of this work. Where are they to set limits to their labours, if it be not considerably within the line indicated by this work? Apart, however, from this question, the work itself is a valuable one, and its republication, at a time when Christianity, or at least that which bears the name, has assumed a portentous

interest in relation to the social and political condition of China, cannot be denied to be very seasonable, containing, as it does, the fullest accounts of the Christian mission at its most critical point, namely, the relations of the celebrated Adam Schall to the court of Pekin. Adam Schall, whose mission succeeded that of Matteo Ricci, arrived in China in 1622. His talent and learning, especially in the science of mathematics, made him a person of importance, and a great favourite of the Chinese court. During the troubles which ended in the subversion of the Ming dynasty, and the establishment of the new race upon the throne. Schall maintained his position and influence. In 1634 he was charged, in conjunction with Giacomo Rho, with the task of revising the imperial calendar, in which he was engaged during three successive reigns. Under the Emperor Chunchi, Schall was enabled to raise the Christian mission into that degree of court-favour with which it was regarded before the Emperor Vanlié had been prevailed upon to withdraw his countenance from the mission commenced by Matteo Ricci. Chunchi placed Schall at the head of the body of astronomers; and during the whole of this reign the Jesuits prospered in China. Churches were built, converts made, fresh missionaries invited, among whom was the German Jesuit Ferdinand Verbiest, who was officially associated, in virtue of his mathematical qualifications, The relations of the Jesuit and the emperor were with Schall. those of an entire personal intimacy, owing, we infer, to the extreme skill with which the former "managed" the latter, and abstained from allowing his religious mission to seem to take precedence of his official character as "astronomer royal." "The father," says the author of the present work, which is a compilation from the original Jesuit Letters, "never found it necessary to consult Chunchi's whims, or humour his fancies." The emperor, we are informed, took every thing from Adam Schall in good part, and "listened patiently to the frequent and severe rebukes which this faithful servant administered to him." "Even if he did not invariably reform his conduct, he had the candour to confess that he would have done better to follow his advice." We can imagine the secret despair of the Jesuit as to the effectual conversion of such a penitent! A dialogue, highly characteristic, both of the Jesuit and his imperial master, is given literally from the original memoirs of Schall, and an abstract of it may be interesting to our readers, as showing the style in which Christianity was preached and received at this critical juncture of the "religious history" of China. After years of familiar intercourse between the emperor and the Jesuit,—

"'I have heard it said,' began the prince, 'that certain conjunctions of the stars portend certain events. If this be true, as the course

of the stars is regulated, our destinies must be ruled also, and it is useless to take measures to avert that which is inevitable.'

Father Adam, who occasionally took advantage of the emperor's curiosity in observing the stars to teach him the fear of Him who reigns supreme over them, replied, 'Sire, far above all the stars there is One,' &c.

'Can you tell me,' replied the emperor, 'who is this God of whom you so often speak to me?'

'He is an invisible God,' answered the father, &c.

'Pray, mafa,' rejoined the emperor, 'tell me the best way to

correct my faults.'

'I have often taken the liberty your majesty allows me, to tell you freely my opinion of your conduct. You will have made a great improvement when you have learned to temper justice with mercy, when you have more consideration for those about your person; in a word, when your majesty will have learned to feel the same compassion for the sorrows of your fellow-men, who are by nature your brothers, as you would wish them to feel for you, if you were in their place.'

When the father had reached this point, the emperor argued that princes, who are accustomed to look down upon all men as their inferiors, are not willing to acknowledge this law of equity; he even confessed that he could not conceive it,—a remark which led the father to explain to him the Decalogue, &c.

'You have convinced me,' was the emperor's conclusion."

It did not surprise us, and should not have surprised Father Adam, to find the imperial dilettante, soon after this discussion, very seriously engaged in a little intrigue with the wife of one of his subjects, which, for the time being, altogether indisposed him for scientific, literary, and religious conversations; nor need it surprise any one, if the Christian missions left off a couple of hundred years ago somewhat after this fashion, that the recent "revival" in the Celestial Empire should have adopted the very grotesque and anomalous aspect which we hear of its having assumed.

At one time the court was busy with a rumour that deeply affected the character of this "well-disposed" sovereign; and was likely, by its scandalous nature, to alienate from him the affections of his nobles and generals. Those who loved Chunchi felt convinced of its fallacy. No one dared, however, to apply to him who could alone clear away the cloud that obscured for the time his reputation. At last the friends of Chunchi begged the Jesuit father to undertake the perilous duty. He consented, and, having obtained an audience, fell at the feet of the emperor, and presented to him a paper in which the state of matters was described. Chunchi read it through, colouring deeply, and, raising his aged friend and councillor kindly, said that the "whole affair had been very much exaggerated."

This Confucian good sense and moderation bore, in fact, too much external resemblance to Christianity not to be a most serious obstacle to its sincere reception. Chunchi never became a convert to any thing more than the morals of Christianity, and only to those, as we have seen, in "intellectual assent." Chunchi's death, Father Adam was appointed tutor to his son and successor Camhi, a boy of eight years of age; but before the advantage of this grand opportunity could be reaped, there arose a persecution of the Christians, which led to the imprisonment or death of all the missionaries, the martyrdom of five mandarins, and a general breaking up of the churches. Cambi, however, the Jesuits re-established themselves in favour. and their faith was again allowed to be preached. In the first vear of this permission, namely, in 1671, twenty thousand persons were baptised; and "from that time," writes Father Pierre in 1688, "the gospel has spread so widely over China, that the number of Christians is estimated at three hundred thousand."

The toleration of Christianity by Chunchi and Camhi of course thoroughly ingratiated these potentates in the eyes of the Jesuits, and this "history" is also a sustained eulogy "of the

two Tartar conquerors of China."

Not the least valuable part of this volume is the appendix, containing a translation of Father Verbiest's letters. was a coadjutor of Schall at the Chinese board of mathematics. and his successor in office and court-favour after the Christian persecution during Camhi's minority had ceased. Verbiest had performed the important and well-appreciated service of further amending the Chinese calendar; the emperor took lessons of him personally in mathematics; and the versatile Jesuist, on being requested by his royal master to superintend the casting of artillery, succeeded so well that he presented to the emperor a park of 320 pieces produced under his superintendence. greatest of modern Asiatic sovereigns, in order to maintain the energy of character which had secured to the Tartars their conquest, was in the habit of organising hunting-excursions, having many of the characteristics and much of the discipline of Asiatic warfare. These hunting-excursions beyond the Great Wall have since become almost a Chinese institution; and Sir John Davis notices the recent suspension, upon various excuses, of these exercises as a sign and cause of the degeneracy of the modern Tar-Verbiest accompanied the emperor on two of these occasions, and he describes them at length in two letters. The journey described in the first letter was to a frontier distant "some thousand one hundred Italian miles, of a thousand paces each," from Pekin. The emperor rode in advance on horseback; the prince, his son and heir, a boy ten years old, followed.

these came three principal queens, each in a gilded carriage." To these succeed the grandees of the court, and the chief mandarins of all ranks, who, with their "followers and appurtenances," made up a train of 70,000 men. To this singular hunting-expedition, the dimensions of which render those of the famous "hunting" of "the Percie" insignificant, "it was the emperor's pleasure," writes Verbiest, "that I should be attached; partly that I might, with scientific instruments, observe and note the atmospheric and terrestrial phenomena, the latitudes, the variation of the needle, and occasionally the height of mountains; and also that I might be always at hand to answer his majesty's questions as to the celestial appearances, meteors, and such like." The emperor allotted to the Jesuit's use ten horses from the royal stable. Verbiest describes the features of the country through which he passed with graphic detail. All the towns and villages he passed in the great province of Leauton, to inspect which was one of the principal objects of the journey, were completely ruined, having been sedulously destroyed during the late contest, in order to deprive the Tartar soldiers of all hope of a return to their homes. An entirely new road, prepared for the occasion, extended for more than 1000 Italian miles, "as straight and even as circumstances would allow, the earth being thrown up on either side to the height of one foot, very neatly, as a kind of fence, and marked with posts at regular intervals. It was so smooth and well kept that, in fair weather especially, it resembled a threshing-floor, to maintain which condition persons were placed along its whole course, who suffered no one to travel it till after the emperor and queens had passed." other road was prepared, with equal pains, for the return journey, "the higher ridges of the hills being, as far as possible, levelled, and bridges thrown over every stream, on either side of which mats, with painted dragons, are hung out." The "hunting," however, was not wholly performed on these beautiful roads, the emperor sometimes betaking himself "to unbeaten paths through the mountains for the sake of the chase." As the country through which this cortège of 70,000 travelled was desert or devastated, all that they consumed during this journey of 2200 Italian miles had to be carried with them from Pekin. "Herds of oxen, flocks of sheep for daily slaughter, and swine, accompanied us, driven across the country on either side; and all this perpetual concourse of carriages, beasts, and men, although kept at some distance from the royal road reserved for the queens, nevertheless raised such a cloud of dust that we seemed to proceed in a perpetual mist." Prosecuted with scarcely a day's intermission, the journey to the frontier occupied three months. The emperor then selected 3000 men, armed with bows and

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These spread themselves, and closed themselves into a circle of three miles in diameter, which was gradually narrowed to one of a few hundred paces. The horsemen then dismounted, and "setting foot to foot and shoulder to shoulder, they closed in upon the animals they had driven from their dens and haunts. The latter, after running hither and thither, and finding no exit, sunk down powerless, and were easily captured." As many as 1000 stags, besides wolves, foxes, and such "small deer," were sometimes caught in this manner in a single circle. Tigers were often among the game thus captured. This kind of chase was followed without a day's cessation for a distance of 900 miles, at the end of which the hunting-party "enjoyed two or three days' repose." The scientific Jesuit, who was compelled to be constantly by the king's side, though not compelled to take any more active part in the battue, was often nearly dead with fatigue after his day's work. After a further advance in this way of 400 miles, the expedition began to return to where it had left the queens; but bad weather coming on, this immense army covered the clay morasses with corpses of beasts of burden. concluding his account of this hunting, Verbiest answers those who may be "disposed to ask what advantage could be derived to our mission from this expedition?" in a very characteristic way:

"Inasmuch as this countless multitude of men, during the entire journey, saw me mounted on one of the emperor's horses, and heard me from the same, as from a pulpit, often discourse of our worship, in such manner that I might be said to be preaching to an enormous congregation; for there were few among them who had not their attention turned to the emperor as he passed them from time to time, and who did not also see me in near attendance, distinguished as I was by the absence of bow and quiver, and by my long beard and European attire, they could not fail to observe me with close attention. moreover, nearly all knew me, not only as the author of the Chinese almanac, whose name, by means of that book, has been spread throughout the empire, but also as one who professed with singular zeal, the doctrine of Christ; moreover, as one who, after the overthrow and expulsion of Yam-quam-sien, had re-introduced into China the European astronomy, together with the Christian doctrine; all this could not be without including many to ask questions touching the Christian faith."

In the commencement of the second of these highly interesting letters, Verbiest declares that, in these journeys, the emperor had in view "to prevent for his soldiers, and especially his Tartar troops, that infection of Chinese luxury and corruption which might otherwise naturally ensue from the idleness of peace." The Jesuit characterises the Tartars as naturally "a

slothful people, and little disposed to any toil, even that of the chase; they neither sow, nor reap, nor plough, nor harrow." It is to be presumed, therefore, that these expeditions required the energy of an emperor like Camhi to keep them up. "Many," says Verbiest, "who had taken part in the campaigns of preceding years, openly confessed to me that they had never, in actual war, endured such hardships as in this fictitious campaign." The Jesuit shrewdly suggests that an additional motive in these expeditions was to awe the out-lying Tartar tribes by an occasional display of force and imperial pomp. Finally, "it may be added," he writes, "that by this movement the emperor, with the queenmother, avoided the summer heat, which in the dog-days at Pekin is tremendous."

This amusing and instructive volume concludes with a third epistle on one of these hunting-expeditions by Father Pereira, another Jesuit in attendance upon the emperor. Pereira gives a picture even more vivid than that drawn by Verbiest of the costly pomp of these expeditions, and the odd contrast of the Tartarean deserts with the filagree finery of the imperial cortège. Among precipices and tigers, "six sumptuous pavilions were erected, the first for the sole use of the emperor, the others for the queens, according to their rank, all alike of lacquer-work, with tin-lining, seven or eight ells in height. The entrance, after the fashion of the Chinese, faced the south, being guarded from the weather by curtains of the most costly silk damask. . . . The road," in these deserts, "had been so carefully mended, and also watered, that nothing more perfect could exist. It makes me ashamed to reflect how imperfect in comparison is my service to God, the Lord of heaven and earth." "Among these rocks every thing is at hand the same as in the palace at Pekin."

From a number of photographic touches, which are admirably effective in conferring credibility and reality upon these descriptions of the next to incredible features of the imperial hunts, we give a few at random:

"In the woods I met with edible mushrooms as large as our hats."

"The soil in these highlands being much impregnated with nitre
may perhaps be a cause of their great cold; wherever the earth is dug
to the depth of three or four feet, this substance is turned up frozen
like ice."

"Here also were found tigers, against which the emperor is so incensed that he never spares them, but pursues them to the death."

"Wheresoever a river occurs abounding in fish, the chase is superseded, and all betake themselves to fishing; and for this purpose camels carry on their backs small boats, made in separate pieces, which are put together and made available in an instant."

"I, who had no other purpose but to drive the game within shot of

the emperor, nevertheless caught an animal between my legs, which much pleased the emperor. Nor is it unfrequent that the wildest animals are thus easily captured, when the circle has once closed in upon them."

"Spits were produced, and large fires lighted, to which some held their portions of meat; others flung the pieces into the fire for a moment, and then swallowed them, still dripping with blood, with great reliab."

"In the thickets are white and red onions, which I conjecture to have been brought from Egypt (!). Persian roses are as abundant as thistles or brambles with us."

"On these mountains, which have never before our expedition been ascended by man, trees are sometimes observed which have been injured by fire—a spectacle which greatly puzzled me when I first beheld it. I remarked that this conflagration always begins at the stems."

Father Percira most ingeniously suggests that this curious phenomenon was caused by the stag,—

"An animal which sheds its horns annually, and at this season is so plagued by the continual itching, that he rubs his horns to and fro with great violence against any substance till he gets rid of the itching and the horns together."

This explanation, he tells us, satisfied the Chinese, who called on him for an account of all out-of-the-way phenomena; and by way of satisfying the Europeans also that there may be something in his suggestions, he adds, "rotten wood gives out a light of itself by night, so that the smallest writing may be read by it."

"By these and like questions I was kept in continual occupation, and by my answers obtained great applause and consideration. One of the great men of the court said to me, 'If we Tartars were to choose another religion than our own, I should embrace yours, because I never put any thing before its teachers but that I receive satisfaction in reply.'"

"It was so cold here that ten thousand horses died on the night of

our arrival, the which were not even missed."

"In the middle" (of a high mountain, Pe Cha) "is a lake, said to be unfathomable, but which may rather be said to resist the attempt to fathom it, being always frozen."

In one of the great flocks of sheep that supplied the expedition "were captured two wolves, which kept company with the old sheep and fed on the young."

We cannot conclude our notice of these three remarkable epistles without expressing our regret that the published letters of the Jesuit missionaries of this period, or at least a selection from them, are not placed before the English public in an acces-

sible form. Such a selection, well made and well translated,

would be a most popular work.

The last work published by the Hakluyt Society is a Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland. This volume contains three pieces. The first is a graphic description of Spitzbergen, written by F. Martens of Hamburg, who visited that locality in 1671. The translation before us was made from the German in 1674, and, together with the accompanying tracts, it is now edited by Mr. Adam White of the British Museum. (By the way, let us express our satisfaction that the staff of that institution is able to produce so many really "able editors.") Here, then, we have one genial naturalist edited by another equally genial and more scientific. This first and principal work is divided into sections treating severally of the voyage there and back, and of all the characteristic natural phenomena of Spitzbergen. The short chapters, each headed with the name of some plant, bird, fish, &c., do not promise much; but, after Jessie's famous gleanings, we know of no more amusing little work of the kind than this. F. Martens describes all he sees with sufficient accuracy and minuteness to be of service to the technical naturalist, and yet manages to delight the unscientific reader with the "touches of nature" to be found among the ice and crags of Spitzbergen. Here are a few of our traveller's remarks, taken from scores of others as good:

"There is hardly any difference of cold between night and day; yet at night, when the sun shineth, it seemeth to one that rightly considereth it, as if it was only clear moonlight, so that you may look upon the sun as well as you can upon the moon."

Concerning the crags of Spitzbergen, he observes:

"Some are but one stone from the bottom to the top, appearing like an old decayed wall; they smell very sweet, as the green fields do

in our country when it rains.'

"On the 6th we had the same weather, and warm sunshine all night. Hard by us rode a Hollander; and the ship's crew, busic in cutting the fat off a whale, when the fish burst with so great a bounce as if a cannon had been discharged, and bespattered the workmen all over."

"All the herbs and mosses grow upon the grit and sand of the stones where the water falleth down, and on that side of the hill which

the east and north winds cannot easily get at."

"If it be never so dark by reason of a mist, yet every bird knoweth how to find their own nest again, and flyeth directly to it."*

st Goethe makes a similar observation about the lark, in his Conversations with Eckermann.

Concerning certain birds called mallemucks, he writes:

"They eat so much of the fat of the whales till they spew it up again, and tumble themselves over and over in the water until they vomit up the train-oil; and then they begin to eate afresh, until they grow aweary of eating. They bite one another and fight together, which is very good sport, about a piece of fat, fiercely, although there is enough for them all and to spare."

Really these mallemucks bear a more insulting resemblance

to humanity than monkeys themselves!

There are many curious and entertaining facts about whalcs and sea-horses, and other monsters of the polar deep; but we must leave room for the *Relation du Groenland*, by Isaac de la Peyrère, the celebrated preadamite, who writes this account to his friend, Mons. La Mothe le Vayer, in 1644, with the object, apparently, of disproving a certain theory of the descent of the Americans from the Greenlanders, and of the Greenlanders from the Norwegians.

This *Relation* is a rambling and ill-written compilation from semi-fabulous Icelandic and Danish chronicles, mixed up, however, with some good pieces of description of the country, superstitions of mariners, &c. Among the facts gravely recorded we find the following Dantesque account of "three sea monsters of enormous size" sometimes seen in the "sea of Greenland:"

"The fish, which the Norwegians saw from the waist upwards out of the water, they called haffstramb: it was like a man about the neck, head, face, nose, and mouth, with the exception of the head being very much elevated and pointed towards the top. Its shoulders were broad, and at their extremity were two stumps of arms without hands. The body was slender below; but they have never been able to see its form lower than the waist. Its look was chilling. There were heavy storms each time that this phantom appeared on the water. The second monster has been called marguguer: it was formed down to the waist like a woman. It had large breasts, dishevelled hair, and huge hands at the ends of the stumps of the arms, with long fingers webbed like the feet of a duck. It was seen holding fish in its hand and eating them. This phantom always preceded some terrible storm. If it plunges into the water with its face towards the sailors, it is a sign that they will not be shipwrecked; but if it turns its back to them, they are lost."

Our author tells us, upon what authority we know not, that "the sea of Spitzbergen" produces whales two hundred feet long; and that, when their bodies are opened, "they find nothing but ten or twelve handsful of little black spiders, which are engendered by the bad air of the sea; and also a little green grass." The sea, he says, is sometimes darkened with these spiders, "and it is an infallible sign that the fishing will be good, for the whales follow the water that engenders this pestilence."

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The natural history contained in this tract seems to be as apocryphal, for the most part, as the rest of the matter, which is, upon the whole, about the least valuable and interesting of any hitherto redeemed from obscurity by the Hakluyt Society. But, to make up for this falling short, the third and last piece in the volume is one of the most lively interest. This account of "God's power and providence, showed in the miraculous preservation of eight Englishmen left by mischance in Greenland, anno 1630, nine moneths and twelve dayes," is a reprint of an extremely scarce tract. It has been before reprinted in Churchill's collection, but an analysis of it will be new to most of our readers.

The writer of this tract, Edward Pelham, himself one of the eight who passed the most marvellous polar wintering on record, prefaces his narrative by challenging all former tales of endurance and peril in the same kind to compare with his. He makes particular reference to the wintering of Barentz and his men, of which we have already given our readers a sketch, and justly maintains, that the hardships of the Dutchmen's winter were not comparable to those of the eight English. These eight, "being employed in the service of the right worshipfull company of Muscovie merchants" on a whaling expedition, were despatched from their ship to hunt and kill "venison" for the ship's All that they took with them was "a brace of dogs, a snap-hance, two lances, and a tinder-box," with victuals for a few days while hunting. The second day their ship "was forced so farre to stand off into the sea to be cleare of the yee" that they lost sight of her, and they thought it best to hunt along shore, in the direction of Green-harbour, the rendezvous of the whaling fleet. On arriving there, after seventeen days, the ships were gone, nor were they to be found on any part of the neighbouring coasts. Here, then, these men had to winter, with a brace of dogs, a tinder-box, and a firelock for all their provision; the coast and climate being such that, a short time previously, some malefactors who had been offered life on condition of making the experiment of passing one winter at this whaling station, on being taken to the spot, "conceived such a horror and inward feare in their hearts, as that they resolved rather to returne to England to make satisfaction with their lives than there to remaine." Nine men, who had been left by a similar accident and by the same captain (!), were found dead on the following year, "cruelly disfigured by the savage beares and hungry foxes." After a short fit of prostration, they "began to conceive hope even out of the depth of despaire. Shaking off therefore all childish and effeminate feares, it pleased God to give us hearts like men." In order to make the best use of the

very few days of open weather remaining, they travelled back in their shallop to the hunting-grounds near Green-harbour, and succeeded, before the frost put a stop to hunting operations, in killing venison enough to go a good way towards a winter pro-Returning with their store to the whaling station at Bell Sound, with the intention of returning for more, if the weather permitted, they "were overtaken with night. The next day was Sunday: wherefore" (although their very existence seemed to depend on a day's work more or less,) "wee thought it fit to sanctifie the rest of it; taking the best course wee could for the serving of God Almighty, although wee had not so much as a booke." The next day they made small way on account of bad weather. They had to pass a second night on the shore; and, on waking in the morning, saw that both their boats had been overturned, and were "swimming up and downe the shoare" empty of their lading of venison and whale-offal (found at Greenharbour), upon which their only hope of existence depended. Fortunately they managed to recover from the "high-wrought sea" not only their shallops, but much of their provision, a good deal of it much the worse for the brine. With this they at last reached Bell Sound, and proceeded to settle themselves for the winter, which was already upon them. Within a large "tent" or building used by the coopers during the whaling season, these hearty fellows built themselves a smaller apartment, with a Robinson-Crusoe-like thoroughness of comprehension of what they required, and excellent economy of their miserable means, which chiefly consisted of another ruined shed from which they obtained some boards, the bricks of the chimneys of some "boiling furnaces," an old bed, and the skins of the slain venison. With these they constructed quite a cosy and wind-proof apartment within the coopers' house. Their "next care was for firing to dresse their meate withall, and for keeping away the cold." Some "casks and crazic shallops," abandoned by former expeditions of the whaling company, afforded a considerable store; and their provisions were further increased by three "sea-horses" which were opportunely slain. When all had been done, and the winter was upon them, "finding our proportion too small by halfe for our time and companie, we agreed among ourselves to come to an allowance, and to keepe Wednesdayes and Fridayes fasting-dayes, excepting from the frittars or graves of the whale, a very loathsome meate." Some oil, found in the coopers' "tent," fed a lamp which they constructed out of a piece of sheet-lead and rope-yarn, during the long polar night; and thus, "humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and casting ourselves down before him in prayer two or three times a-day, which course we constantly held all the time of our

misery," they passed the time from August of one year to May the 25th of another, when "there came two ships of Hull, and thus, by the blessing of God, came we all eight of us well

home safe and sound."

And thus concludes for the present this series of admirably-edited publications. The "Report for 1855" contains a long list of "works in progress," which promise at least to equal in interest those which we have now noticed,—necessarily in a most imperfect manner; for ten times our space might have been well filled by the review of these sixteen issues of the Hakluyt Society.

ART. III.—UNIVERSITY REFORM:—CAMBRIDGE.

Report of the Commissioners for the Reform of the University of Cambridge. 1852.

Correspondence of the Cambridge Commissioners with the Government. 1855.

Bill for the Reform of the University of Cambridge. 1855.

Hansard's Debates. 1855.

Statutes of the University of Cambridge, from the 13th to the 16th century. By J. Heywood. 2 vols. Bohn, 1855.

Cambridge Calendar. Deighton, Cambridge, 1856.

Oxford Essays. J. W. Parker and Son, London, 1855.

Cambridge Essays. J. W. Parker and Son, London, 1855.

THE bill for the reform of the University of Cambridge, which will in all probability be again submitted to Parliament this year, as it originally stood embodied to a certain extent the proposals contained in the report of 1852. It was further modified by the Government, in partial compliance with the remonstrances contained in a letter written by five of the commissioners to the Government in the spring of last year, and, as finally amended, contained provisions of the following kind for the reform of the constitution of the University. It proposed, in the first place, to abolish the caput. This body is a committee consisting of six members, holding office for one year. To them all graces, or resolutions, to be laid before the senate, are submitted; any member has a veto upon the measures proposed, and has it thus in his power to postpone them during his tenure of office. committee is framed in accordance with the ancient constitution of the University. It contains one representative of each of

the three faculties of theology, law, and medicine; one member of the non-regent house, which consists of those M.A.'s who have upwards of five years' standing, and one member of the regent house, which is composed of those who have less; and finally, the vice-chancellor, who is always the junior head of The graces submitted to this body are prepared by the heads of houses, who have thus not only the right of preparing all business for the senate, but have also, through the vice-chancellor's vote in the caput, the power of peremptorily putting a stop to any proceedings of which they may disap-The objections to this system are so obvious, that no one defends it; but there is some difference of opinion as to the nature of the body which is to replace it. The government proposed last year a body, to be called the Council of the Senate, which was to consist of four heads of houses chosen by the heads, four professors chosen by the professors, and eight resident members of the senate chosen by the resident members of the senate, half of each of the three constituent parts going out of office every two years. The commissioners wished the whole of the body to be elected by the resident members of the senate, as the corresponding body at Oxford is elected by the congregation. As to its powers, no question was raised. It was to prepare and to approve of all graces to be laid before the senate by a simple majority, and not, as was the case with the caput, by a unani-The bill also empowered the University to grant licenses to members of the senate to open their residences for the reception of students, who were to be matriculated and admitted to all the privileges of the University without being of necessity members of any college, and to make regulations for the government of such establishments when so opened; and in order to insure the exercise of these powers, it enacted, that if the University did not frame such regulations to the satisfaction of the commissioners appointed by the bill within a year, it should be incumbent on the commissioners to proceed themselves to frame the statutes necessary to supply the defect. The bill also conferred upon the colleges, subject to the approval and control in case of default by the commissioners, many powers in relation to the college statutes and revenues; but it contained no provision for the reform of the University statutes, -a most important omission, - and made no reference to the commissioners' proposal for the institution of a general board of studies. The bill further enacted, that no oaths or subscriptions shall be necessary for any lay degree; but that no person shall become a member of the senate unless he has signed a declaration of membership of the Church of England,—an unnecessary restriction, which concedes the principle, and takes away the

grace of the concession. Coupling this, however, with the power which Dissenters will have under the statute of opening halls of their own, the question may be considered as practically, though

most ungracefully, settled, at least for the present.

The solution of the questions at issue between the commissioners and the Government is so inextricably mixed up with the more general question of the functions of the University, that we do not propose to discuss them in detail. Contenting ourselves with the general statement that we are on the whole decidedly in favour of the adoption of the recommendations of the commissioners, we will go on to state the principles which

have led us to that conclusion.

The general object of the bill, when amended as proposed, is the transfer of the government of the University from the heads of houses to the resident members of the senate. This has been represented as being nothing more than a contest between what Lord Lyndhurst calls the "grave" and the "youthful" elements in that body. We can well understand the policy of representing the question as being merely one between Conservative and Liberal; but this is not the way to arrive at the merits of any question, least of all such a question as this. Indeed, to any one whose recollections of Cambridge are somewhat more recent than those of the strange old man who, having passed that extreme limit of human life at which strength is but labour and trouble, retains almost all the strength and eloquence which were so conspicuous in the last generation but one,—to younger men, the notion of a wild democracy of resident masters of arts is a great deal more strange than that of a frantic mob of quakers, or a bloodthirsty crew of orators from Exeter Hall. The sheep whom his lordship's imagination invests with wolves' clothing are by taste and habit amongst the most conservative of mankind, and are about as likely to injure the constitution of the body to which they belong by rash reforms, as the ingenuous youth who come up to college from year to year to justify their mothers' alarms by over-application to their studies. not like to substitute generalities for facts; but it would be much more like the truth to say that the real question at issue is a question between the colleges represented by the heads of houses, and the University represented by the members of the senate. We believe the question to be one which goes to the very root of all University reform, and that upon its solution the whole character of Cambridge education will depend.

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Whoever reads the Elizabethan statutes—still, be it remembered, nominally in force—will be struck by the circumstance that their object is to effect something which no one now attempts. They prescribe a regular curriculum, enforced by

acts, opponencies, responsions, and attendance upon University lectures, to which the college instruction is considered as entirely subordinate. In short, they recognise examinations, of whatever kind, only as means to an end, and look upon the University, to use the words of the commissioners, as "an educating, and not a prize-giving body." Competitive examinations, and the whole system of "honours," is of very recent origin. It has grown up since 1746 or 47, in which year the first mathematical honour list was published; but it has been so much extended by the establishment of the classical tripos in 1824, of the natural and moral science triposes in 1851, and by the accumulation of a variety of prizes and University scholarships, that whatever education is now given at Cambridge is given exclusively by means of competitive examinations. It is not at first sight apparent how this is connected with the predominance of the colleges over the University; but the fact may be easily explained.

A system which places success entirely in passing certain tests with distinction, necessarily increases the influence of the colleges, as the college authorities are of necessity better acquainted with their own pupils than professors can be. The consequence of this has been, that the college lectures have almost entirely superseded those given by the professors of the University; and by the operation of a precisely similar cause, they have been themselves, to a great degree, superseded by the instruction given by private tutors. Thus Mr. Cooper, late tutor of Trinity,

"The lecturers' functions are superseded to a considerable extent by the private tutors. The competition for university honours is so great, that the students eagerly seize upon any advantage which can improve their prospect of success; and as the private tutor can devote more of his time to the individual student, and carry him more rapidly and with less exertion over his field of study, they lean more upon his assistance than that of the college lecturer. In the present state of our mathematical examinations for honours, I believe that it cannot be otherwise. I do not think that the higher classes of students could acquire that readiness in displaying the knowledge they possess which the work of the senate-house demands, without some private assistance in addition to college lectures." Evidence, p. 153.

says:

Indeed, when the object is to introduce into the mind of the student a definite quantity of information, reproducible on short notice in a certain specific form, the system of private tuition will of necessity supersede all others. Of course, when such a system is fully carried out, the University is reduced to a mere examining-board, and, as far as direct instruction is concerned, the undergraduates might as well come up to London once a year,

for a week at a time, to be examined, as live at Cambridge. Upon the effect of this system on the students we may quote the following passages from the evidence of Dr. Philpott, the Master of Catharine Hall, and from Dr. Whewell, the Master of Trinity College:

"I believe that the notion prevails extensively among the students that the continued assistance of a private tutor is indispensable for the attainment of high honours; but I think that this notion does not rest on any good foundation. I am inclined to think, on the contrary, that the continued reliance on a private tutor is in many cases of great injury to the student, and that much sounder and more knowledge would have been acquired [of this we have no doubt], and a higher honour gained [this is contradicted by universal experience], if the student could have been persuaded to rely more on his own strength and resources, and either to depend altogether for guidance and assistance on his college tutor, or to liave recourse only occasionally, and towards the end of his course, to the help of private tuition. Instances occur repeatedly of failure to obtain high honours in the case of students who have had the benefit (as they consider it) of continued private tuition, and instances are also to be found [Mr. Cooper expressly contradicts this] in sufficient number to prove the advantage of reliance on a student's own personal exertion, in which high honours have been gained by students who have had little or no private tuition."

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The following are the remarks of Dr. Whewell on the same subject:

"At present, most of the students have private tutors during the greater part of the time that they are here, at an expense of from forty to sixty guineas a year. It would much improve the influence of our Cambridge education upon the minds of the students if they were not commonly allowed to have private tutors, especially during the latter part of their undergraduateship; for the dependence on private tutors enfeebles the mind and depraves the habits of study; and the private tutor's instructions having for their object merely the student's success in a coming examination, without the more general or dignified tone which public teaching naturally assumes, lower the character of our teaching."

Dr. Whewell further observes:

"I began to speak of this subject as a matter of expense; but if I may here pursue it with reference to its other defects, which are made the subjects of inquiry also, I may add my very decided opinion that no system of education which is governed entirely, or even mainly, by examinations occupying short times with long intervening intervals, can ever be otherwise than a bad mental discipline. Intellectual education requires that the mind should be habitually employed in the acquisition of knowledge, with a certain considerable degree of clear insight and independent activity. This is universally promoted by the

daily teaching of the lecture-room, with the sympathy and interest that the mutual action of various minds produces; it is not necessarily or greatly promoted by the prospect of an examination. It is true, however, that in the lecture-room, according to the present habitual temper of Englishmen (for I do not think it was always so, nor need be always so), many students would be inert and idle, and these may be stimulated by the hope of honour, or the fear of disgrace, in an examination; and undoubtedly college examinations or university examinations, since their institution (for both are of recent date), have been accompanied with great activity in college and university studies on the part of many, and with some exertion on the part even of the most idle, when the fear of disgrace has been applied to produce this effect. influence of our English university education would be utterly degraded. if examinations and their consequences were to supersede the influence of the college lecture-rooms; or if college lecture-rooms were to attempt to make their claim to respect and regard depend solely upon their being the successful rivals of private tutors in preparing students for university examinations."

These quotations sufficiently illustrate one ground of the connection between the system of educating by competitive examination and the predominance of the colleges over the University. A link of equal, if not of greater power is to be found in the weight which success in the University examinations has in the college elections to fellowships. However much it may be regretted, there can be no sort of doubt that the prospect of obtaining fellowships is the power by which the whole education of the University is worked. With the important exception of Trinity College, the distribution of fellowships depends almost entirely on the degrees obtained by the candidates; so that the result of the whole system is, in a few words, that the office of the University is to provide tests, for which the students are prepared by private tutors, and by which the distribution of college emoluments is regulated. It is obvious, that this state of things must be greatly promoted by throwing the whole government of the Universities into the hands of a body which represents the colleges and nothing else. It is because we believe that it has a tendency to break up this system, that we hope to see the fullest effect given by parliament to the recommendations of the commissioners. It would be impossible within our limits to discuss all the changes which may be expected—very gradually, no doubt to flow from the reforms, of which we look upon the present bill as the first instalment and the indispensable condition. We will confine ourselves to an attempt to show how homogeneous are the defects of the existing state of things, and how closely all prospect of substituting a real education for the present system is connected with every measure which tends to give the University a voice, we had almost said an existence.

A plan of education prepared with a view to competitive examinations—to which the colleges will always be devoted while competitive examinations measure their comparative success—has two capital defects: it influences only a very small proportion of those who are submitted to it; and it addresses itself to the lowest parts of their intellectual and moral characters. If we suppose that twice as many persons are candidates for such honours as actually obtain them, and if we add a certain number who are more or less influenced by the fear of being "plucked," we should arrive at the total number of persons to whom the influence of the examinations extends. It is obvious that it is very much less than the total number of persons examined, and that those who are not influenced are precisely those to whom the guidance of others would be most valuable. A large proportion of the undergraduates are, of course, to a very considerable extent idle and self-indulgent; a good many are absolutely stupid; a few are energetic and clever. It probably matters little whether you succeed or not in driving into the head of a thoroughly stupid man as much Greek as will enable him to see that the authorised version of the New Testament is a translation, and as much mathematics as will enable him to remember for about a fortnight before and after his degree examination that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and that two sides of a triangle are greater than the third; -all that can be really done for such a person is, to give him encouragement to pass his three years inoffensively, and to receive the indirect influence of the University kindly. Nor do we think that there is any very particular use in giving some ten or fifteen remarkably energetic youths a certificate that they have displayed great diligence, much readiness, considerable coolness, and an aptitude for acquiring and reproducing particular kinds of knowledge,—they are pretty sure to make these facts sufficiently apparent to all whom they may concern in the ordinary transactions of life; but there is a very large class of persons who are by no means stupid, by no means indocile, and yet not qualified by nature either for keen personal competition or for continuous self-sustained exertion. persons will be diligent if they are taught, and will be idle if they are not taught; and upon their diligence or idleness depends the question whether the years which they spend at college shall be amongst the most useful or amongst the most useless years in their lives. The system of examinations directs its attention exclusively to the first two classes, and altogether fails to influence the last. If a man is ready, shrewd, self-reliant, and energetic, it stimulates him into unnatural and often injurious activity in a contracted sphere. If he is extremely stupid, it plagues him into an effort, the effects of which disappear as soon as it has

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been made, whilst the effort itself is remembered only as a disagreeable episode in his life; but if he is just of that character which most requires and would be most benefited by a teaching and guidance which would excite his attention and win his respect, it either leaves him altogether uninfluenced, or inspires him with a low easily gratified ambition, leading to the acquisition of those second-rate honours which seem to have been devised for the express purpose of fostering vanity without attest-

ing merit.

The influence of these examinations, restricted as it is, is not by any means of the healthiest kind. Their natural result is, that the end is entirely lost sight of in the means. Men try to get knowledge, not for the sake of the knowledge, nor for the sake of the mental discipline which is given by its acquisition, but because knowledge gives marks, and marks lead to fellowships. Hence the tendency of a system of examinations is to confine all education to those subjects which are best fitted for that The curriculum is confined in the first place to mathematics and classics. The mathematics have a natural tendency to dwindle into analytical tricks, and the classics to run into mere philology. This was so strongly felt at Cambridge, that some time since a board of mathematical studies was appointed for the express purpose of controlling the natural eagerness of the examiners to set an undue value upon mere feats of strength as contrasted with sound scientific knowledge. The remedy was creditable to the University; but it is obvious that it was calculated only to repress a particular symptom of a disease which, in one form or another, must always be the consequence of a system based exclusively on competitive examinations. Further and most significant illustrations of this fact are to be found in the miserable failure of the moral and natural science triposes established some years since. Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the utility of such studies, as compared to classics and mathematics, no one, we suppose, will doubt that they are in themselves more likely to attract the attention of young men; but this has been so little the case, that the number of persons who have taken honours in the moral science tripos has been only about eight a year, whilst in the natural science tripos it has been only five or six. The reason is, that the whole University system is so exclusively based upon competitive examinations, that the study of subjects unsuited for such examinations is a mere pretence, and cannot under the existing system be efficiently carried out. A less notorious but equally striking illustration of the same thing is to be found in the view which the undergraduates themselves take of the different papers in a college examination. The exami336

nations at Trinity College, for example, are composed partly of mathematical, partly of classical, i.e. philological, and partly of historical and literary questions relating to the authors whose works are the subjects of examination and to the times It might have been supposed that the in which they lived. students, at any rate, would attach more importance to the last class of papers, and would take more interest in them than in the other two; but this is so far from being the case, that they are, or were, always spoken of emphatically as "cram" papers, because it is precisely upon those subjects that the greatest amount of credit can be got by merely mechanical tact and study. It requires a considerable amount of really scientific knowledge to solve difficult mathematical problems, or to construe well a difficult passage from the classics; but it is the characteristic of the system of education by examinations to degrade the study of what ought to be the most interesting of all subjects-history, morals, and literature, as distinguished from philology—into a mere affair of analysis and memoria technica. The moral effects of this system are as bad as its intellectual effects. Not only does it tend to prevent the growth of any real love of knowledge, but it antedates the struggles of life, and robs the student of much of the freshness of what ought to be his happiest years. Any one whose recollections upon the subject are fresh will bear out our assertion, that a large class of persons go to the University solely with a view of getting a fellowship, which would enable them either to take orders or to enter one of the lay professions upon independent terms. To such a class the precise nature of the accomplishment for the acquisition of which they are to be rewarded is matter of comparative indifference. Human nature would be very different from what it is, if, with so many cheap places of education as now exist, this class were not a large and increasing one. The intense eagerness which pervades every portion of English society to rise in the world, to "succeed" in one shape or another, sends up yearly to Cambridge a whole set of students hungering and thirsting after degrees which will be both creditable and profitable to them, and which will raise them some steps in the social ladder. In one point of view, no doubt this is a very favourable symptom, and a subject for congratulation,—we should wish to see the wish for a good education as widely felt, and the means of gratifying that wish as widely diffused, as possible; but it is the desire of education itself which we wish to see increased, not the desire of the money and rank supposed to be its consequences, which is already abundantly powerful. Whatever measures may render the Universities more easy of access to the great body of the nation, we would cordially support; whatever would induce a larger number of persons to devote the time necessary for the purposes of University education to the instruction of their sons (a far more difficult task), we should approve of still more strongly; but we have no wish at all to see the Universities degraded into mere arenas, in which the performance of certain mental feats is rewarded by the payment of 14001. or 15001. and a considerable accession of social importance. Allow the University to be the scene of a constant selfish scramble for money-prizes, and its higher purposes will, after a time, be altogether forgotten; yet this is the direct and inevitable consequence of the present system of competitive examination. It would be hard to find a more forcible exposition of this evil than that which is incidentally given by the commissioners in speaking of the character of the mathematical examinations:

"It can hardly be denied, that an excess of book-work, called for in examinations, has a decided tendency to give industry an advantage over innate talent, or at least to place them more nearly on a level; and not merely industry (which, if well directed, and sanctioned by high motives, merits every recognition), but that perverse and obnoxious form of it, which, looking to the result of examinations only as a stepping-stone to worldly progress, is content thenceforward to throw overboard as an incumbrance, or to forget as utterly uninteresting, the acquirements of months or years of painful and grudgingly given toil.

This is, in fact, the great vice of the examination system, or rather a perversion of it from its legitimate use (that of ascertaining that sanctioned studies have been effectually pursued), to which the University, as an educating rather than a prize-bestowing body, ought to lend itself as little as possible. Where college-emolument is the direct object and avowed end of an examination, as in that for fellowships, scholarships, &c., the ready production of knowledge, however incoherent, will always offer a temptation difficult to resist; but in the University examinations* those who have not this stimulus, and who resort to the University for education and for education only, should be protected from its injurious influence, and taught to rely rather on a moderate amount of knowledge, soundly and honestly possessed, than on a larger amount, got up for the purpose of exhibition, with little comprehension of its real bearings and connections.

The evil of 'cramming' is so great, and its influence on the character, both intellectual and moral, so fatal, that we may be excused for dwelling on it somewhat at large. It originates, as already stated, in a misdirection of industry to the apparently honourable, and certainly advantageous, result of passing a good examination, rather

^{*} It must be remembered, that in thirteen out of seventeen colleges fellowships are conferred exclusively in accordance with the degrees taken, and in two others—St. John's and Sydney—chiefly on that principle. It is only at King's, where all the scholars become fellows, and at Trinity, where the examinations are independent of the degrees, that this is not so.

than to the acquirement of sound knowledge for its own sake; and will never be eradicated, but continue to reappear in some form or other, while the results of examinations have the direct influence which they actually have on the prospects of those who undergo them. The causes of this influence are beyond the control of the University, and lie deep-seated in our social system, where they are daily acquiring new power."

We cannot agree with the commissioners in considering that the remedy for this state of things is to be found principally, or even to any very great extent, in improved regulations about examinations. It appears to us that a far more efficient remedy is to be found in the vigorous prosecution of the measures which they have themselves proposed for the reconstitution of the University as a body, distinct from and superior to the colleges, imparting instruction to the undergraduates upon its own principles, and by the agency of its own officers. In order to carry out such a plan, the Report proposed, amongst other things, the establishment of several new professorships, and of a class of public lecturers subordinate to the professors, to be engaged for the most part in catechetical teaching. It further recommended the establishment of one general and of several special boards of studies, to be charged with the general supervision of the subjects lectured upon, with a view to producing something like uniformity of plan and purpose amongst the various professors. Some of these boards have been, we believe, already established by the University itself; but we regret to observe that the bill contains no reference to the general board of studies, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the commissioners. The Report further proposes, that the course of study at present necessary for the B.A. degree should be considerably modified; and that, after passing through an examination in classics and mathematics analogous to the previous examination, or, as it is popularly called, the 'little-go,' the students should be allowed to pass four terms more in attendance on the lectures of some one or more of the professors and public lecturers, with a view to obtaining a place in some one of the existing or future triposes. Our own opinion is decidedly opposed to this change. We do not think that three years and a quarter is at all too long a period for steady continuous application to a given set of subjects, nor do we think it is by any means desirable that the Cambridge calendar should be further encumbered with abortive triposes. The existing state of things has many faults; but it is at least sufficiently definite. The alteration proposed by the commissioners appears to us to halt between two systems. It gives half to the colleges and half to the University; and inasmuch as it leaves untouched the whole system of mathematical

and classical honours, and of fellowships thereto appended, it seems to us that it would only add to the existing confusion, by increasing the number and diminishing the efficiency of the

competitive examinations now in operation.

It would require a minute acquaintance with the various resources of the University, to which we make no claim, to draw out a scheme for the education of University students complete in all its parts. We agree with Mr. Blakesley in thinking that the various educating bodies-professors, colleges, and private tutors-might all, under a proper system, find enough to do; but we do not think this can be accomplished unless the existing system is so far modified as to give to the University its legitimate supremacy over the colleges. We should wish arrangements to be made which would revive the operation of the Elizabethan statutes, not, of course, in form, but in spirit. In our view, the lectures of the professors ought to be the mainspring of the whole. A certain number of courses of lectures might be selected by the University, attendance upon some of which should be compulsory upon all students, whilst the others might be op-Merely for illustration, we would suppose that all students were obliged to attend either classical or mathematical lectures, and at least one of another list, comprising theology, law, physiology, history, political economy, &c. At present, attendance upon University lectures amounts, generally speaking, to hearing a man read aloud a chapter in a book. To prevent this, the recommendations of the commissioners might be carried out by the assignment of a staff of lecturers to every professor whose class might be sufficiently numerous to warrant it (to which posts the existing private tutors would naturally be appointed), amongst whom the professor would divide his class, to be personally and catechetically instructed in the various subjects lectured upon, from ten to twenty persons being allotted to each lecturer. The classes might be constructed according to the results of a great number of examinations, taking place perhaps three or four times in a term, and resembling those by which private tutors who have pupils enough to divide them into classes give them an opportunity of testing their The frequency of such examinations, the small number of examinants, and the obscure and individual character of the result, would effectually confine them to their proper character of tests, and destroy their importance as great personal competitions. Once a year each professor might publish a list of his pupils, divided into alphabetical classes; and at the end of the University course these class-lists might be consolidated. without any such examinations as at present exist, into a University class-list, also alphabetically arranged. If some system

of this kind were established, it would make such demands on the time and thoughts of the pupils, that the college lectures and the instructions of the private tutors would of necessity conform to it, and would, of course, find their own level according to their value, just as they at present do with respect to the two examinations prescribed by the University. The fellowships might still be awarded as at present, either by reference to the University tests, or by competitive examinations, which are, in our opinion, as well adapted for the purpose of awarding prizes as they are unfit for purposes of education.

Such a change as this could, of course, be effected only by slow degrees; the steps by which it might be brought about are—the substitution of classes, arranged alphabetically, for the present arrangement in order of merit; the multiplication of pass-examinations; and increased activity on the part of the professors and the various boards of studies recommended by the com-

missioners, and partially instituted by the University.

The question, who is to teach? appears to us to a great extent to involve and to answer the question, what is to be taught? We think that if the principle that teaching is to be individual, catechetical, and undertaken for its own sake,—which it is never likely to be so long as closely competing bodies are the teachers—and not for the sake of exceptional honours awarded to successful pupils, were fully carried into practice, the discussions, which at present so much perplex the whole question of University reform with respect to the quality of the instruction

to be afforded, would find their own solution. It is certainly not for want of discussion that great difference of opinion exists upon the subject of the functions and objects of University instruction. Mr. Froude and Mr. Pattison in the Oxford, and Mr. Clark in the Cambridge Essays, have defended the existing practice of the University with an energy which is all the more remarkable when we remember the character of Mr. Froude's relations with Oxford, and the liberalism of Mr. Clark: and their side of the question has been maintained with an ability which fills us with admiration by Lord Lyndhurst in the House But notwithstanding the practical acquaintance with the subject enjoyed by the writers in the Oxford and Cambridge Essays, and notwithstanding the extraordinary ability which characterises the speech of Lord Lyndhurst, we cannot think that the real point of the question has been sufficiently brought forward. Amongst other causes which have tended to obscure it, one is an "idol of the cave" which haunts the brains of a certain class of writers on this subject. Dr. Newman considers that a University (being derived from universus) ought to teach universal knowledge; that is, if we apprehend his argument rightly,

that the University ought to show the relations which all sciences bear to each other, -such as the relation between morals and mctaphysics, between law and theology, between electricity and physiology, between physiology and metaphysics, and so on; so that the instruction given in any one branch of learning might have a certain relation to that which is afforded in any other: and something to the same effect, if we understand him rightly, is Mr. Pattison's doctrine, that it is the exclusive function of the University to teach the "scientia scientiarum." In the first place, the word "university" has no such meaning as Dr. Newman applies to it. A universitas in Roman law means simply a corporation. The College of Surgeons, the Fishmongers' Company, Goldsmiths' Hall, are just as much universitates as Oxford and Cambridge. We suppose that even Dr. Newman would hardly contend that, as such, they ought to perform operations, or to affix the hall-mark to plate, in relation to the eternal fitness of things, and having regard to the connections between all the sciences. There are other objections besides this. What is the relation between any two given sciences? example, is the relation between botany and theology? What is the connecting link between geology and international law? Where does political economy intersect with surgery? Or, coming to sciences between which some connection is universally recognised, have we quite settled the boundaries between theology and metaphysics, between metaphysics and morals, or between theology and geology or ethnology? We can understand that a man should maintain such a doctrine who has the face to assert that no Protestant body can teach astronomy correctly, because all astronomical investigation points to the conclusion that the earth moves round the sun, whereas in fact the sun moves round the earth, which we can only learn from theology; but to every mind which has not learnt under the influence of theological narcotics that

> "Right is wrong, and wrong is right, And white is black, and black is white,"

the doctrine that any body is bound to teach what no human being ever yet learnt, and what in all probability no finite intelligence is capable of understanding, is a great mystery. Oxford and Cambridge are quite incompetent to teach the scientia scientiarum. If a man wants his son to learn that, he had better send him to read with a Struldbrug, and matriculate him at the University of Laputa.

Lord Lyndhurst and Messrs. Froude and Clark come before us in a far less questionable shape. Lord Lyndhurst draws a delightful picture of the character of the education which the University of Cambridge affords, as contrasted with that which is given by more showy but less solid institutions. In his lord-ship's view of the case, the Cambridge student is led through the whole cycle of the classics, and through the whole range of mathematics; and thereby has the advantage not only of the study of literature of the most elevating kind, but also of the strictest scientific discipline. Mr. Clark repeats the same statement at much greater length, and enters into a classification of the different species of education, which he describes as primary, commercial, liberal, and professional. Mr. Froude justifies the University system, as exemplified at Oxford and Cambridge, by drawing a distinction between Information and Education, and by insisting on the paramount importance of the latter; which, in his opinion, the Universities, and they only, continue to impart.

The answer to Lord Lyndhurst's theory is, that it is false in fact. No doubt such an education as he describes would be both efficient and liberal in the highest degree; but we never knew any one to whom it was really given. The University of Cambridge teaches nothing at all. It gives to certain persons certificates of the fact that they displayed more efficiently than certain other persons an acquaintance with some branches of knowledge; but it will give such a certificate for either classical or mathematical knowledge to the exclusion of the other, and hardly ever, as matter of fact, has occasion to give them for

both.

The classifications of Messrs. Froude and Clark appear to us to be entirely fallacious. Indeed, they are so neat and portable, that it is quite impossible not to mistrust them. When a man tells you that the great error of life is to confound the provinces of the Reason and the Understanding, or of the Imagination and the Fancy, or of Information and Education—fænum habet in cornu—we are involuntarily reminded of Messrs. Taper and Tadpole, and their famous cry of "Our young Queen and our old institutions." We are greatly sceptical as to the soundness of any distinction denoted by two substantives ending in -ation and beginning with capital letters.*

^{*} If any thing were wanting to make us distrust Mr. Froude's theories, it would be supplied by his extraordinary inaccuracy as to matter of fact. In the Oxford Essays, pp. 50, 51, occurs the following passage: "At the London University, in the pass-examination for a bachelor's degree (and degrees are there taken at the age at which the course at Oxford only commences), there are required (we believe we speak fairly within compass) the Greek and Latin, the French and German languages, logic, moral philosophy, an indefinite quantity of mathematics, astronomy, anatomy, organic chemistry, and a general acquaintance with the results of all the other physical sciences, all Greek history, all Roman history, and, as if this were not enough, thrown in as a mere trifle to make the grouping complete, all English history. For the degree of M.A., taken two years later, all

"General knowledge," says Mr. Froude, "means general ignorance. Oxford" (and the same defence, mutatis mutandis, is often applied to Cambridge), "knowing well that if she attempted to educate by merely imparting information, the task was an endless and impossible one, has confined her teaching to specimens the most complete and illustrative which the world afforded her of the several subjects of general study. Thus she has not undertaken to teach languages, but language—language in the two most highly organised forms which it has assumed. So with philosophy, and so with history; in both cases she has confined herself to the treatment of the subject by a few great thinkers, selecting, with peculiar judgment, the writings of heathens, because in them the purely human character can best

ancient history is required, and all European history to the close of the eighteenth century." And, at p. 254, Mr. Pattison says, "The London University has been crushed under the pressure of the superior weight of metropolitan life," It is quite obvious that Mr. Froude (who speaks of the "Gower-Street Council") and Mr. Pattison both confound University College, London, with the University of London,—a blunder peculiarly inexcusable in Oxford men. It would take more room than we can spare to show the utter inaccuracy of every sentence written by Mr. Froude upon the subject. He obviously misconceives the whole character of the institution which he criticises, and transfers his Oxford notions upon the subject of degrees to a body which looks upon them quite in a different light from the old Universities, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious to every one who knows that the University of London is only a central examining board for no less than thirty-three different institutions, including, amongst others, Oxford and Cambridge. An ordinary degree at the old Universities is a mere bene discessit, at the University of London it is a prize; so that, with something like 1300 undergraduates, that body has but 542 B.As. and about 50 M.As. The examinations for these degrees are therefore necessarily more arduous than at the other Universities; but Mr. Froude vastly exaggerates their difficulty. Out of fifteen subjects of examination which he specifies, not one is correctly stated; and the "anatomy, organic chemistry, and general acquaintance with the results of all other physical sciences," exist only in his own imagination. What really is required is as follows: one Greek and one Latin book, chosen and announced two years before by the examiners from a printed list; considerably less mathematics than are necessary for the lowest honours at Cambridge, the amount required being most carefully specified at pp. 43, 44 of the University Calendar (this is Mr. Froude's "indefinite quantity"); certain parts of animal physiology—also carefully specified; the introduction and the first and second books of Whateley's Logic; three books of Paley's Morals, and Butler's Three Sermons on Human Nature; either French or (not and) German enough for translation and re-translation; the history of Greece to the death of Alexander; of Rome, to that of Augustus; of England, to the year 1700. The statement about the examination for the M.A. degree is correct as far as it goes, but is defective from the writer's obvious ignorance of its character, shown (amongst other things) by the unmeaning remark, "taken two years later." The M.A. degree at the University of London is a high honour, and is hardly ever taken at all. The two years is the minimum. There is another misstatement in the same place, about the law examination at the inns-of-court: Mr. Froude repeats the statements of a foolish letter to the *Times*, in which the writer had mistaken a list of the books from which the reader (Mr. Phillimore) intended to lecture for a list of the books which he, the pupil, was expected to get up. The exact information as to the London degrees was attainable in any recent *London University Calendar*, and as to the law examination at the inns-of-court: had it been less accessible and more recondite, Mr. Froude would certainly have been more correct.

be studied free from any foreign element or influence. has not entertained the ambitious expectation that in three years she can teach her pupils to understand the entire fortunes of She has thought it sufficient if she can bring them to understand something of man by studying his actions in close and minute detail."* And to somewhat the same effect Mr. Clark observes: "It cannot be too often repeated, that the object of a general or liberal education is not to impart the greatest possible amount of what is strangely called 'information,' but rather, in the true sense of that much-abused word, to inform the mind, to fit it for the acquisition and retention of all sound learning, and for the perception of beauty and truth. To effect this, we must employ such processes as shall train the three great faculties-reason, memory, imagination-to a natural and harmonious development. That mind is maimed and crippled wherein one of these members has been exercised. to the neglect and enfeeblement of the other two. Reasoning is divided into two main divisions, exact or demonstrative, and moral or probable. The study of mathematics exercises almost exclusively the former, the study of classics chiefly the latter process; and there is no conceivable subdivision of either process which is not brought into play by the one study or the other."

We take these two passages to constitute the answers of one school of admirers of the existing University system to the attacks which have been made upon it by some of the reformers. With far greater sympathy for the Universities than for many of their assailants, we cannot but regret the line taken up by their defenders. We shall not stop to consider minutely how far Mr. Froude's ingenious argument is an afterthought. There is something grotesque enough in the notion of the original authors of the Oxford curriculum selecting the writings of heathens, "because in them the purely human character could best be studied." We should like to know what Dean Jackson would have said of such a sentence. The phrase "purely human" would have sounded very strange at Christchurch some thirtyfive years ago. It would not, we imagine, be hard to show that the selection of studies at Oxford was guided to a very great extent by accident, and to a still greater extent by the nature of the accomplishments possessed by the governing body, who naturally preferred to teach what they knew or could easily learn themselves. We take wider ground than this, and assert that the distinction between information and education is a mere distinction of words and not of things; and that the classification of education, as being primary, commercial, liberal, and professional, is really no classification at all.

^{*} Oxford Essays, p. 53.

No human being ever advocated the doctrine, that information, in the sense of mere acquaintance with a number of facts, is in itself desirable. Even Mr. Froude's bête noir, the "Gower-Street Council," would not give much to know that Mr. A. lives at 100 Gower Street, and Mrs. B. at 101. The greatest enthusiast for "general knowledge" has some principle of selec-He proposes to teach what he considers desirable to be known, and not to teach what he does not. On the other hand, we never yet heard of any education which did not consist of information. The old Persians, who taught their children to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth, gave them at least three very useful pieces of information; when a child is taught to suck, which is perhaps the earliest of all educational processes, it is taught the practical application of hydrostatics. Indeed, education without information is like substance without qualities, or speech without words. The question, therefore, between Messrs. Froude and Clark on the one hand, and their despised opponents on the other, is only a question as to the comparative usefulness (a word which the gentlemen in question generally print in inverted commas) of certain kinds of information, and not a question between two processes of different kinds. Mr. Clark's classification of education seems to us to be open to precisely the same criticism. Professional, liberal, and commercial education, all imply primary education; and a professional education is to a great extent a liberal one. Indeed, neither classification seems to us to advance the question one step. It still remains precisely where it was, and is shortly this: What is the most useful kind of information which can be imparted to a young man between eighteen and twenty-two, independently of his future plans in life; and what is the most effective way of imparting it? Nor can we see that these gentlemen contribute in any degree to the solution of the question by contrasting the shallow character of that "general knowledge which is general ignorance" with the thoroughness with which the Universities teach classics and mathematics. Is there any necessary connection between what is modern and what is superficial? there in the nature of things some alternative between teaching philology and mathematics thoroughly, and a little universal knowledge superficially? Why might not the University, if it thought it on the whole best to do so, teach nothing but Fearne's Contingent Remainders, and allow nobody to leave Cambridge without an absolutely perfect acquaintance with all the learning involved in a full appreciation of the great mystery of Perrin v. Blake? Why might not Cain, or the Life of Tom Jones, or the Arundines Cami, be made the subjects of study as profound and as minute as Thucydides or Plato? We can suggest many

reasons why they should not, but none why they could not. The wisdom of learning well what you learn at all, and of not attempting to teach your pupil more than he can take in, is unquestionable; but it is recognised, though Mr. Froude may not think so, at other places than Oxford, and by other banks than those of the Isis and the Cam. These gentlemen may be right in supposing that classics, mathematics, and what Oxford men call "science," are more useful than any other parts of learning, but that is not because they are the only subjects capable of being studied profoundly, but because of some inherent convenience or excellence.

Whilst, for these reasons, we cannot fully sympathise with the University conservatives, we are equally unable to go along with the popular cry for reform. We feel strongly that the Universities are and must be places of education for the comparatively rich,—for those who have sufficient means to enable them to spend the first twenty-four years of their lives in pursuits which will not afford them any definite prospect of immediately earning a livelihood at the end of that time. To turn the Universities into finishing schools for the middle and lower classes, would be to destroy their usefulness altogether. No doubt provision might be made, by certain applications of part of the University funds, for extending their advantages to a small number of able youths of the poorer classes; but these must of necessity be the exceptions. If a man is to pass at once from the University to a shop or a counting-house, he had better not come there at all. The expense of a University education is not a question of money. It is a question of time. If it is to retain any portion of its distinctive character, it must take place at a time of life when the mind has attained a certain maturity and power of apprehending great subjects, and must not be cramped by the necessity of being turned to immediate money profit. At all events, if we vulgarise the Universities by shortening the time of study, by teaching such common accomplishments as go to raise the salary of a clerk, or to increase the value of a commercial traveller, we shall have to establish some other places of education for the training of statesmen, of clergymen, of lawyers, of physicians, and of gentlemen. The usefulness of the teaching of a University depends upon the degree in which it qualifies men to take high stations in life. and to serve their country in those functions in which a certain grasp of intellect and clear perception of large principles is more necessary than any amount of mere commonplace eleverness. To compare the rough-and-ready tact of a common man of business with the real power and intellect of a highly educated person of equal original powers, is the commonest, the vulgarest, and the

silliest of all mistakes. It is like comparing a gossiping country apothecary in good business to a first-rate London physician, or a keen-witted attorney to one of the fifteen judges. We will assume, therefore, that in considering the usefulness of different branches of study we are to take into account a somewhat remote future, and an enlarged sphere of action. Upon this view of the subject, we think there is much truth in what Messrs. Froude and Clark urge with respect to the advantages of classical study. We do not quite see our way to agreeing with Mr. Froude's admiration for it on account of its "heathenism." Surely there is a modern literature which is not altogether ecclesiastical. A man might read Blackstone's Commentaries, or even Hallam's Constitutional History, without knocking his head against many "theological prejudices." It is not every man who looks at the universe through ecclesiastical spectacles, and who finds in all the events of life contrasts between the human and the superhuman, the ascetic and the Benthamic, and hints upon the subjects on which Milton's devils had so much conversation. Still, no one can deny that we get a greater amount of literary excellence in a smaller range in the classics than is to be found elsewhere, and we will go so far as to concede to Mr. Clark the truth of his apology for philology—that "it would take many pages to write out at length the inductive syllogisms which have to be proposed and solved in determining the true meaning of a difficult sentence in Thucydides or Tacitus." Our concession will be made all the more readily, inasmuch as the same would be true of speaking or taking a walk, of throwing a stone at a mark, or of any other of those processes which admit of a logical description, but which are performed by the agency of a kind of habit which becomes almost instinctive. We will also admit the full value of mathematics as a mental discipline; and we should wish not only to admit, but to call closer attention than is usually bestowed upon it, to the fact, that these subjects are unquestionably far more convenient for the teachers than any others; that by their selection it is easy to ascertain that the pupil has really mastered his instructions; to choose the particular branches to which he is to address himself, and to compare his progress with that of others. But it is not so clear that what is pleasantest for the tutor is best for the pupil, or that it is wiser to learn, because it is easier to teach, Greek and Latin, than English history. The conclusive objection to the existing Cambridge course of study is, that the students will not learn it, and the University cannot make them. That a man, fully instructed in the whole range of classics and mathematics, has received an admirable education, may be perfeetly true; but it is quite consistent with this that twenty other

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persons have received almost no education at all in order to fit him out. It may be better to learn mathematics than to learn law; but it is certainly better to learn law than to learn nothing. The interests of the students who would have adopted studies of various kinds are sacrificed to those of the few who take an interest in what are considered the highest kinds of studies. It may be answered, that the failure of the natural and moral science triposes is conclusive against this view;—it does, in fact, confirm it. The University adopts a mode of teaching—competitive examination—totally unfit for any subjects except classics and mathematics; and then turns round on the students and says, "You take no interest in the studies which I do not enable you to learn."

The advantages claimed for the present studies of the University consist partly of their intrinsic value, and partly of the mental habits necessary for their cultivation; partly, that is, of the matter taught, and partly of the manner in which it is taught. In respect of the intrinsic value of the studies pursued many arguments are urged, with which our readers are undoubtedly sufficiently familiar. No one capable of forming an opinion upon the subject doubts that classical literature is, as far as style goes, the best of all literatures, and that it contains much valuable matter in a small compass. Of the intrinsic value of mathematics greater doubts may be entertained. Except in certain special studies, they are of little use; indeed the knowledge and the application of the higher branches of analysis are almost exclusively confined to professional mathematicians. In such pursuits as civil engineering, navigation, and the like, certain results, condensed into short practical forms, are used, in total ignorance of the principles upon which they are based. must be observed moreover, that however intrinsically valuable a profound acquaintance with classics or mathematics may be, a superficial acquaintance with them is almost entirely useless; and that they are sure, in most instances, to be less thoroughly learnt, and more thoroughly forgotten, than almost any other subjects. If, after infinite labour, a man has learnt at twentytwo to construe some of the easier parts of Xenophon and Virgil with some sort of approach to accuracy, the value of his knowledge is considerably diminished by the reflection that he is sure to have forgotten it by twenty-three. If he has obtained an equally unsatisfactory knowledge of some of the commoner rules of political economy, there is, at any rate, a chance that later in life he will find them less useless than he would find the other accom-A forged cheque, which you cannot present for payment, is less valuable than a bad sovereign, which you may pass innocently,

Of the value of the two branches of study as a mental training, we shall only say, that we fully agree in the common opinion upon the subject. We think that either of them, taught as they are to the better class of students at Cambridge, has a great tendency to give habits of accurate, patient, continuous thought, and to impress upon the mind the necessity of understanding the principles upon which rules are founded, as well as the empirical application of the rules themselves. Thus far we fully agree with the University conservatives. We differ from them in thinking that, for many reasons, a great proportion of people are quite incapable of studying classics or mathematics in such a manner as to derive from their studies any mental training at all. We further think that the advantages in point of mental training derived from the existing studies depend almost entirely upon the manner in which they are conducted; and that if other studies were pursued in the same manner, they would produce the same results. The question as to the comparative intrinsic value of different studies admits of little more than assertion and counterassertion. The other part of the problem seems to us to require more illustration and discussion than it has hitherto received. We will not undertake to say how many of the subjects which are at present comprised in the examinations for the natural and moral science triposes are fitted for the purposes of University education. We should feel very considerable doubt about some of them; but we are quite sure that others admit of study as close, as accurate, and as consecutive as either classics or mathematics, and that they would afford to some at least of the students a far more useful mental training. As at present constituted, the new triposes, as they are called, are a mere mockery. They are open to bachelors of arts only, and are therefore altogether excluded from the ordinary curriculum; and they are moreover entirely dependent on a single competitive examination, so absurdly constituted, that a student has to be examined in some five or six different subjects, any one of which would furnish him with ample work during the whole of his University course. Such an institution is of course ineffectual.

Let us suppose that, by some such revival of the powers of the professors as we have indicated, it were made a reality. We are not prepared to say what professors would be included in the list; but it would certainly include theology, law, modern history, political economy, and some other subjects. For the sake of a single special illustration of our meaning, let us suppose a student to choose the professor of English law. What sort of education would he get? We will suppose the textbook adopted to be the common legal handbook—Stephen's Commentaries. The curriculum might perhaps be somewhat

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as follows: In the first year the professor would probably endeavour to give a general view of the subject. He would begin with some discussion of Blackstone's definition of law in general, and municipal law in particular. He would go on to personal rights, and particularly to proprietary rights. He would then explain what is meant by real, and what by personal pro-Taking real property first, he would point out the distinction between corporeal and incorporeal hereditaments, and explain the fundamental maxim of English law, that all land is held of some superior lord. He would then shortly explain the general rules as to the quality of estates—freehold and copyhold, and as to their quantity—estates in fee-simple, fee-tail, for life, or for terms of years. He would say something of the difference between legal estates and trust estates, and something also of prescription and inheritance. He would then go on to personal property, and point out the different modes in which it is acquired—as by invention, contract, bankruptcy, and the statutes of distribution. He would next explain the rights arising out of the private relations of master and servant, husband and wife, parent and child, and guardian and ward. Some of the principal points of the law of public rights, of wrongs and their remedies, and of crimes and their punishments, would complete the course. Much most accurate and definite knowledge on all these subjects might be imparted in the first year. Such of the students as fully understood what they then learnt might be taken over the same ground more minutely in their second, and more carefully still in their third year; and the others might, with great profit to themselves, be forced to attend the same lectures a second, and, if necessary, a third time. The function of the lecturers (if the number of students were such as to make them necessary) it is not easy to illustrate without going a good deal into detail. But suppose that the professor had lectured upon the subject of personal incapacity to commit crime, by reason of infancy, coverture, or insanity; and suppose he had referred, amongst other things, to the doctrine that insanity only entitles a man to acquittal when it incapacitates him from distinguishing right from The lecturer might put to his class various questions tending to test their grasp of the principle. He might ask them how, upon the principle in question, you can punish a man who does not, when sane, believe in the difference between right and wrong? How far an insane and violent impulse to commit a crime is a defence? What would be the effect of proving that the prisoner laboured under a delusion if the evidence stopped there? And he might set them as an exercise to read and report upon the cases of Lord Ferrers, of Onslow, of Sir A. Kinloch, and of M'Naghten. Three years' lectures upon such a

plan as we have suggested would certainly not be a very desultory or superficial study; and we think that no one who has ever made the experiment, will doubt that such of the students as thoroughly understood even that small part of the learning of uses and trusts, or of contingent remainders, or of special pleading, which is contained in the Commentaries, would have gone through a pretty severe mental training. To write down with perfect accuracy the outline which Mr. Sergeant Stephen gives of the proceedings in bankruptcy, would require as clear a head and as strong a memory as the reproduction of almost any mathematical "bookwork;" whilst it would require not much less ingenuity and logic to solve some of the problems, of which the reports are full, than to trace a curve or calculate a chance. No doubt definitions are not used in law with the same precision as in mathematics; but we do not think that the meaning of words and the precise value of facts are ever scanned by any human being with such ingenuity and such sagacity as by a special As to the intrinsic value of law and mathematics, when acquired, opinions of course will differ: we cannot help thinking that something might be said on the legal side of the question, and that minds would occasionally be found which would take an interest in that study, and which no earthly power could induce to learn mathematics. One such course of lectures as we have recommended would, if united with a certain amount of classics or mathematics, be quite enough fully to occupy an undergraduate's career; and we think we have said enough to show that it might be made a study infinitely more severe, searching, and continuous, than any thing which the University now teaches. We can see no reason why a man should not pass three years most profitably in studying Stephen's Commentaries, J. Mill's or Ricardo's Political Economy, Butler's Analogy, or Carpenter's Physiology. It is, to our minds, utterly unintelligible why there should always be assumed to be an inexorable dilemma between teaching a person classics and mathematics thoroughly and teaching him every thing else superficially. That the existing system of the University of Cambridge is so contrived as to create such a difficulty we quite understand; but if a man lays out his day in such a manner, that if he does not employ all the morning in arranging his toilette, he has to fritter it away in gossip, we should feel more inclined to advise him to lay it out more wisely than to join with him in lamenting that the constitution of life is such that he must either be careful about trifles or careless about matters of importance.

So far we have pretty freely criticised the principles and the practice of our* alma mater; but it must never be forgotten, that

^{*} We beg to be permitted the use of the personal pronoun in a personal sense:

there is another and a far pleasanter side to the subject. the education which the students give to themselves and to each other is far more important for good or for evil than any thing which they derive from lectures or examinations, is a fact universally recognised by those who have themselves experienced its character. A youth of nineteen, just emancipated from schoolrestraints, and master for the first time of his actions, must be very unimaginative and very passionless if the world does not wear a strange appearance in his eyes, if his curiosity is not awakened by numberless questions on all sorts of subjects, if, in the free collision with his equals and superiors, he does not find his previous prejudices, feelings, and estimate of himself, of others, and of all the relations of life, undergoing all sorts of changes, and assuming all kinds of new and strange forms. He must be very fortunate if, in the outburst of passion, he does not find his way into situations in which he will learn sterner lessons than any which the schools have to teach him. He must be very unobservant, if he does not find in the careers of his associates commentaries of the most curious kind on life in a great variety of shapes. Add to this, that if such a youth has talent enough to come within the range of the express instructions of the University, he is sure to read, or at any rate to skim, novels, poems, memoirs, histories, political pamphlets, the latest theology, the fashionable metaphysics, voyages and travels, reviews, newspapers, and sermons, with an omnivorous appetite which will hardly come to him again. All this may be very desultory, very disconnected, very unsatisfactory in a thousand ways; but it will nevertheless happen. Perhaps a not unwise criticism might say to such a person, in the words of one who is pretty sure to be one of his favourite poets,

"Thy dream was good;
While thou abodest in the bud,
It was the stirring of the blood.
If nature put not forth her power
About the opening of the flower,
Who is there that would live an hour?"

It is through this kind of fermentation, acting on many minds and assuming many forms, that the most important part of University education is performed. The difference between a man who has and one who has not enjoyed that advantage, lies much more in the influences under which he has passed through the stage which connects boyhood and manhood than in the possession or non-possession of particular accomplishments, accompa-

its double use is one of the great inconveniences of periodical literature. Some time since, the *Times*, in reviewing Mr. James Montgomery's poems, said, "We first met Mr. Montgomery in a Brixton omnibus." One is inclined to wonder that Mr. Montgomery and the other passengers escaped the fate of Semele.

nied by the habits of mind which their acquisition in a particular manner engenders. What, then, is the duty of the University? It is, we think, rather that of an alma nutrix than of an alma mater. At best it can but assist nature. The most important part of the education which it professes to give is out of its reach, and is regulated by influences over which it has but an indirect control. We do not, however, agree with Mr. Carlyle's suggestion, that the best University would be an hotel, with a certain number of police regulations, a good library, and a competent quantity of stationery. There is, as we have been all taught by a familiar and venerable authority, a certain great capitalist who is always ready to relieve the labour-market by an unlimited demand for idle hands. The peculiar office of a University, in our opinion, is to supply to the students precisely that kind of employment which a profession supplies to grown-up The University course of study ought to be a permanent solid occupation, the diligent prosecution of which should be attended by the ordinary rewards, and its neglect by the ordinary penalties of diligence or negligence in a profession—that is to say, the obtaining or not obtaining of the rewards which the University has to give. The comparison may appear fanciful, but it may be carried further; for as a man is not to be envied who makes himself a slave to his profession, so the University, which has it in its power to regulate the conditions under which the profession of study shall be carried on, ought to make such arrangements as should suggest to the minds, or rather to the instincts, of the undergraduates the truth that their studies are to be followed with a certain liberality of spirit, and with a full acknowledgment of the value of many influences collateral to them. It is an unwise thing to condemn a high-spirited young man to pass the three freshest years of his life in a continual bondage to examinations, so that, as soon as one ordeal is passed, he is to begin to prepare himself for another. He ought to have much leisure. If he is industrious, he will have no sort of difficulty in occupying it; and being thrown on his own resources whilst it lasts, it will probably be the most useful part of his University course. If he is idle, no amount of college regulations will diminish his idleness; and, after all, the University must assume a certain amount of industry on the part of its pupils in all its arrangements. It is on this principle that we strongly agree with Mr. Blakesley in advocating the maintenance of the present long vacation as a most valuable part of the University year. We must remember, that the students are growing, are forming their plans and opinions of life, and that they must have frequent opportunities of doing so unfettered by University restrictions. They have arrived at an age at which the natural sanctions of

industry begin to operate, and at which artificial stimulants ought as much as possible to be dispensed with. In medical and legal education there are some prizes to be won, and some emoluments: but there are, and obviously ought to be, no such things as class-The reason is, that the connection between future success in life and present industry are so obvious, that any other inducements would operate only as disturbing forces, diverting the mind from the endeavour to obtain knowledge to the endeavour to obtain from others a certificate of something which is taken as conclusive evidence of knowledge. In the profession followed at the Universities the connection is not so obvious, and it therefore becomes necessary to increase the artificial inducements to exertion; but every arrangement and every practice of the University ought to be made to testify to the fact, that a University education is meant to benefit the student and not to satisfy examiners, and that its object is the instruction gained and not

the honours which attest its attainment.

We have pointed out what appear to us to be the defects of the University in this respect, and have attempted to suggest a remedy, consisting principally in a return to the ancient system, adapted to the present state of knowledge; but we cannot conclude without paying the very highest tribute that any words of ours can pay to the indirect influences of Cambridge life on those who are so happy as to share them. On such a subject we cannot feel, and do not care to affect, impartiality. We believe the English Universities, and especially Cambridge, to be the very noblest places of education that ever deserved the gratitude of mankind. We do not wish so much to point to the grandest list of great names that adorns the annals of any society, as to that common type of character which we all know and love so well. Where can we find such a seminary for all the simple manly virtues which have made England what it is? Can the youth of any other country vie with the youth of England in that quiet strength, that noble modesty, that frank courage, without which wisdom is cunning and knowledge vanity? Many lessons are taught at Cambridge which are not to be learnt from books. In the midst of all the heat of a system founded on competition. we never remember an unworthy word or an ungenerous feeling. The innate nobility of the subjects of the experiment prevents at least one of its most obvious bad consequences. Whatever we may think of competitive examinations, we cannot charge them with producing envy or ill-will. On the contrary, they are fair manly vigorous contests, conducted in perfect honour and with the noblest spirit. Who has not seen men, excluded by the success of others from the objects of their fondest ambition, perhaps from a prospect of early independence, congratulate their successful

rivals, with a total unconsciousness that they are doing any thing more than a thing of course? How many tales the University could tell of hopeful buoyant energy winning its way to a career of honour and usefulness against every impediment of fortune. How nobly does it nurse that utterly fearless social democracy in which are engendered the rough courtesy and gallant stoicism of demeanour which are the most essential elements in our conception of an English gentleman. What a noble society is that, of which the very idleness is more energetic than the studies of other nations, and in which the diligence of mere youths equals and often surpasses that of grown men. Whatever faults our Universities have, we assert that their indirect influences are incomparably good. Cambridge may in some respects be an arida nutrix, but she is at any rate a nutrix leonum. Whatever else men do or do not know on leaving Cambridge, they know their places. They know how to respect and obey their elders and betters; and therefore, respecting and commanding themselves, they go forth as the very flower of the race which has girdled the world with its empire, which rules those who submit, and strikes down those who resist, with more than Roman force and Roman Cambridge is at once a source and a representative of that imperial character which is not so much our most precious possession as the very soul of the nation itself. The eye would be taken from the body, the spring from the year, if those grand sources which nourished Bacon and Milton and Newton were dried-up or polluted. A noble blood circulates in the veins of our Universities; for they nourish, and in no small degree create, the wisdom of the wisest, the courage of the bravest, and the strength of the strongest of the nations. Peace be within their walls, and plenteousness within their palaces; for our brethren and companions' sake we have wished them prosperity.

Thinking thus of these great bodies, and especially of Cambridge, we would advocate no reforms which did not tend to stimulate to even greater efforts a spirit which perhaps needs but little stimulus. We would never degrade so noble an education as the Universities at present afford; we would only extend its direct influences beyond their present sphere. We would not bate one jot of the high demands which Cambridge makes on the intellect and on the heart. Let the teaching be as severe, as concentrated, as laborious as it is now; but let it be extended to all, and let it interest all. In these days, in which so many voices complain of the narrowness and inefficiency, sometimes even of the stupidity, of the only nation in the world which has

^{* &}quot;Ce peuple romain, dont l'Angleterre reproduit si fidèlement la grandeur, la dureté, la liberté traditionnelle, la personnalité superbe, et l'indomptable énergie." Montalembert, l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre, pp. 11, 12.

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the magnanimity to tolerate such language, we rejoice to be able to call upon one of our most venerable institutions to extend its power and to widen its influence, not in the language of despondency or of reproach, but in the words of one of the greatest though even he was not the greatest-of Cambridge men: "Consider," we would say to the Universities, as he said to the Lords and Commons of England.—" consider what a nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the teachers,—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Now once again, by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his Church, even to the reforming of reformation itself: what does he, then, but reveal himself to his servants, and, as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? I say, as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not more anvils and hammers, waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation. Others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. What could a man require more than a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

ART. IV.-MR. MACAULAY.

The History of England, from the Accession of James the Second. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Longman.

This is a marvellous book. Every body has read it, and every one has read it with pleasure. It has little advantage of subject. When the volumes came out, an honest man said, "I suppose something happened between the years 1689 and 1697; but what happened I do not know." Every one knows now. No period with so little obvious interest will henceforth be so familiarly known. Only a most felicitous and rather curious genius could shed such a light on such an age. If in the following pages we seem to cavil and find fault, let it be remembered, that the business of a critic is criticism; that it is not his business to be thankful; that he must attempt an estimate rather than a

eulogy.

Mr. Macaulay seems to have in a high degree the temperament most likely to be that of a historian. This may be summarily defined as the temperament which inclines men to take an interest in actions as contrasted with objects, and in past actions in preference to present actions. We should expand our Some people are unfortunately born scientific. This means that they take an interest in the objects of nature. feel a curiosity about shells, snails, horses, butterflies. They are delighted at an ichthyosaurus, and excited at a polyp; they are learned in minerals, vegetables, animals; they have skill in fishes, and attain renown in pebbles: in the highest cases they know the great causes of grand phenomena, can indicate the courses of the stars or the current of the waves; but in every case it remains their characteristic, that their minds are directed not to the actions of man, but to the scenery amidst which he lives; not to the inhabitants of this world, but to the world itself; not to what most resembles themselves, but to that which is most unlike themselves. What causes men to take an interest in that in which they do take an interest is commonly a difficult question—for the most part, indeed, it is an insoluble one; but in this case it would seem to have a negative cause—to result from the absence of an intense and vivid nature. The inclination of mind which abstracts the attention from that in which it can feel sympathy to that in which it cannot, seems to arise from a want of sympathy. A tendency to devote the mind to trees and stones as much as, or in preference to, men and women, seems

to imply that the intellectual qualities, the abstract reason, and the inductive scrutiny which can be applied equally to trees and to men, to stones and to women, predominate over the more special qualities solely applicable to our own race,—the keen love, the eager admiration, the lasting hatred, the lust of rule which fasten men's interests on people and to people. It is a confirmation of this, that, even in the greatest cases, scientific men have been calm men. Their actions are unexceptionable; scarcely a spot stains their excellence; if a doubt is to be thrown on their moral character, it would be rather that they were insensible to the temptations than that they were involved in the offences of ordinary men. A certain aloofness and abstractedness cleave to their greatness. There is a coldness in their fame. We think of Euclid as of fine ice; we admire Newton as we admire the peak of Teneriffe. Even in the grandest cases, the intensest labours, the most remote triumphs of the abstract intellect, seem to carry us into a region different from our ownto be in a terra incognita of pure reasoning, to cast a chill on

human glory.

It is certain that the taste of most persons is quite opposite. The tendency of man is to take an interest in man, and almost in man only. The world has a vested interest in itself. Analyse the minds of a crowd of men, and what will you find? Something of the outer earth, no doubt, -odd geography, odd astronomy, doubts whether Scutari is in the Crimea, investigations whether the moon is less or greater than Jupiter; some idea of herbs, more of horses; ideas too more or less vague of the remote and supernatural, -notions which the tongue cannot speak, which it would seem the world would hardly bear if thoroughly spoken. Yet, setting aside these which fill the remote corners of the lesser outworks of the brain, the whole stress and vigour of the ordinary faculties is expended in their possessor and his associates, on the man and on his fellows. In almost all men, indeed, this is not simply an intellectual contemplation; they not only look on, but act. The impulse to busy themselves with the affairs of men goes further than the simple attempt to know and comprehend them: it warms them with a further life; it incites them to stir and influence those affairs; its animated energy will not rest till it has hurried them into toil and conflict. At this stage it is that the mind of the historian, as we abstractedly conceive it, naturally breaks off: it has more interest in human affairs than the naturalist; it instinctively selects the actions of man for occupation and scrutiny, in preference to the habits of fishes or the structure of stones; but it has not so much vivid interest in them as the warm and acting man. It is sufficient to it to know; it can bear not to take a part. A certain want of impulse seems

born with the disposition. To be constantly occupied about the actions of others; to have constantly presented to your contemplation and attention events and occurrences memorable only as evincing certain qualities of mind and will, which very qualities in a measure you feel within yourself, and yet without any impulse to exhibit them in the real world of action "which is the world of all of us;" to contemplate, yet never act; "to have the House before you," and yet to be content with the reporters' gallery,—shows a chill impassiveness of temperament, a certain sluggish insensibility to ardent impulse, a heavy immobility under ordinary emotion. The image of the stout Gibbon placidly contemplating the animated conflicts, the stirring pleadings of Fox and Burke, watching a revolution and heavily taking no part in it, gives an idea of the historian as he is likely to be. Why, it is often asked, "is history dull? It is a narrative of life, and life is of all things the most interesting." The answer is. that it is written by men too dull to take the common interest in life, in whom languor predominates over zeal, and sluggish-

ness over passion.

Macaulay is not dull, and it may seem hard to attempt to bring him within the scope of a theory which is so successful in explaining dullness. Yet, in a modified and peculiar form, we can perhaps find in his remarkable character unusually distinct traces of the insensibility which have been ascribed to the historian. The means are ample: Mr. Macaulay has not spent his life in a corner; if posterity should refuse—of course they will not refuse—to read a line of his writings, they would vet be sought out by studious inquirers, as those of a man of high political position, great notoriety, and greater oratorical power. We are not therefore obliged, as in so many cases even among contemporaries, to search for the author's character in his books alone; we are able from other sources to find out his character, and then apply it to the explanation of the peculiarities of his works. Mr. Macaulay has exhibited many high attainments, many dazzling talents, much singular and well-trained power; but the quality which would most strike the observers of the interior man is what may be called his *inexperiencing* nature. Men of genius have in general been distinguished by their extreme susceptibility to external experience. Finer and softer than other men, every exertion of their will, every incident of their lives, influences them more deeply than it would others. Their essence is at the same time finer and more impressible; it receives a distincter mark, and receives it more easily than the souls of the herd. From his peculiar sensibility, the man of genius bears the stamp of life commonly more clearly than his fellows; even casual associations make a deep impression on him: examine his mind, and you may

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discern his fortunes. Mr. Macaulav has nothing of this. You could not tell what he has been. His mind shows no trace of change. What he is, he was; and what he was, he is. He early attained a high development, but he has not increased it since; vears have come, but they have whispered little; as was said of the second Pitt, "He never grew, he was cast." The volume of "speeches" which he has published place the proof of this in every man's hand. His first speeches are as good as his last: his last scarcely richer than his first. He came into public life at an exciting season; he shared at the time in that excitement, and that excitement still seems to quiver in his mind. He delivered marvellous rhetorical exercises on the Reform Bill at the time; he speaks of it with marvellous rhetorical power even now. is still the man of '32. From that era he looks on the past. He sees "Old Sarum" in the seventeenth century, and Gatton in the civil wars. You may fancy an undertone in his mind running somewhat thus: The Norman barons commenced the series of reforms which "we consummated;" Hampden was "preparing for the occasion in which I had a part;" William "for the debate in which I took occasion to observe." With a view to that era every thing begins; up to that moment every thing ascends. That was the "fifth act" of the human race; the remainder of history is only an afterpiece. All this was very natural at the moment; nothing could be more probable than that a young man of the greatest talents, entering at once into important life at a conspicuous opportunity, should exaggerate its importance; he would fancy it was the "crowning achievement," the greatest "in the tide of time." But what is remarkable is, that he should retain the idea now; that years have brought no influence, experience no change. The events of twenty years have been full of rich instruction on the events of twenty years ago; but they have not instructed him. His creed is a fixture. It is the same on his peculiar topic—on India. Before he went there he made a speech on the subject; Lord Canterbury, who must have heard a million speeches, said it was the best he had ever heard. It is difficult to fancy that so much vivid knowledge could be gained from books-from horrible Indian treatises; that such imaginative mastery should be possible without actual experience. Not forgetting, or excepting, the orations of Burke, it was perhaps as remarkable a speech as was ever made on India by an Englishman who had not been in India. Now he has been there he speaks no better-rather worse; he spoke excellently without experience, he speaks no better with it, -if any thing, it rather puts him out. His speech on the Indian charter a year or two ago was not finer than that on the charter of 1833. Before he went to India he recommended that writers should be examined

in the classics; after being in India he recommended that they should be examined in the same way. He did not say he had seen the place in the mean time, he did not think that had any thing to do with it. You could never tell from any difference in his style what he had seen, or what he had not seen. He is so insensible to passing objects, that they leave no distinctive mark.

no intimate peculiar trace.

It is characteristic of such a man that he should think literature more instructive than life. Hazlitt said severely of Mackintosh, "He might like to read an account of India; but India itself, with its burning, shining face, was a mere blank, an endless waste to him. Persons of this class have no more to say to a plain matter of fact staring them in the face than they have to a hippopotamus." This was a keen criticism on Sir James, sayouring of the splenetic mind from which it came. As a complete estimate, it would be a most unjust one of Macaulay; but it cannot be denied, that there are a whole class of minds which prefer the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them. An insensible nature, like a rough hide, resists the breath of passing things; an unobserving retina will depict in vain whatever a quicker eve shall not explain. But any one can understand a book; the work is done, the facts observed, the formulæ suggested, the subjects classified. Of course it needs labour, and a following fancy, to peruse the long lucubrations and descriptions of others; but a fine detective sensibility is unnecessary: type is plain, an earnest attention will follow it and know it. To this class Mr. Macaulay belongs; and he has on that very account characteristically maintained that dead authors are more fascinating than living people. "Those friendships," he tells us, "are exposed to no danger from the occurrences by which other attachments are weakened or dissolved. Time glides by; fortune is inconstant; tempers are soured; bonds which seemed indissoluble are daily sundered by interest, by emulation, or by caprice. But no such cause can affect the silent converse which we hold with the highest of human intellects. That placid intercourse is disturbed by no jealousies or resentments. These are the old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity. With the dead there is no rivalry. In the dead there is no change. Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet." But Bossuet is dead; and Cicero was a Roman; and Plato wrote in Greek. Years and manners separate us from the great. After dinner Demosthenes may come unseasonably; Dante might stay too

long. We are alienated from the politician, and have a horror of the theologian. Dreadful idea, having Demosthenes for an intimate friend! He had pebbles in his mouth; he was always urging action; he spoke such good Greek; we cannot dwell on it,—it is too much. Only a mind impassive to our daily life, unalive to bores and evils, to joys and sorrows, with head in literature and heart in boards, incapable of the deepest sympathies, a prey to books, could imagine it. The mass of men have stronger ties and warmer hopes. The exclusive devotion to books tires.

We require to love and hate, to act and live.

It is not unnatural that a person of this temperament should preserve a certain aloofness even in the busiest life. Mr. Macaulay has ever done so. He has been in the thick of political warfare, in the van of party conflict. Whatever a keen excitability would select for food and opportunity, has been his; but he has not been excited. He has never thrown himself upon action, he has never followed trivial details with an anxious passion. He has ever been a man for a great occasion. He has been by nature a deus ex machina. Somebody has had to fetch him. His heart was in Queen Anne's time. When he came, he spoke as Lord Halifax might have spoken. Of course, it may be contended that this is the eximia ars; that this solitary removed excellence is particularly and essentially sublime. But, simply and really, greater men have been more deeply "immersed in matter." The highest eloquence quivers with excitement; there is life-blood in the deepest action; a man like Strafford seems flung upon the world. An orator should never talk like an observatory; no coldness should strike upon the hearer.

It is characteristic also that he should be continually thinking of posterity. In general, that expected authority is most ungrateful; those who think of it most, it thinks of least. The way to secure its favour is, to give vivid essential pictures of the life before you; to leave a fresh glowing delineation of the scene to which you were born, of the society to which you have peculiar access. This is gained, not by thinking of your posterity, but by living in society; not by poring on what is to be, but by enjoying what is. That spirit of thorough enjoyment which pervades the great delineators of human life and human manners, was not caused by "being made after supper out of a cheeseparing;" it drew its sustenance from a relishing, enjoying, sensitive life, and the flavour of the description is the reality of that enjoyment. Of course, this is not so in science. You may leave a name by an abstract discovery without having led a thorough or vigorous existence; yet what a name is this! Taylor's theorem will go down to posterity, -possibly its discoverer was for ever dreaming and expecting that it would; but what does pos-

terity know of the deceased Taylor? Nominis umbra is rather a compliment; for it is not substantial enough to have a shadow. But in other walks,—say in political oratory, which is the part of Mr. Macaulay's composition in which his value for posterity's opinion is most apparent,—the way to interest posterity is to think but little of it. What gives to the speeches of Demosthenes the interest they have? The intense, vivid, glowing interest of the speaker in all that he is speaking about. Philip is not a person whom "posterity will censure." but the man "whom I hate;" the matter in hand not one whose interest depends on the memory of men, but in which an eager intense nature would have been absorbed if there had been no posterity at all, on which he wished to deliver his own soul. A casual character, so to speak, is natural to the most intense words; externally even they will interest the "after world" more for having interested the present world; they must have a life of some place and some time before they can have one of all space and all time. Mr. Macaulay's oratory is the very opposite of this. Schoolboyish it is not, for it is the oratory of a very sensible man; but the theme of a schoolboy is not less devoid of the salt of circumstance. The speeches on the Reform Bill have been headed, "Now, a man came up from college and spoke thus;" and, like a college man, he spoke rather to the abstract world than to the present. He knew no more of the people who actually did live in London than of people who would live in London, and there was therefore no reason for speaking to one more than to the other. After years of politics, he speaks so still. He looks on a question (he says) as posterity will look on it; he appeals from this to future generations; he regards existing men as painful prerequisites of great-grandchildren. This seems to proceed, as has been said, from a distant and unimpressible nature. But it is impossible to deny that it has one great advantage; it has made him take pains. A man who speaks to people a thousand years off will naturally speak carefully: he tries to be heard over the clang of ages, over the rumours of myriads. Writing for posterity is like writing on foreign postpaper: you cannot say to a man at Calcutta what you would say to a man at Hackney; you think "the yellow man is a very long way off: this is fine paper, it will go by a ship;" so you try to say something worthy of the ship, something noble, which will keep and travel. So writers like Macaulay, who think of future people, have a respect for future people. Each syllable is solemn, each word distinct. No other author trained to periodical writing has so little of its slovenliness and its imperfection.

This singularly constant contemplation of posterity has often coloured his estimate of his social characters. He has no tolera364

tion for those great men in whom a lively sensibility to momentary honours has prevailed over a consistent reference to the posthumous tribunal. He is justly severe on Lord Bacon: "In his library all his rare powers were under the guidance of an honest ambition, of an enlarged philanthropy, of a sincere love of truth. There no temptation drew him away from Thomas Aguinas could pay no fees, Duns the right course. Scotus could confer no peerages. The 'Master of the Sentences' had no rich reversions in his gift. Far different was the situation of the great philosopher when he came forth from his study and his laboratory to mingle with the crowd which filled the galleries of Whitehall. In all that crowd there was no man equally qualified to render great and lasting services to mankind. But in all that crowd there was not a heart more set on things which no man ought to suffer to be necessary to his happiness. on things which can often be obtained only by the sacrifice of To be the leader of the human race in integrity and honour. the career of improvement, to found on the ruins of ancient intellectual dynasties a more prosperous and a more enduring empire, to be revered to the latest generations as the most illustrious among the benefactors of mankind,—all this was within his reach. But all this availed him nothing, while some quibbling special pleader was promoted before him to the bench,—while some heavy country gentleman took precedence of him by virtue of a purchased coronet, - while some pander, happy in a fair wife, could obtain a more cordial salute from Buckingham,—while some buffoon, versed in all the latest scandal of the court, could draw a louder laugh from James." Yet a less experience, or a less opportunity of experience, would have warned a mind more observant that the bare desire for long posthumous renown is but a feeble principle in common human nature. Bacon had as much of it as most men. keen excitability to this world's temptations must be opposed by more exciting impulses, by more retarding discouragements, by conscience, by religion, by fear. If you would vanquish earth, you must "invent heaven." It is the fiction of a cold abstractedness that the possible respect of unseen people can commonly be more desired than the certain homage of existing people.

In a more conspicuous manner the chill nature of the most brilliant among English historians is shown in his defective dealing with the passionate eras of our history. He has never been attracted, or not proportionably attracted, by the singular mixture of heroism and slavishness, of high passion and base passion, which mark the Tudor period. The same defect is apparent in his treatment of a period on which he has written powerfully—

the time of the civil wars. He has never in the highest manner appreciated either of the two great characters—the Puritan and the Cavalier-which are the form and life of those years. What historian, indeed, has ever estimated the Cavalier charac-There is Clarendon—the grave, rhetorical, decorous lawver-piling words, congealing arguments, very stately, a little grim. There is Hume—the Scotch metaphysician—who has made out the best case for such people as never were, for a Charles who never died, for a Strafford who would never have been attainted, —a saving, calculating north-countryman,—fat, impassive,—who lived on eightpence a day. What have these people to do with an enjoying English gentleman? It is easy for a doctrinaire to bear a post-mortem examination,—it is much the same whether he be alive or dead; but not so with those who live during their life, whose essence is existence, whose being is in animation. There seem to be some characters who are not made for history, as there are some who are not made for old age. A Cava-The buoyant life arises before us rich lier seems always young. in hope, strong in vigour, irregular in action; men young and ardent, framed in the "prodigality of nature," open to every enjoyment, alive to every passion, eager, impulsive; brave without discipline, noble without principle, prizing luxury, despising danger, capable of high sentiment, but in each of whom the

"Addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow,
His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

We see these men setting forth or assembling to defend their king and church; and we see it without surprise: a rich daring loves danger; a deep excitability likes excitement. If we look around us, we may see what is analogous. It has been said that the battle of the Alma was won by the "uneducated gentry;" the "uneducated gentry" would be Cavaliers now. The political sentiment is part of the character. The essence of Torvism is enjoyment. Talk of the ways of spreading a wholesome Conservatism throughout this country: give painful lectures, distribute weary tracts (and perhaps this is as well—you may be able to give an argumentative answer to a few objections, you may diffuse a distinct notion of the dignified dullness of politics); but as far as communicating and establishing your creed are concerned-try a little pleasure. The way to keep up old customs is, to enjoy old customs; the way to be satisfied with the present state of things is, to enjoy that state of things. Over the "Cavalier" mind this world passes with a thrill of delight; there is an exultation in

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a daily event, zest in the "regular thing," joy at an old feast. Sir Walter Scott is a curious instance of this. Every incident, habit, practice of old Scotland was connected and inseparably associated in his mind with strong genial enjoyment. To propose to touch one of those institutions, to abolish one of those practices, was to touch a personal pleasure—a point on which his mind reposed, a thing of memory and hope. So long as this world is this world, will a buoyant life be the proper source of an animated Conservatism. The "church-and-king" enthusiasm has even a deeper connection with this peculiar character. Carlyle has said, in his vivid way, "Two or three young gentlemen have said, 'Go to, I will make a religion.'" This is the exact opposite of what the irregular enjoying man can think or conceive. What is he, with his untrained mind and his changeful heart and his ruleless practice, to create a creed? Is the gushing life to be asked to construct a cistern? is the varying heart to be its own master, the evil practice its own guide? Sooner will a ship invent its own rudder, devise its own pilot, than the buoyant eager soul will find out the doctrine which is to restrain The very intellect is a type of the confusion of the soul. has little arguments on a thousand subjects, hearsay sayings, original flashes small and bright, struck from the heedless mind by the strong impact of the world. And it has nothing else. It has no systematic knowledge; it has a hatred of regular attention. What can an understanding of this sort do with refined questioning or subtle investigation? It is obliged in a sense by its very nature to take what comes; it is overshadowed in a manner by the religion to which it is born; its conscience tells it that it owes obedience to something; it craves to worship something; that something, in both cases, it takes from the past. "Thou hast not chosen me, but I have chosen thee," might his faith say to a believer of this kind. A certain bigotry is altogether natural to him. His creed seems to him a primitive fact, as certain and evident as the stars.—The political faith (for it is a faith) of these persons is of a kind analogous. The virtue of loyalty assumes in them a passionate aspect, and overflows, as it were, all the intellect which should be devoted to the topic. This virtue, this need of our nature, arises, as political philosophers tell us, from the conscious necessity which man is under of obeying an external moral rule. We feel that we are by nature and by the constitution of all things under an obligation to conform to a certain standard, and we seek to find or to establish in this outer sphere an authority which shall enforce it, shall aid us in compelling others and likewise in mastering ourselves. When a man thoroughly possessed with this principle comes in contact with the institution of civil government as it now exists and as it

has always existed, he finds what he wants—he discovers an authority; and he feels bound to submit to it. We do not, of course, mean that all this takes place distinctly and consciously in the mind of the person; on the contrary, the class of minds most subject to its influence are precisely those which have in general the least defined and accurate consciousness of their own operations, or of what befals them. In matter of fact, they find themselves under the control of laws and of a polity from the earliest moment that they can remember, and they obey it from habit and custom years before they know any thing else. Only in later life, when distinct thought is from some outward occurrence forced upon them, do they feel the necessity of some such power; and in proportion to their passionate and impulsive disposition they feel it the more. It has in a less degree on them the same effect which military discipline has in a greater. It braces them to defined duties, and subjects them to a known authority. Quieter minds find this authority in an internal conscience; but in riotous natures its still small voice is lost if it be not echoed in loud harsh tones from the firm and outer world:

> "Their breath is agitation, and their life A storm whereon they ride."

From without they crave a bridle and a curb. The doctrine of non-resistance is no accident of the Cavalier character, though it seems at first sight singular in so eager, tumultuous a disposition. So inconsistent is human nature, that it proceeds from the very extremity of that tumult. They know and feel that they cannot allow themselves to question the authority which is upon them; they feel its necessity too acutely, their intellect is untrained in subtle disquisitions, their conscience fluctuating, their passions rising. They know that if once they depart from that authority, their whole soul will be in tumult. As a riotous state tends to fall under a martial tyranny, a passionate mind tends to subject itself to an extrinsic law—to enslave itself to an outward discipline. "That is what the king says, boy; and that was ever enough for Sir Henry Lee." An hereditary monarchy is, indeed, the very embodiment of this principle. The authority is so defined, so clearly vested, so evidently intelligible; it descends so distinctly from the past, it is imposed so conspicuously from Any thing free refers to the people; any thing elected seems self-chosen. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" consists in his evidently representing an unmade, unchosen, hereditary duty.

The greatness of this character is not in Mr. Macaulay's way, and its faults are. Its license affronts him; its riot alienates

him. He is for ever contrasting the dissoluteness of Prince Rupert's horse with the restraint of Cromwell's pikemen. Its deep enjoying nature finds no sympathy. The brilliant style passes forward: we dwell on its brilliancy, but it is cold. He has no tears for that warm life, no tenderness for that extinct joy. The ignorance of the character, too, moves his wrath: "They were ignorant of what every schoolgirl knows." Their loyalty to their sovereign is the devotion of the Egyptians to the god Apis, who selected "a calf to adore." Their non-resistance offends the philosopher; their license is commented on with the tone of a precisian. Their indecorum does not suit the dignity of the historian. Their rich free nature is unappreciated; the tingling intensity of their joy is unnoticed. In a word, there is something of the schoolboy about the Cavalier—there is some-

what of a schoolmaster about the historian.

It might be thought, at first sight, that the insensibility and coldness which are unfavourable to the appreciation of the Cavalier would be particularly favourable to that of the Puritan. It might be thought that a natural aloofness from things earthly would dispose a man to the doctrines of a sect which enjoins above all other commandments abstinence and aloofness from those things. In Mr. Macaulay's case it certainly has had no such consequence. He was bred up in the circle which more than any other has resembled that of the greatest and best Puritans—in the circle which has presented the evangelical doctrine in its most celebrated, influential, and not its least genial form. Yet he has revolted against it. The bray of "Exeter Hall" is a phrase which has become celebrated: it is an odd one for his father's son. The whole course of his personal fortunes, the entire scope of his historical narrative, show an utter want of sympathy with the Puritan disposition. It would be idle to quote passages; it will be enough to recollect the contrast between the estimate-say of Cromwell-by Carlyle and that by Macaulay, to be aware of the enormous discrepancy. The one's manner evinces an instinctive sympathy, the other's an instinctive aversion.

We believe that this is but a consequence of the same impassibility of nature which we have said so much of. M. Montalembert, in a striking éloge on a French historian—a man of the Southey type—after speaking of his life in Paris during youth (a youth cast in the early and exciting years of the first revolution, and of the prelude to it), and graphically portraying a man subject to scepticism, but not given to vice; staid in habits, but unbelieving in opinion; without faith and without irregularity,—winds up the whole by the sentence, that "he was hardened at once against good and evil," In his view,

the insensibility, which was a guard against exterior temptation, was also a hindrance to inward belief; and there is a philosophy in this. The nature of man is not two things, but one thing. We have not one set of affections, hopes, sensibilities, to be affected by the present world, and another and a different to be affected by the invisible world: we are moved by grandeur, or we are not: we are stirred by sublimity, or we are not: we hunger after righteousness, or we do not; we hate vice, or we do not; we are passionate, or not passionate; loving, or not loving; cold, or not cold; our heart is dull, or it is wakeful; our soul alive, or it is dead. Deep under the surface of the intellect lies the stratum of the passions, of the intense, peculiar, simple impulses which constitute the heart of man; there is the eager essence, the primitive desiring being. What stirs this latent being is another question. In general it is stirred by every thing. Sluggish natures are stirred little, wild natures are stirred much: but all are stirred somewhat. It is not important whether the object be in the visible or invisible world: whoso loves what he has seen, will love what he has not seen; whoso hates what he has seen, will hate what he has not seen. Creation is, as it were, but the garment of the Creator: whoever is blind to the beauty on its surface, will be insensible to the beauty beneath; whoso is dead to the sublimity before his senses, will be dull to that which he imagines; whoso is untouched by the visible man, will be unmoved by the invisible God. These are no new ideas; and the conspicuous evidence of history confirms them. Every where the deeply religious organisation has been deeply sensitive to this world. If we compare what are called sacred and profane literatures, the depth of human affection is deepest in A warmth as of life is on the Hebrew, a chill as of marble is on the Greek. In that literature itself the most tenderly-religious character is the most sensitive to earth. Along every lyric of the great Psalmist thrills a deep spirit of human enjoyment; he was alive as a child to the simple aspects of the world; the very errors of his mingled career are but those to which the open, impulsive, warm-breathed character is most prone; its principle, so to speak, was a tremulous passion for that which he had seen, as well as that which he had not It is no paradox, therefore, to say, that the same character which least appreciates the impulsive and ardent Cavalier is also the most likely not to appreciate the warm zeal of an overpowering devotion.

Some years ago it would have been necessary to show at length that the Puritans came at all near to this idea. The notion had been that they were fanatics, who simulated zeal, and

hypocrites, who misquoted the Old Testament. A new era has arrived; one of the great discoveries which the competition of authors has introduced into historical researches has attained a singular popularity; the beam has gone into the opposite extreme. We are rather now, in general, in danger of holding too high an estimate of the puritanical character than a too low or contemptuous one. Among the disciples of Carlyle it is considered that having been a Puritan is the next best thing to having been in Germany. But though we cannot sympathise with every thing that the modern expounders of the new theory are prone to allege, and though we should not select for praise the exact peculiarities most agreeable to the slightly grim "gospel of earnestness," we are thoroughly aware of the great service which they have rendered to English history. No one will now ever overlook, that in the greater, in the original Puritans—in Cromwell, for example—the whole basis of the character was a

passionate, deep, rich, religious organisation.

This is not in Mr. Macaulay's way. It is not that he is irreligious; far from it. "Divines of all persuasions," he tells us, "are agreed that there is a religion;" and he acquiesces in their teaching. But he has no passionate self-questionings, no indomitable fears, no asking perplexities. He is probably pleased at the exemption. He has praised Lord Bacon for a similar want of interest. "Nor did he ever meddle with those enigmas which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more. He said nothing about the grounds of moral obligation, or the freedom of the human will. He had no inclination to employ himself in labours resembling those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus—to spin for ever on the same wheel round the same pivot. He lived in an age in which disputes on the most subtle points of divinity excited an intense interest throughout Europe; and no where more than in England. He was placed in the very thick of the conflict. He was in power at the time of the Synod of Dort, and must for months have been daily deafened with talk about election, reprobation, and final perseverance. Yet we do not remember a line in his works from which it can be inferred that he was either a Calvinist or an Arminian. While the world was resounding with the noise of a disputatious philosophy and a disputatious theology, the Baconian school, like Alworthy seated between Square and Thwackum, preserved a calm neutrality,—half-scornful, halfbenevolent,-and, content with adding to the sum of practical good, left the war of words to those who liked it." This may be the writing of good sense, but it is not the expression of an anxious or passionate religious nature.

Such is the explanation of his not prizing so highly as he should prize the essential excellences of the Puritan character. He is defective in the one point in which they were very great; he is eminent in the very point in which they were most defective. A spirit of easy cheerfulness pervades his writings, a pleasant geniality overflows in history: the rigid asceticism, the pain for pain's sake of the Puritan is altogether alien to him. Retribution he would deny; sin is hardly a part of his creed. His religion is one of thanksgiving. His notion of philosophy—it would be a better notion of his own writing—is illustrans commoda vitæ.

The history of the English Revolution is the very history for a person of this character. It is eminently an unimpassioned movement. It requires no appreciation of the Cavalier or of the zealot; no sympathy with the romance of this world; no inclination to pass beyond, and absorb the mind's energies in another. It had neither the rough enthusiasm of barbarism nor the delicate grace of high civilisation; the men who conducted it had neither the deep spirit of Cromwell's Puritans nor the chivalric loyalty of the enjoying English gentleman. They were hardheaded sensible men, who knew that politics were a kind of business, that the essence of business is compromise, of practicality concession. They drove no theory to excess; for they Their passions did not hurry them away; had no theory. for their temperament was calm, and their reason calculating and still. Locke is the type of the best character of his era. There is nothing in him which a historian such as we have described could fail to comprehend, or could not sympathise with when he did comprehend. He was the very reverse of a Cavalier; he came of a Puritan stock; he retained through life a kind of chilled Puritanism: he had nothing of its excessive. overpowering, interior zeal, but he retained the formal decorum which it had given to the manners, the solid earnestness of its intellect, the heavy respectability of its character. In all the nations across which Puritanism has passed you may notice something of its indifference to this world's lighter enjoyments; no one of them has been quite able to retain its singular interest in what is beyond the veil of time and sense. The generation to which we owe our revolution was in the first stage of the descent. Locke thought a zealot a dangerous person, and a poet little better than a rascal. It has been said, with perhaps an allusion to Macaulay, that our historians have held that "all the people who lived before 1688 were either knaves or fools." This is, of course, an exaggeration; but those who have considered what sort of person a historian is likely to be, will not be surprised at his preference for the people of

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that era. They had the equable sense which he appreciates; they had not the deep animated passions to which his nature

is insensible.

But though Mr. Macaulay shares in the common temperament of historians, and in the sympathy with, and appreciation of, the characters most congenial to that temperament, he is singularly contrasted with them in one respect—he has a vivid fancy, they have a dull one. History is generally written on the principle that human life is a transaction; that people come to it with defined intentions and a calm self-possessed air, as stockjobbers would buy "omnium," as timber-merchants buy "best middling;" people are alike, and things are alike; every thing is a little dull, every one a little slow; manners are not depicted, traits are not noticed; the narrative is confined to those great transactions which can be made intelligible without any imaginative delineation of their accompaniments. There are two kinds of things-those which you need only to understand, and those which you need also to imagine. That a man bought nine hundredweight of hops is an intelligible ideayou do not want the hops delineated or the man described; that he went into society suggests an inquiry—you want to know what the society was like, and how far he was fitted to be there. The great business-transactions of the political world are of the intelligible description. Mr. Macaulay has himself said: "A history, in which every particular incident may be true, may on the whole be false. The circumstances which have most influence on the happiness of mankind, the changes of manners and morals, the transition of communities from poverty to wealth, from knowledge to ignorance, from ferocity to humanity,—these are, for the most part, noiseless revolutions. Their progress is rarely indicated by what historians are pleased to call important events. They are not achieved by armies, or enacted by senates. They are sanctioned by no treaties, and recorded in no archives. They are carried on in every school, in every church, behind ten thousand counters, at ten thousand firesides. The upper current of society presents no certain criterion by which we can judge of the direction in which the under current flows. We read of defeats and victories; but we know that nations may be miserable amidst victories, and prosperous amidst defeats. We read of the fall of wise ministers, and of the rise of profligate favourites; but we must remember how small a proportion the good or evil effected by a single statesman can bear to the good or evil of a great social system." But of this sluggishness of imagination he has certainly no trace himself. He is willing to be "behind ten thousand counters," to be a guest at "ten thousand firesides." He is willing to see "ordinary men as they appear in their ordinary business and in their ordinary pleasures." He has no objection to "mingle in the crowds of the Exchange and the coffee-house." He would "obtain admittance to the convivial table and the domestic hearth." So far as his dignity will permit, "he will bear with vulgar expressions." And a singular efficacy of fancy gives him the power to do so. Some portion of the essence of human nature is concealed from him; but all its accessories are at his command. He delineates any trait;

he can paint, and justly paint, any manners he chooses.

"A perfect historian," he tells us, "is he in whose work the character and spirit of an age is exhibited in miniature. He relates no fact, he attributes no expression to his characters, which is not authenticated by sufficient testimony; but by judicious selection, rejection, and arrangement, he gives to truth those attractions which have been usurped by fiction. In his narrative a due subordination is observed—some transactions are prominent, others retire; but the scale on which he represents them is increased or diminished, not according to the dignity of the persons concerned in them, but according to the degree in which they elucidate the condition of society and the nature of man. He shows us the court, the camp, and the senate; but he shows us also the nation. He considers no anecdote, no peculiarity of manner, no familiar saying, as too insignificant for his notice, which is not too insignificant to illustrate the operation of laws, of religion, and of education, and to mark the progress of the human mind. Men will not merely be described, but will be made intimately known to The changes of manners will be indicated, not merely by a few general phrases, or a few extracts from statistical documents, but by appropriate images presented in every line. If a man, such as we are supposing, should write the history of England, he would assuredly not omit the battles, the sieges, the negotiations, the seditions, the ministerial changes; but with these he would intersperse the details which are the charm of historical romances. At Lincoln Cathedral there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church, that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from morti-Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully thrown behind them in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But

a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the novelist has appropriated. The history of the government, and the history of the people, would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in *Old Mortality*; for one half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the *Fortunes of Nigel*." So far as the graphic description of the exterior mode of life goes,

he has undeniably realised his idea.

This union of a flowing fancy with an insensible organisation is very rare. In general a delicate fancy is joined with a poetic organisation. Exactly why, it would be difficult to explain. is for metaphysicians in large volumes to explain the genesis of the human faculties; but, as a fact, it seems to be clear that, for the most part, imaginative men are most sensitive to the poetic side of human life and natural scenery. They are drawn by a strong instinct to what is sublime, grand, and beautiful. They do not care for the coarse business of life. They dislike to be cursed with its ordinary cares. Their nature is vivid; it is interested by all which naturally interests; it dwells on the great, the graceful, and the grand. On this account it naturally runs away from history. The very name of it is too oppressive. Are not all such works written in the Index Expurgatorius of the genial satirist as works which it was impossible to read? The coarse and cumbrous matter revolts the soul of the fine and fanciful voluptuary. Take it as you will, human life is like the earth on which man dwells. There are exquisite beauties, grand imposing objects, scattered here and there; but the spaces between these are wide; the mass of common clay is huge; the dead level of vacant life, of commonplace geography, is immense. The poetic nature cannot bear the preponderance; it seeks relief in selected scenes, in special topics, in favourite beauties. History, which is the record of human existence, is a faithful representative of it, at least in this: the poetic mind cannot bear the weight of its narrations and the dullness of its events.

This peculiarity of character gives to Mr. Macaulay's writing one of its most curious characteristics. He throws over matters which are in their nature dry and dull transactions,—budgets, bills,—the charm of fancy which a poetical mind employs to enhance and set forth the charm of what is beautiful. An attractive style is generally devoted to what is in itself specially attractive; here it is devoted to subjects which are often unattractive, are sometimes even repelling, at the best are com-

monly neutral, not inviting attention if they do not excite dislike. In these new volumes there is a currency-reform, pages on Scotch Presbyterianism, a heap of parliamentary debates. Who could be expected to make any thing interesting of such topics? It is not cheerful to read in the morning papers the debates of yesterday, though they happened last night; one cannot like a Calvinistic divine when we see him in the pulpit; it is awful to read on the currency even when it concerns the bank-notes which we use. How, then, can we care for a narrative when the divine is dead, the shillings extinct, the whole topic of the debate forgotten and past away? Yet such is the charm of style, so great is the charm of very skilful words, of narration which is always passing forward, of illustration which always hits the mark, that such subjects as these not only become interesting, but very interesting. The proof is evident. No book is so sought after. The Chancellor of the Exchequer said "all members of parliament had read it." What other books could ever be fancied to have been read by them? county member—a real county member—hardly reads two volumes per existence. Years ago Macaulay said a History of England might become more in demand at the circulating-libraries than the last novel. He has actually made his words true. It is no longer a phrase of rhetoric, it is a simple fact.

The explanation of this remarkable notoriety is, the contrast of the topic, and the treatment. Those who read for the sake of entertainment are attracted by the one; those who read for the sake of instruction are attracted by the other. He has something that suits the readers of Mr. Hallam; he has something which will please the readers of Mr. Thackeray. The first wonder to find themselves reading such a style; the last are astonished at reading on such topics—at finding themselves studying by casualty: only a buoyant fancy and an impassive temperament could produce a book so combining weight with

levity.

Something similar may be remarked of the writings of a still greater man—of Edmund Burke. The contrast of the manner of all his more characteristic writings to their matter is very remarkable. He also threw over the detail of business and of politics those graces and attractions of manner which seem in some sort inconsistent with them; which are adapted for topics more intrinsically sublime and beautiful. It was for this reason that Hazlitt asserted that "no woman ever cared for Burke's writings." The matter, he said, was "hard and dry," and no superficial glitter or eloquence could make it agreeable to those who liked what is in its very nature fine and delicate. The charm of

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exquisite narration has in a great degree, in Mr. Macaulay's case, supplied the deficiency; but it may be perhaps remarked, that some trace of the same phenomenon has again occurred, from similar causes, and that his popularity, though great among both sexes, is in some sense more masculine than feminine. sence of this charm of narration, to which accomplished women are, it would seem, peculiarly sensitive, is very characteristic of Burke. His mind was the reverse of historical. Although he had rather a coarse incondite temperament, not finely susceptible to the best influences, to the most exquisite beauties of the world in which he lived, he yet lived in that world thoroughly and completely. He did not take an interest, as a poet does, in the sublime because it is sublime, in the beautiful because it is beautiful; but he had the passions of more ordinary men in a degree and of an intensity which ordinary men may be most thankful that they have not. On no one has the intense faculty of intellectual haired—the hatred which the absolute dogmatist has for those in whom he incarnates and personifies the opposing dogma-been fiercer or stronger; in no one has the intense ambition to rule and govern, in scarcely any one has the daily ambition of the daily politician, been fiercer and stronger; he, if any man, cast himself upon his time. Take up one of his speeches after reading one of Macaulay's: you seem transported to another The fierce living interest of the one contrasts with the sphere. cold rhetorical interest of the other; you are in a different part of the animal kingdom; you have left the viviparous intellect, you have left products warm and struggling with hasty life; you have reached the oviparous, and products smooth and polished, cold and stately.

In addition to this impassive nature, inclining him to write on past transactions-to this fancy, enabling him to adorn and describe them-Mr. Macaulay has a marvellous memory to recall them; and what we may call the Scotch intellect, enabling him to conceive them. His memory is the most obvious quality of his writing. An enormous reading seems always present to No effort seems wanted—no mental excogitation. According to his own description of a like faculty, "it would have been strange indeed if you had asked for any thing that was not to be found in that immense storehouse. The article you required was not only there, it was ready. It was in its own compartment. In a moment it was brought down, unpacked, and explained." He has a literary illustration for every thing; and his fancy enables him to make a skilful use of his wealth. always selects the exact likeness of the idea which he wishes to explain. And though it be less obvious, yet his writing would

have been deficient in one of its most essential characteristics if it had not been for what we have called his Scotch intellect, which is a curious matter to explain. It may be thought that Adam Smith had little in common with Sir Walter Scott. Walter was always making fun of him; telling odd tales of his abstraction and singularity; and not obscurely hinting, that a man who could hardly put on his own coat, and certainly could not buy his own dinner, was scarcely fit to decide on the proper course of industry and the mercantile dealings of nations. Yet when Sir Walter's own works come to be closely examined, they will be found to contain a good deal of political economy of a certain sort,—and not a very bad sort. Any one who will study his description of the Highland clans in Waverley; his observations on the industrial side (if so it is to be called) of the Borderlife; his plans for dealing with the poor of his own time,-will be struck not only with a plain sagacity, which we could equal in England, but with the digested accuracy and theoretical completeness of them. You might cut paragraphs, even from his lighter writings, which would be thought acute in the Wealth of Nations. There seems to be in the genius of the Scotch people -fostered, no doubt, by the abstract metaphysical education of their Universities, but also, by way of natural taste, supporting that education and rendering it possible and popular—a power of reducing human actions to formulæ or principles. stance is now in a high place. People who are not lawyers, rural people, who have sense of their own, but have no access to the general repute and opinion which expresses the collective sense of the great world,—never can be brought to believe that Lord Campbell is a great man. They read his speeches in the House of Lords—his occasional flights of eloquence on the bench —his attempts at pathos—his stupendous gaucheries,—and they cannot be persuaded that a person so guilty of such things can have really first-rate talent. If you ask them how he came to be Chief-Justice of England, they mutter something angry, and "Well, Scotchmen do get on somehow." And this is the true explanation. In spite of a hundred defects, Lord Campbell has the Scotch faculties in perfection. He reduces legal matters to a sound broad principle better than any man who is now a He has a steady, comprehensive, abstract, distinct consistency, which elaborates a formula and adheres to a formula; and it is this which has raised him from a plain-a very plain-Scotch adventurer to be Lord Chief-Justice of England. Mr. Macaulay has this too. Among his more brilliant qualities, it has escaped the attention of critics; the more so, because his powers of exposition and expression make it impossible to conceive for a moment that the amusing matter we are reading is really Scotch economy.

"During the interval." he tells us, "between the Restoration and the Revolution the riches of the nation had been rapidly increasing. Thousands of busy men found every Christmas that, after the expenses of the year's housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and how that surplus was to be employed was a question of some difficulty. In our time, to invest such a surplus, at something more than three per cent, on the best security that has ever been known in the world, is the work of a few minutes. But in the seventeenth century a lawyer, a physician, a retired merchant, who had saved some thousands and who wished to place them safely and profitably, was often greatly embarrassed. Three generations earlier, a man who had accumulated wealth in a profession generally purchased real property or lent his savings on mortgage. But the number of acres in the kingdom had remained the same; and the value of those acres, though it had greatly increased, had by no means increased so fast as the quantity of capital which was seeking for employment. Many too wished to put their money where they could find it at an hour's notice, and looked about for some species of property which could be more readily transferred than a house or a field. A capitalist might lend on bottomry or on personal security: but, if he did so, he ran a great risk of losing interest and principal. There were a few joint-stock companies, among which the East India Company held the foremost place; but the demand for the stock of such companies was far greater than the supply. Indeed the cry for a new East India Company was chiefly raised by persons who had found difficulty in placing their savings at interest on good security. So great was that difficulty, that the practice of hoarding was common. We are told that the father of Pope the poet, who retired from business in the City about the time of the Revolution, carried to a retreat in the country a strong box containing near twenty thousand pounds, and took out from time to time what was required for household expenses; and it is highly probable that this was not a solitary case. At present the quantity of coin which is hoarded by private persons is so small, that it would, if brought forth, make no perceptible addition to the circulation. But, in the earlier part of the reign of William the Third, all the greatest writers on currency were of opinion that a very considerable mass of gold and silver was hidden in secret drawers and behind wainscots.

The natural effect of this state of things was, that a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stockjobber was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl-Fishery Company,

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the Glass-Bottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Swordblade Company. There was a Tapestry Company which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class and for all the bedchambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of There was a Diving Company which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eve like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe, through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring-busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academies Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academies Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery: two thousand prizes were to be drawn; and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, conic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, japanning, fortification, bookkeeping, and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others, less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time-bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania of which the symptoms were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging dicers of Whitefriars took possession of the grave senators of the city, wardens of trades, deputies, aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per

cent, and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten."

You will not find the cause of panics so accurately explained in the clearest of political economists—in the Scotch M'Culloch.

These peculiarities of character and mind may be very conspicuously traced through the History of England, and in the Their first and most striking quality is the intellectual entertainment which they afford. This, as practical readers know, is a kind of sensation which is not very common, and which is productive of great and healthy enjoyment. It is quite distinct from the amusement which is derived from common light This is very great; but it is passive. The mind of the reader is not awakened to any independent action: you see the farce, but you see it without effort; not simply without painful effort, but without any perceptible mental activity whatever. Again, it is contrasted with the high enjoyment of consciously following pure and difficult reasoning: this sensation is a sort of sublimated pain. The highest and most intense action of the intellectual powers is, like the most intense action of the bodily, on a high mountain. We climb and climb: we have a thrill of pleasure, but we have also a sense of effort and anguish. Nor is the sensation to be confounded with that which we experience from the best and purest works of art. The pleasure of high tragedy is also painful: the whole soul is stretched; the spirit pants; the passions scarcely breathe: it is a rapt and eager moment, too intense for continuance-so overpowering, that we scarcely know whether it be joy or pain. The sensation of intellectual entertainment is altogether distinguished from these by not being accompanied by any pain, and yet being consequent on, or being contemporaneous with, a high and constant exercise of mind. While we read works which so delight us, we are conscious that we are delighted, and are also conscious that we are The two opposite pleasures of indolence and exertion seem for a moment combined. A sort of elasticity pervades us; thoughts come easily and quickly; we seem capable of many ideas; we follow cleverness till we fancy that we are clever. This feeling is only given by writers who stimulate the mind just to the degree which is pleasant, and who do not stimulate it more; who exact a moderate exercise of mind, and who seduce us to it insensibly. This can only be, of course, by a charm of style; by the inexplicable je ne sais quoi which attracts our atten-

tion; by constantly raising and constantly satisfying our curiosity. And there seems to be a further condition. A writer who wishes to produce this constant effect must not appeal to any single separate faculty of mind, but to the whole mind at once. The fancy tires, if you appeal only to the fancy; the understanding is aware of its dullness, if you appeal only to the understanding; the curiosity is soon satiated unless you pique it with variety. This is the very opportunity for Macaulay. He has fancy, sense, variety, abundance; he appeals to both fancy and understanding. There is no sense of effort. His books read like an elastic dream. There is a continual sense of instruction: for who had an idea of the transactions before? The emotions, too, which he appeals to are the easy admiration, the cool disapprobation, the gentle worldly curiosity, which quietly excite us, never fatigue us.—which we could bear for ever. To read Macaulay for a day, would be to pass a day of easy thought, of

pleasant placid emotion.

Nor is this a small matter. In a state of high civilisation it is no simple matter to give multitudes a large and healthy enjoyment. The old bodily enjoyments are dying out; there is no room for them any more; the complex apparatus of civilisation cumbers the ground. We are thrown back upon the mind, and the mind is a barren thing. It can spin little from itself: few that describe what they see are in the way to discern much. Exaggerated emotions, violent incidents, monstrous characters crowd our canvas; they are the resource of a weakness which would obtain the fame of strength. Reading is about to become a series of collisions against aggravated breakers, of beatings with imaginary surf. In such times a book of sensible attraction is a public benefit; it diffuses a sensation of vigour through the multitude. Perhaps there is a danger that the extreme popularity of the manner may make many persons fancy they understand the matter more perfectly than they do: some readers may become conceited; several boys believe that they too are Macaulays. Yet, duly allowing for this defect, it is a great good that so many people should learn so much on such topics so agreeably; that they should feel that they can understand them: that their minds should be stimulated by a consciousness of health and power.

The same peculiarities influence the style of the narrative. The art of narration is the art of writing in hooks-and-eyes. The principle consists in making the appropriate thought follow the appropriate thought, the proper fact the proper fact; in first preparing the mind for what is to come, and then letting it come. This can only be achieved by keeping continually and

insensibly before the mind of the reader some one object, character, or image, whose variations are the events of the story, whose unity is the unity of it. Scott, for example, keeps before you the mind of some one person,—that of Morton in Old Mortality, of Rebecca in Ivanhoe, of Lovel in The Antiquary,—whose fortunes and mental changes are the central incidents, whose personality the string of unity. It is the defect of the great Scotch novels that their central figure is frequently not their most interesting topic,—that their interest is often rather in the accessories than in the essential principle—in that which surrounds the centre of narration rather than in that centre itself. Scott tries to meet this objection by varying the mind which he selects for his unit; in one of his chapters it is one character, in the next a different: he shifts the scene from the hero to the heroine, from the 'Protector of the settlement' of the story to the evil being who mars it perpetually: but when narrowly examined. the principle of his narration will be found nearly always the same, -the changes in the position-external or mental-of some one human being. The most curiously opposite sort of narration is that of Hume. He seems to carry a view, as the moderns call it, through every thing. He forms to himself a metaphysical—that perhaps is a harsh word-an intellectual abstracted conception of the time and character under review; and the gradual working out or development of that view is the principle of his narration. He tells the story of the conception. You rise from his pages without much remembrance or regard for the mere people, but with a distinct clear notion of an elaborated view, skilfully abstracted and perpetually impressed upon you. A critic of detail should scarcely require a better task than to show how insensibly and artfully the subtle historian infuses his conception among the facts, indicates somehow-you can scarcely say how-their relation to it; strings them, as it were, upon it, concealing it in seeming beneath them, while in fact it altogether determines their form, their grouping, and their consistency. The style of Macaulay is very different from either of these. It is a diorama of political pictures. You seem to begin with a brilliant picture, its colours are distinct, its lines are firm; on a sudden it changes, at first gradually, you can scarcely tell how or in what, but truly and unmistakably, -a slightly different picture is before you; then the second vision seems to change,-it too is another and vet the same; then the third shines forth and fades; and so without end. The unity of this delineation is the identity-the apparent identity-of the picture; on no two moments does it seem quite different, on no two is it identically the same. It grows and alters as our bodies would appear to alter and grow, if you

could fancy any one watching them, and being conscious of their daily little changes; the events are picturesque variations; the unity is a unity of political painting, of represented external form. It is evident how suitable this is to a writer whose understanding is solid, whose sense is political, whose fancy is fine and delineative.

To this merit of Macaulay is to be added another. No one describes so well what we may call the spectacle of a character. The art of delineating character by protracted description is one which grows in spite of the critics. In vain is it alleged that the character should be shown dramatically; that it should be illustrated by events: that it should be exhibited in its actions. The truth is, that these homilies are excellent, but incomplete; true, but out of season. There is a utility in unseen portrait, as Lord Stanhope says there is in painted. Goethe used to observe, that in society, in a tête-à-tête rather, you often thought of your companion as if he was his portrait: you were silent; you did not care what he said; but you considered him as a picture, as a whole, especially as regards yourself and your relations towards You require something of the same kind in literature: some description of a man is clearly necessary as an introduction to the story of his life and actions. But more than this is wanted; you require to have the object placed before you as a whole, to have the characteristic traits mentioned, the delicate qualities drawn out, the firm features gently depicted. As the practice which Goethe hints at is, of all others, the most favourable to a just and calm judgment of character, so the literary substitute seems required as a steadying element, as a summary, to bring together and give a unity to our views. We must see the man's Without it, we seem to have heard a great deal about the person, but not to have known him; to be aware that he had done a good deal, but to have no settled, inbred, ineradicable notion what manner of man he was who did them. This is the reason why critics like Macaulay, who sneer at the practice when estimating the works of others, yet practise it at great length and with great skill when they come to be historians The kind of characters whom Macaulay can describe is limited—at least we think so—by the bounds which we indicated just now. There are some men whom he is too impassive to comprehend; but he can always tells us of such as he does comprehend, what they looked like, and what they were.

A great deal of this vividness Macaulay of course owes to his style. Of its effectiveness there can be no doubt; its agreeability no one who has just been reading it is likely to deny.

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Yet it has a defect. It is not, as Bishop Butler would have expressed it, such a style as "is suitable to such a being as man, in such a world as the present one." It is too omniscient. Every thing is too plain. All is clear; nothing is doubtful. Instead of probability being, as the great thinker expressed it, "the very guide of life," it has become a rare exception—an uncommon phenomenon. You rarely come across any thing which is not decided; and when you do come across it, you seem to wonder that the positiveness, which has accomplished so much, should have been unwilling to decide any thing. This is hardly the style for history. The data of historical narratives, especially of modern histories, are a heap of confusion. No one can tell where they lie, or where they do not lie; what is in them, or what is not in them. Literature is called the "fragment of fragments;" so little has been written, and so little of that little has So is history a vestige of vestiges; few facts been preserved. leave any trace of themselves, any witness of their occurrence; of fewer still is that witness preserved; a slight track is all any thing leaves, and the confusion of life, the tumult of change sweeps even that away in a moment. It is not possible that these data can be very fertile in certainties. Few people would make any thing of them: a memoir here, a Ms. there-two letters in a magazine—an assertion by a person whose veracity is denied,—these are the sort of evidence out of which a flowing narrative is to be educed—of course, it ought not to be too flowing. "If you please, sir, to tell me what you do not know," was the inquiry of a humble pupil addressed to a great man of science. It would have been a relief to the readers of Macaulay if he had shown a little the outside of uncertainties, which there must be-the gradations of doubt, which there ought to be-the singular accumulation of difficulties, which must beset the extraction of a very easy narrative from very confused materials.

This defect in style is, indeed, indicative of a defect in understanding. Mr. Macaulay's mind is eminently gifted, but there is a want of graduation in it. He has a fine eye for probabilities, a clear perception of evidence, a shrewd guess at missing links of fact; but each probability seems to him a certainty, each piece of evidence conclusive, each analogy exact. The heavy Scotch intellect is a little prone to this: one figures it as a heap of formulæ, and if fact b is reducible to formulæ b, that is all which it regards; the mathematical mill grinds with equal energy at flour perfect and imperfect—at matter which is quite certain, and at matter which is only a little probable. But the great cause of this error is, an abstinence from practical action. Life is a school

of probability. In the writings of every man of patient practicality, in the midst of whatever other defects, you will find a careful appreciation of the degrees of likelihood; a steady balancing of them one against another; a disinclination to make things too clear, to overlook the debit side of the account in mere contemplation of the enormousness of the credit. The reason is obvious: action is a business of risk; the real question is the magnitude of that risk. Failure is ever impending; success is ever uncertain: there is always, in the very best affairs, a slight probability of the first, a contingent possibility of the non-occurrence of the second. For practical men, the problem ever is to test the amount of these inevitable probabilities; to make sure that no one increases too far; that by a well-varied choice the number of risks may in itself be a protection—be an insurance to you, as it were, against the capricious result of any one. A man like Macaulay, who stands aloof from life, is not so instructed; he sits secure: nothing happens in his study; he does not care to test probabilities; he loses the detective sensation.

Mr. Macaulay's so-called inaccuracy is likewise a phase of this defect. Considering the enormous advantages which a picturesque style gives to ill-disposed critics; the number of points of investigation which it suggests; the number of assertions it makes, sentence by sentence; the number of ill-disposed critics that there are in the world; considering Mr. Macaulay's position, -set on a hill to be spied at by them, -he can scarcely be thought an inaccurate historian. Considering all things, they have found few certain blunders, hardly any direct mistakes. Every sentence of his style requires minute knowledge; the vivid picture has a hundred details; each of those details must have an evidence, an authority, a proof. A historian like Hume passes easily over a period; his chart is large; if he gets the conspicuous headlands, the large harbours, duly marked, he does not care. Macaulay puts in the depth of each wave, every remarkable rock, every tree on the shore. Nothing gives a critic so great an advantage. It is difficult to do this for a volume; simple for a page. It is easy to select a particular event, and learn all which any one can know about it; examine Macaulay's descriptions, say he is wrong, that X is not buried where he asserts, that a little boy was one year older than he states. But how would the critic manage, if he had to work out all this for a million facts, for a whole period? Few men, we suspect, would be able to make so few errors of simple and provable fact. On the other hand, few men would arouse a sleepy critic by such startling assertion. If he finds a new theory, he states it as a fact. Very likely it really is the most probable theory; at any rate, we know of no

case in which his theory is not one among the most plausible. If it had only been so stated, it would have been well received. His view of Marlborough's character, for instance, is a specious one; it has a good deal of evidence, a large amount of real probability, but it has scarcely more. Marlborough may have been as bad

as is said, but we can hardly be sure of it at this time.

Macaulay's "party-spirit" is another consequence of his positiveness. When he inclines to a side, he inclines to it too much. His opinions are a shade too strong; his predilections some degrees at least too warm. William is too perfect, James too imperfect. The Whigs are a trifle like angels; the Tories like, let us say, "our inferiors." Yet this is evidently an honest partyspirit. It does not lurk in the corners of sentences, it is not insinuated without being alleged; it does not, like the unfairness of Hume, secrete itself so subtly in the turns of the words, that when you turn to prove it, it is gone. On the contrary, it rushes into broad day. William is loaded with panegyric; James is always spoken evil of. Hume's is the artful pleading of a hired advocate; Macaulay's the bold eulogy of a sincere friend. As far as effect goes, this is wrong. The very earnestness of the affection leads to a reaction; we are tired of having William called the "just;" we cannot believe so many pages; "all that" can scarcely be correct. As we said before, if the historian's preference for persons and party had been duly tempered and mitigated, if the probably good were only said to be probably good, if the rather bad were only alleged to be rather bad, the reader would have been convinced, and the historian escaped the savage censure of envious critics.

The one thing which detracts from the pleasure of reading these volumes, is the doubt whether they should have been Should not these great powers be reserved for great periods? Is this abounding, picturesque style, suited for continuous history? Are small men to be so largely described? Should not admirable delineation be kept for admirable people? We think so. You do not want Raphael to paint sign-posts, or Palladio to build dirt-pies. Much of history is necessarily of little value,—the superficies of circumstance, the scum of events. It is very well to have it described, indeed you must have it described; the chain must be kept complete; the narrative of a country's fortunes will not allow of breaks or gaps. Yet all things need not be done equally well. The life of a great painter is short. Even the industry of Macaulay will not complete this history. It is a pity to spend such powers on such events. It would have been better to have some new volumes of essays solely on great men and great things. The diffuseness of the style would have been then in place; we could have borne to hear the smallest minutiæ of magnificent epochs. If an inferior hand had executed the connecting-links, our notions would have acquired an insensible perspective; the best works of the great artist, the best themes, would have stood out from the canvas. They are now confused by the equal brilliancy of the adjacent inferiorities.

Much more might be said on this narrative. As it will be read for very many years, it will employ the critics for many years. It would be unkind to make all the best observations. Something, as Mr. Disraeli said in a budget-speech, something should be left for "future statements of this nature." There will be an opportunity. Whatsoever those who come after may find to say against this book, it will be, and remain, the "Pictorial History of England."

ART. V.—CONVERSATION AND POETRY OF ROGERS.

Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. London, Edward Moxon, 1856.

The Poetical Works of Samuel Rogers. London, Edward Moxon, 1853.

THERE has been much talk of a consolidation of the statutes; when shall we have a consolidation of Whig anecdotes? A Holland-House Joe Miller, bringing up all the dinner-talk of that party to the present date, is greatly needed. Such a work, forming a general body of reference, from which moreover it should be as fatal to quote as from the old body of English wit comprised in the original of that name, would constitute at once a valuable repertory of amusement and a much-needed barrier against boredom. At present Whig wit is in much the same state as English common law, it must be gathered from a mass of independent reports; and the novelty and parentage of a joke is as laborious a thing to ascertain as the truth and authority of a position in law. Let the thing be done thoroughly and once for all; let us have the remaining two volumes of Mr. Moore's diary; print two more, if it is absolutely necessary; publish all his invitations to dinner, with copies of the answers; put in his butcher's bill; furnish more full details about Bessy's accouchements; ransack the drawers of every Whig nobleman and distinguished literary character of liberal principles; exhaust the memory of all dowager duchesses and diners-out; invite all the filial spirits who

think justice has never been done by an ungrateful world to the hero of the family to say all they have to say; let there be nothing left that can possibly be printed;—and then let some industrious man, not naturally given to despondency, collate the authorities; or appoint a commission, if you will, and let the puns and the personal reminiscences remain in abeyance while its members meet. Only let Lord John be excluded, or he will infallibly insist on all being published in extenso, and add notes

explanatory of the jokes.

Holland House has not been happy in its reporters: we have had brilliant general descriptions of the host, the hostess, and the guests, and enthusiastic generalising on the uniform feast of reason and flow of soul which prevailed; but of all this nothing has survived but a few personal anecdotes and a great deal of indifferent wit. In fact, though the beginning of this century was rich in conversational talent, the kind of conversation was not that which will bear reporting. A ready and well-stored memory, and a quick and lively wit, were the essentials of success, and so perhaps they should be in general conversation; but then, general conversation ought to be allowed to expire with the occasion. Small gossip about individuals, interesting and amusing while the subjects are fresh and present to the minds of all the hearers, become the worst of annoyances when coldly inflicted in print on a new generation.

The only table-talk really worth preserving is that which reflects an individual mind of capacity and originality enough to let fall, even in its lighter moments, matter pregnant with thought and observation. Some men, like Selden and Johnson, survive mainly in the records of their conversation. And sometimes, as in the case of Coleridge, the sayings thus rescued from oblivion are not only of the highest value in themselves, but are a sort of key to the mind of the speaker and corrective and

interpretive of his written works.

The present work is not of this class. It would more properly have been entitled Table-Silence of Samuel Rogers; for in it is recorded, not what Samuel Rogers thought and said, but what Samuel Rogers had heard other people say. From a man whose taste and connoisseurship were so eminent, readers will be apt to expect some nicety of criticism in painting and poetry. They must be content to suffer disappointment. A few casual expressions of likings and dislikings, a few minute cavillings and trite remarks, make up the sum of Mr. Rogers's conversation on this subject. Such as they are, they are almost the only original thing in the work; and what is said on Pope may be quoted as the most favourable example of them:

"In Pope's noble lines To the Earl of Oxford, prefixed to Parnell's

Poems, there is an impropriety which was forced upon the poet by the rhyme;

'The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:

She waits, or to the scaffold or the cell, When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.'

It should be, of course, 'or to the cell or the scaffold.'

Pope has sometimes a beautiful line rhyming to a very indifferent one. For instance, in the Epistle to Jervas,

'Alas, how little from the grave we claim! Thou but preserv'st a face, and I a name:'

the latter line is very good: in the former, 'claim' is forced and bad; it should have been 'save' or 'preserve.' Again, in the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady,

'A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be,'

the former line is touching, the latter bad.

What a charming line is that in The Rape of the Lock!

'If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.'

These verses in his *Imitation of the Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace* (verses which Lord Holland is so fond of hearing me repeat) are as good as any in Horace himself;

'Years following years, steal something every day, At last they steal us from ourselves away; In one our frolics, one amusements end, In one a mistress drops, in one a friend.'

But perhaps the best line Pope ever wrote is in his Imitation of the First Satire of the Second Book of Horace;

'Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star.'

The want of pauses is the main blemish in Pope's versification: I can't recollect at this moment any pause he has, except that in his fine Prologue to Cato;

' The triumph ceas'd; tears gush'd from every eye; The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by.'

People are now so fond of the obscure in poetry, that they can perceive no deep thinking in that darling man Pope, because he always expresses himself with such admirable clearness.

My father used to recommend Pope's *Homer* to me: but, with all my love of Pope, I never could like it."

It by no means follows, that because a man has no power to criticise he has no faculty of enjoyment, or even great accuracy and delicacy in the perception of beauty and skill in art. But to have a taste so good as Mr. Rogers's undoubtedly was in the main, and a critical judgment of this calibre, indicates that he

was not much in the habit of bringing his thoughts to bear on his intuitions.

Anecdotes and characteristic sayings of the men by whom Rogers was surrounded are what we next look for, when we find there is nothing characteristic of the man's own mode of thinking except that negative trait itself. We are not surprised that there should be very few of these. Men do not easily conceive that the conversation and demeanour of those with whom they live on the same level and in daily intercourse can be worth noting and remembering. Besides, Mr. Rogers was a little of a virtuoso as well as a man of taste, and little bits of out-of-theway personal information and gossip had more charm for him, and left a more permanent impression on him, than the conversation of Lamb, and Coleridge, and Wordsworth, and Mackintosh.

Characteristic traits of great men, however minute, are always worth preserving. We gratefully receive—we only too eagerly grasp at—the smallest incidents or sayings which can help us to give greater vividness or truth to the figure existing in the imagination. But then the recorded traits must have something characteristic about them; it is sufficient to have one or two of a class: selected without discrimination, and reiterated without mercy, they are perhaps more trying to the temper than any other reading. That Fox had not been able to read Mickle's Lusiad through; that he thought Robertson's Columbus pleasingly written; how Lord Holland looked at breakfast; what Tierney thought of Burke's eloquence; whether Sheridan had 2001. sent him by the Prince; whether more than 2001.; whether it might not have been 2001. with an intimation that there was more if he wished for it; whether it might not be an annuity; these and such like petty details and trivial discussions are trying enough: but when the persons themselves are as little important as the incidents are significant, then a reader resigns. We would at any time rather read the Supplement to the Times than much of Mr. Rogers's Table-Talk. What on earth do we care about Hoppner's "awful temper?" or how can any man conscientiously ask us to pay for the printing of this sort of thing?--

"Lord Holland and Lord Lansdowne having expressed a wish to be introduced to Cumberland, I invited all the three to dine with me. It happened, however, that the two lords paid little or no attention to Cumberland (though he said several very good things),—scarcely speaking to him the whole time: something had occurred in the House which occupied all their thoughts; and they retired to a window, and discussed it."

We have never been able ourselves to find much satisfaction in seeing a person who has simply seen another. That degree of approximation to the king which consists in your brother having seen the Duke of York is generally deemed unsatisfactory, and only becoming in an Irishman to boast of. From Mr. Rogers we learn that—

"Sir George Beaumont, when a young man, was introduced at Rome to an old painter, who in his youth had known an old painter, who had seen Claude and Gaspar Poussin riding out, in a morning, on mules, and furnished with palettes, &c., to make sketches in the Campagna."

Throw in another handful or two of old painters, you might see Zeuxis; exchange them for gardeners, and you may get a vicarious view of Adam himself. This process is like constructing an opaque telescope to see an invisible object; or like travelling to York by conversation with the coachman who drives

the first stage out of London.

"If the favour," says the editor of the last English Table-Talk that deserved to be printed,—"if the favour shown to several modern instances of works nominally of the same description as the present were alone to be considered, it might seem that the old maxim, that nothing ought to be said of the dead but what is good, is in a fair way of being dilated into an understanding that every thing is good that has been said by the dead." The present editor appears to be very much of this opinion; and when we learn that the present is a selection from a large mass of memoranda of Mr. Rogers's conversation, we have no difficulty in believing a fact we learn from the preface, that he "sometimes had the mortification of finding impatient listeners." Yet it would be unjust to deny that this memorial of his sayings contains some curious and characteristic anecdotes, and one or two good sayings. Gray's notion about keeping a dog is new, we think; it throws a ray both on the coldness and the cautiousness of his nature:

"At Brighton, during my youth, I became acquainted with a lawyer who had known Gray. He said that Gray's pronunciation was very

affected, e.g. 'What naise (noise) is that?'

Henley (the translator of Beckford's Vathek) was one morning paying a visit to Gray, when a dog came into the room. 'Is that your dog?' said Henley. 'No,' replied Gray: 'do you suppose that I would keep an animal by which I might possibly lose my life?'"

We will omit Mr. Rogers's criticism on Gray, and only cite the following, which gives a lively picture of Wordsworth pouncing upon his own property as it were; for whether Gray took it from Oldham or not, the phrase and idea are both so eminently Wordsworthian, that we are not surprised at his feeling as if he had been robbed of them: "I once read Gray's Ode to Adversity to Wordsworth; and at the line,—

'And leave us leisure to be good,'-

Wordsworth exclaimed, 'I am quite sure that is not original; Gray could not have hit upon it.'"

Part of the book is occupied with scattered reminiscences of old social habits; but generally either vague or trivial. Thus, Rogers remembers the time when every gentleman's family had only one large cotton umbrella. He has seen ladies and gentlemen walking on the pier at Calais with small fox-muffs; and he has heard thus much of Vauxhall and Ranelagh:

"By the by, General Fitzpatrick remembered the time when St. James's Street used to be crowded with the carriages of the ladies and gentlemen who were walking in the Mall,—the ladies with their heads in full dress, and the gentlemen carrying their hats under their arms. The proprietors of Ranelagh and Vauxhall used to send decoy-ducks among them, that is, persons attired in the height of fashion, who every now and then would exclaim in a very audible tone, 'What charming weather for Ranelagh' or 'for Vauxhall!'

Ranelagh was a very pleasing place of amusement. There persons of inferior rank mingled with the highest nobility of Britain. All was so orderly and still, that you could hear the whishing sound of the ladies' trains, as the immense assembly walked round and round the room. If you chose, you might have tea, which was served up in the neatest equipage possible. The price of admission was half-a-crown. People generally went to Ranelagh between nine and ten o'clock."

This is a lively and startling picture of the indiscriminating severity of our criminal code at no very distant period:

"When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had all been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in (that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of) the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible.—Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots, and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. 'Never,' said Greville with great naïveté, 'did I see boys cry so.'"

Mr. Rogers evidently had little or no power of observing men; his great opportunities were wasted on him; he is always occupied with little isolated facts about men. In his life, in his poetry, in his conversation, he is always the same; he is curious in the husks of things; he was provided with plenty of nuts through life, and he spent it in cracking them, dilating upon and preserving the shells, instead of eating and digesting the kernels. Coleridge and he are the two opposite poles of mental

"I can take no interest whatever," says Coleconstitution. ridge, "in hearing or saying any thing merely as a fact-merely as having happened. It must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. My mind is always energic-I don't mean energetic; I require in every thing what I may call propriety—that is, a reason why the thing is at all, and why it is there or then rather than elsewhere or at another time." You cannot depend even on the facts preserved by such a mind as that of Rogers; not because they are not exactly observed and recorded—they will probably be both; but because such a mind has nothing to guide its selection, and you have no security that the evidence is to the purpose. All that is of the pith of the matter in hand may have been lost, and only the accidental or even exceptional incident connected with it preserved. The observations on persons of a man who has no insight into character, or pleasure in the study of it, are of as little value as the observations of a man unskilled in science on the natural history of an unexplored country. Men of this sort are better fitted for the intercourse of society than those who think they possess nothing till they have made it a part of them-The former give and take knowledge, such as it is; anecdote and wit are reflected quickly from them: they give sparks of their own in the collision of society. Such a man can say what he has to say in those interstices which a dinner admits of, whereas the other requires the world to sit round listening while he expounds his convictions and limits his theories; but the latter gathers water like a well, filtered and stored up, while the former runs away like a brook sparkling and bubbling over the stones, and after fifty years of familiar intercourse with the best society in England leaves the contents of such a volume as this as the fruits of his experience.

Of course Rogers talked in society better than he is here represented as doing. You cannot reproduce in this way the conversation of such a man; not that Rogers was a conversationalist, but he had vigour and quickness of mind enough to hold his own in general intercourse; he was industrious in collecting and agreeable in imparting all the little ana of the day; he was sensible, rich, and well informed, and he could say caustic things of his acquaintance, which always makes a man agreeable among mutual friends. He was a kind-hearted man, but he was bilious and thin-skinned; he was not without a real enjoyment of excellence, but his taste on the whole was more of that negative kind which shows itself in a sensitiveness to any breach in the harmony and propriety it loves. Mr. Rogers carried this very far. He said that to hear the modern pronunciation, 'balcony' for 'balcony,' made him sick. A susceptibility of this sort is

apt to result in a critical and cavilling temper, which, when it exercises itself on friends, is always amusing, but not always amiable. Byron wrote a very savage personal satire on his friend. It is too bad to be quoted entire; but some lines give what we apprehend is, if an overdrawn, still a characteristic picture of the tone Rogers's conversation was apt to assume:

"Hear his tone (which is to talking That which creeping is to walking), Now on all-fours, now on tiptoe; Hear the tales he lends his lip to,—Little hints of heavy scandals; Every friend in turn he handles; All which women or which men do Glides forth in an innuendo; Clothed in odds-and-ends of humour, From devices down to dresses, Women's frailties, man's excesses; All which life presents of evil Makes for him a constant revel."

Medwin has a story of Byron's putting this satire, of whose abusive bitterness the above lines give no idea, under the cushion of the sofa when Rogers came to see him at Pisa, and seating him on it, while talking in the most friendly way to him. The story is not an improbable one; it is in character with Byron's mischievous spirit: a gentleman could not have done it; but Byron was only an outside gentleman, and ungenerous and vulgar in his heart's core. In the notes to the present work (generally better worth reading than the text) are two amusing anecdotes of Byron:

"A lady resident in Aberdeen told me that she used to sit in a pew of St. Paul's Chapel in that town, next to Mrs. Byron's; and that one Sunday she observed the poet (then about seven or eight years old) amusing himself by disturbing his mother's devotions: he every now and then gently pricked with a pin the large round arms of Mrs. Byron, which were covered with white kid gloves.

At the house of the Rev. W. Harness I remember hearing Moore remark, that he thought the natural bent of Byron's genius was to satirical and burlesque poetry: on which Mr. Harness related what follows. When Byron was at Harrow, he, one day, seeing a young acquaintance at a short distance who was a violent admirer of Buonaparte, roared out this extemporaneous couplet,—

'Bold Robert Speer [Robespierre] was Bony's bad precursor; Bob was a bloody dog, but Bonapart's a worser.'"

Rogers, we fancy, was not very much at ease among the poets and men of genius. They were too much in earnest for him. He loved the easy polished tone of well-bred society; he preferred talk to discussion; and Luttrell's brilliant flashes, or Bobus Smith's quotations, had more charms for him than Wordsworth's

serious disquisitions, Lamb's stuttering wit, or Byron's arrogant and clever assertions. They put him out, too, in little things; and how strong an impression such things made on him we see by the hold they retained on his memory. Once Sheridan was talking at Rogers's house "in his very best style," [every thing going off as well as possible] "when, to my great vexation, Moore (who has that sort of restlessness which never allows him to be happy where he is) interrupted Sheridan, by exclaiming, 'Isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?" Rogers went abroad with Mackintosh; but they did not hit it off together. At Lausanne Mackintosh wouldn't care to borrow the Decline and Fall, and read the concluding passages on the very spot where they were written; and at Geneva he did not scruple to appropriate Rogers's carpetbag, and fill it with newly-purchased books. You can fancy the distracted man in the midst of his shirts and toothbrushes, and Mackintosh waiting for him in the carriage below, quietly reading, with the bag on the opposite seat. Uvedale Price once called forth all his ingenuity to get him out of the house; and Coleridge would sit all day after breakfast talking matter of which neither he nor Wordsworth could understand a word. Still worse were the metaphysicians:

"When I lived in the Temple, Mackintosh and Richard Sharp used to come to my chambers, and stay there for hours, talking metaphysics. One day they were so intent on their 'first cause,' 'spirit,' and 'matter,' that they were unconscious of my having left them, paid a visit, and returned! I was a little angry at this, and, to show my indifference about them, I sat down and wrote letters, without taking any notice of them."

When on one occasion he asked Sharp a metaphysical question, Sharp politely told him he was not one of the only two men with whom he talked metaphysics. "It so offended my sister," says Rogers, "that she said I ought immediately to have ordered a post-chaise and left him there." He went with Byron to the Pitti Palace at Florence; but his rude and callous friend sat down in a corner; "and when," says Rogers, "I called out to him, 'What a noble Andrea del Sarto!' the only answer I received was his muttering a passage from the Vicar of Wakefield,—'Upon being asked how he had been taught the art of a cognoscente so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in a strict adherence to two rules; the one, always to observe, the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains, and the other to praise the works of Pietro Perugino." Byron and Rogers were two spirits not very well calculated for amicable intercourse, and their friendship seems to have consisted in quarrels over-night,

and reconciliations in the morning. Indeed, Byron was a man with whom it was almost impossible for any one to continue long in harmony. Shelley, with his sweetness and true nobleness, his firm will and high courage, was the only one of his associates to whom Byron bowed; and even that superiority was one he never acknowledged even to his own heart. That he often indemnified himself for the secret feeling by rude taunts, and a tone half-jesting, half-insulting (as in a scene Mr. Rogers was witness to), we can well believe. Such things fell off from Shelley's quiet dignity without touching him; he never descended into the arena of Byron's personal squabbling:

"One day, during dinner, at Pisa, when Shelley and Trelawney were with us, Byron chose to run down Shakespeare (for whom he, like Sheridan, either had, or pretended to have, little admiration). I said nothing. But Shelley immediately took up the defence of the great poet, and conducted it in his usual meek yet resolute manner, unmoved by the rude things with which Byron interrupted him,—'Oh, that's very well for an atheist,' &c."

Mr. Rogers's stock of *facetiæ* appears to have been an indifferent selection, with few claims to novelty; nor was he himself very successful in this line, if we may judge from the only specimen preserved in these memoranda.

Mr. Rogers's own bon-mot:

"A man who attempts to read all the new publications must often do as a flea does—skip."

An epigram by Erskine, which Mr. Rogers thought "far from bad:"

"The French have taste in all they do, Which we are quite without; For Nature, that to them gave goût, To us gave only gout."

Instance of wit in Mr. Canning:

"I once mentioned to Canning the anecdote, that, while Gray was at Peter House, Cambridge, some young men of the college having learned that he had a fire-escape in his rooms, alarmed him in the middle of the night by a cry of 'fire!'—and that presently Gray descended from the window by a ladder of ropes, and tumbled into a tub of water, which the rogues had placed there;—upon which, Canning added, that 'they had made a mistake in calling out 'fire,' when they meant to cry 'water.'"

It is not very easy for an editor to know what good sayings are old and what new; but there are things here which any court would take judicial cognisance of as matters of universal notoriety, and many others which have only just appeared in contemporaneous publications. At any rate, quasi-witty things, faded

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epigrams, fickle anomalous pleasantries, and defunct repartees, ought not to be disinterred. It is like relighting a half-smoked cigar. A humorous thing, on the contrary, is never old. There is a venerable story (we feel grateful to Mr. Moore for reviving it) of a man who came vexed with losses out of a gaming-room, and finding another at the top of the stairs tying his shoe, kicked him down the whole flight, saying, "Damn you, you're always tying your shoe!" You cannot exhaust that sort of thing; the oftener you hear it the better you appreciate it; you laugh when you think of it to yourself. So it is with most of Sydney Smith's sayings: they enjoy perpetual youth;* no one need be afraid of telling them over and over again. Mr. Rogers has a right to tell the story about his own dining-room:

"At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'

When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty

stomach,' Smith asked, 'Upon whose?'

He said that 'his idea of heaven was eating foie gras to the sound of trumpets.'"

There is an exquisite incongruity in this last idea; the mode employed of raising an earthly enjoyment into the heavenly category is amazingly felicitous and absurd.

We will do Mr. Canning the justice to quote a better saying of his than the last. It is in the present collection of *Table-Talk*

and elsewhere:

"A lady having put to Canning the silly question, 'Why have they made the spaces in the iron gate at Spring Gardens so narrow?' he replied, 'Oh, ma'am, because such very fat people used to go through' (a reply concerning which Tom Moore said, that 'the person who does not relish it can have no perception of real wit')."

It is not wit at all, really. It is the humorous mock plausibility of the idea that gives it its charm—the making the spaces in the *gate* narrow because fat people used to go through the *gateway*; this, and the quiet assumption of the necessity of excluding very fat people from the park, make it a most happy saying.

The account of the king's consternation at being asked how he was is amusing enough, and within the limits of Mr. Rogers's own experience. It may serve to conclude our extracts:

^{*} Sydney Smith's Life, by his daughter, deserves to be noted as an exception to the flagrant voluminousness of modern biographies. The first volume contains a life-like picture within just limits of a man whose portraiture was well worth preserving.

"Once, when in company with William the Fourth, I quite forgot that it is against all etiquette to ask a sovereign about his health; and, on his saying to me, 'Mr. Rogers, I hope you are well,' I replied, 'Very well, I thank your majesty: I trust that your majesty is quite well also.' Never was a king in greater confusion; he didn't know where to look, and stammered out, 'Yes,—yes,—only a little rheumatism.'"

"I regret," says Mr. Rogers, "that Moore should have printed those memoranda which prove how painfully Sheridan elaborated his compositions; for though the judicious few will feel that Sheridan was quite right in doing so, the public generally will think the less of him for it." That this principle of only telling so much of a man as will make the public think well of him is a false one few will be inclined to deny. Still, we cannot think there is any moral obligation to bring a man before the public at all, when it involves the necessity of exhibiting him in so poor an aspect.

Perhaps the present editor thought it a *suppressio veri* to leave Mr. Rogers the reputation of a clever man and a good talker. If the report here furnished be at all a just one, never was any one more conclusively stripped of all claim to more than

average mental ability.

The reputation which Mr. Rogers first gained as the author of the *Pleasures of Memory* was well deserved. It was (putting Cowper aside as exceptional) incomparably the best poem which had for many years been produced in the existing school of the

eighteenth century.

Byron was in the habit of building a poetical triangle, and placing Rogers at the head of it (except Scott). This was partly irony and absurdity, and partly a legitimate consequence of his maxim, that greater honour was due to the more methodical and exact versification of Pope's school than to the freedom of his own contemporaries. At one time he calls him "the Nestor of poets," "our poetical papa," &c., and says he and Crabbe were the fathers of the modern school, which is a totally false idea: his true ground for admiration, however (if he really felt it), is to be found in another expression, "He is the last of the best school," that is, the last of the old school. And this is exactly Rogers's position. His poems are the last bright flicker of an expiring flame. To understand the attention they excited, we must call to mind what the condition of that school then was. Never since the first fulness of its tide had the art of poetry ebbed so low in England. It had been falling steadily for a hundred years.

Wordsworth made a fierce and just onslaught on the techni-

cal diction he found holding sway over English poetry. But this tyranny of restricted expression and ideas was not the cause, but the consequence, of the absence of great poets; when these appeared, they broke without an effort through its flimsy and tasteless canons. When any subject lays a strong hold on the imagination of a man of creative instincts, he strives to give it an outward embodiment, and if verse is the form he chooses, or is compelled to, he is a poet; but there is all the difference in the world between the necessity to express what verse alone can adequately give voice to, and the desire to write verses suggesting a search for something to say in verse. The latter desire will produce poems too; but they are different from those written by the first-described class of poets not in quality so much as in kind. Such verses, though of a high class, are all Pope's poems, except perhaps the *Dunciad*; and, in fact, from the death of Dryden to near the end of the eighteenth century, it is scarcely possible to name a man who wrote poetry because necessity was laid upon him so to write. At the same time, verse was in request; and in the absence of powerful imaginations, a technical system of versification and expression grew It is always so. In all cases, in art as well as in religion, where the life-giving spirit grows faint, the form gains a factitious importance. It is at once more sharply defined and more zealously insisted on. Of course it is not said that all poets can be strictly divided into these two classes; but they lean to one or the other. Perhaps all poets are at some times verse-makers; though the reverse is not true. Certainly, throughout the eighteenth century verse-making predominated largely over imaginative poetry. The exceptions are partial. Goldsmith wore his chains with so easy a grace, that you scarcely perceive them. Thomson was an imaginative poet, but had barely power to free himself, and did not shake the system. Grav, too, was a poet within a narrow sphere, but of that order to whom a strict slavery of form is an advantage; to him stays were an assistance in walking. Collins and Chatterton glimmered through the twilight. Burns first walked free; but, apart from the greatness of his genius, he was pretty much out of the range of the trammels in his Scotch poems. Fortunately, he did not take Mr. Mackenzie's advice to model himself on Mrs. John Hunter. Cowper was of the verse-making class; he is generally looked on as first to lead the way to genuineness and freedom. If he was so, it was not wittingly. No man ever wrote more directly for the sake of making verses than Cowper, or more sedulously clipped and fashioned his lines, though not always by the approved standard; but he had an inborn simplicity and truthfulness of nature which reflected itself in all

he wrote. He had no great impulse to say any thing; but he could not deal in vague commonplaces, or say other than what he had really felt and thought. He wrote simply, not because he saw the vices of the established mode, but because his moral instincts would not let him do otherwise. But close upon his heels came a race too large for the yoke, and too strong to endure it. Wordsworth found that his delicate intuitions could not gain utterance at all in those established generalities which had so long served the necessities of more commonplace genius. He was the first clearly to perceive the mischief, and openly to denounce it. He did not build up a true theory of expression, but he did much to destroy a false one. Coleridge, in his early poems, still struggles half-bound in the old fetters; but he was not long in shaking himself loose. That Southey, in the security of his own self-estimate, should acknowledge none but selfimposed restrictions in art, is not strange. Sudden and far flashed the new dayspring. But when Rogers was writing the Pleasures of Memory, these and those other equal and lesser names, so soon to "flame in the forehead of the morning sky," lay clustered below the horizon. It was the darkness of the hour before dawn, with only a faint gleam or two, a stray heralding of day, glimmering here and there in the east.

Things poetical were at their worst.

We may dispute, if we will, the claim of Pope and Johnson to be great poets in the highest sense; but it is impossible to deny that they were great minds: there was vigour and capacity in all they wrote, and the general fashion of their time demanded sense, and thoughts at least, if not thought, from an author. But a later time was forced to content itself with the feeble sweetness of Shenstone, the flatulent pomposity of Mason, the vapid flow of Hayley, and all the artificial sentiment and flat expression that is to be found in Dodsley and elsewhere. Long after the prophets of a new life had made their voices heard, the race of minor poetasters pursued the old and beaten pathways. There was a wretched affectation of tenderness of sentiment and simplicity of taste. Maudlin elegies, tributes to friendship, lugubrious ballads, and staggering paralytic odes, were the fashion. Wishy-washy matter was expressed in a cold and confined phraseology. Unless some genius had broken the charm, not only the phraseology, but, as a necessary consequence, the ideas adapted to verse would have become fixed and limited. Already a number of artificial proprieties had established themselves. Whoever came to your door,-whether a pedlar, or a vagrant, or a tourist,-you could call him but one thing—he was a "pilgrim." The patriot was a favourite person in those days, and was always found ploughing when most

wanted; if we may believe what we read, every county in England was infested with hermits; if you went into a neighbouring wood, you might be pretty sure to find a disconsolate man there with one arm round an urn, who would seize you by the button, and in thirty or forty monotonous stanzas tell the tragical results of his daughter's attachment. It would be difficult to find a father in the poetry of that day who was not "hoary." Blessings abounded, and there was a run on moral deathbeds. Faithful dogs then had their day; and on the graves of dogs and men alike flourished urns and epitaphs and inscriptions. Grottoes, cells, and cots, were the usual habitations of authors in verse; and their food, though not accurately defined, appears to have been strictly vegetable. Sensibility was the proper thing, the poet liked to call himself "pensive;" a hero (who was always either a youth or a swain) was fitted out with a tear in either eye, and heroines were reservoirs with difficulty restrained from overflow. A foolish affectation of rusticity, and praise of a certain stock poetic country-life, was a very common feature. And extending through, and giving its deadening tone to all minor features, there was an absence of all particularity, a habit of dealing with vague generalities, instead of seizing the individual aspects of things. No poet looked at life and nature for himself, and said what he found there simply and truly; few looked on them at all, for the received commonplaces were to be had with less trouble; nothing was real except an occasional gleam of personal feeling.

Mr. Rogers's own poem, the Epistle to a Friend, though not without beauties of its own, affords a striking example of the artificial formulæ in which it was then fashionable to invest your That poem, he tells us, was designed "to illustrate the virtue of true taste, and to show how little she requires to secure not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life." For this purpose he avails himself of a part of his own habits and experience; but instead of giving them in their truth and reality, he deems it incumbent on him to put them in a certain poetical frame: we must get at something like what Pope, or Boileau, or Horace, have written. And first, a serious poetical epistle must necessarily come from the country. Why, we now find it Why should Mr. Rogers go out of his way to hard to conceive. swear by the country mouse, when living after the town one? Why, when happily at home amongst his friends, with metropolitan comforts about him, should he find it necessary to represent himself as a "village friend," occupying a "hermit cell" in a remote part of the country, and talk as if "selected shelves," engravings, a "thatched bath," a dumb waiter, and looking out of window, were the certain and sole conditions of true happiness

and self-respect? Why talk of an easy round in the best London society as

"the joyless glare, the maddening strife, And all the dull impertinence of life"?

It makes one suspect the Whig dinners were not so amusing as we are taught to believe; but it fails to convince us that Mr. Rogers really found (as he intimates) a permanent source of enjoyment in dining or supping alone on apples and pears. And why is a supper called a "cheerful rite" and a "frugal banquet;" and why, because Horace speaks of dapes inemptas, should Mr. Rogers describe any of his meals as "pure and unbought?" At the very best they could only be "pure and unpaid for,"-no advantage to so rich a poet. Why, again, should Mr. Rogers, in those chirping little verses we learned in our childhood, wish for a cot beside a hill? How unhappy he would have been there! Why describe himself as united in the bonds of holy matrimony to a woman in a russet gown and blue apron? He may have expressed to Lady Jersey, as he tells us he once did, "with great sincerity," his regret at being unmarried; but can he ever in his wildest dreams have contemplated such a union as that without abhorrence?

The lines On a Tear do not by any means afford a fair specimen of Mr. Rogers's powers; but they give some idea of the sort of things he wrote when most under the dominion of

the taste of his earlier days.

"Oh, that the chemist's magic art Could crystallise this sacred treasure! Long should it glitter near my heart, A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell, Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye; Then, trembling, left its coral cell— The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light! In thee the rays of virtue shine; More calmly clear, more mildly bright, Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul! Who ever fly'st to bring relief, When first we feel the rude control Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme, In every clime, in every age,— Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream, In reason's philosophic page. That very law* which moulds a tear, And bids it trickle from its source,— That law preserves the earth a sphere, And guides the planets in their course."

Though not always on so low a level, Mr. Rogers continued during the whole course of his long poetical career to breathe the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. Men are slow to learn of their youngers; and Mr. Rogers was not one whose temper and frame of mind were likely to render him an exception. But it is a striking evidence of the genuineness of his taste, and his power of appreciating and enjoying true excellence, that he was quick to recognise the merit of those new men whom he was so little able to emulate. He said of Wordsworth, "He deserves all his fame." And this was something for him to say. That his sympathy should have proved capable of extension to yet another race, and almost another school, is too much to expect. Such as it was, it always outwent his creative power. Jacqueline, an attempt to move in the free air of Walter Scott and Byron, is graceful, polished, and more easy than its author generally has the power to be; but it is mere embroidery-work, thin and finikin. In the Columbus, Mr. Rogers snatches at laurels far far out of his reach, and beats his flagging wings in all the suffering of fruitless effort—"fluttering in vast agony," like Peter Wilkins' rebel glumm general cut through the graundee by a sabre-stroke. In these poems, however, and even in the Italy, Mr. Rogers is true to old associations. He never really rises above the principles and practice of his art as they were received when he began to write. In fact, his was a genius to which they were specially suited; and he gave a higher perfection than any other living man was capable of doing to certain restricted conditions of form and diction. His was just the nature not to aim at a higher beauty, but to occupy itself in giving as much finish as possible to that which was at hand. He had no grasping and searching love of beauty. His was not a mind of that order which can enjoy great things in spite of defects; which not being blind to them, can yet bear with them. By a fastidious man, we mean one whose irritation at the presence of defects habitually outweighs his pleasure in beauty or excellence. Perhaps Rogers as artist was not quite a fastidious man, but he was one to value the lesser thing without blemishes above the greater thing with. He would have preferred looking on a clear-burning wax-candle to gazing on the sun with a consciousness of its spots. In the Pleasures of Memory he wrote a poem in which the prevailing versification was polished up to its

^{* &}quot;The law of gravitation."

highest pitch, whose language was without blemish according to the taste of the day—terse, harmonious, and well selected; he treated his subject pleasingly, if tritely, and disclosed affectionate feeling without false sentimentality. It is not to be wondered at that he was applauded and sought after. He fairly earned his first reputation. But that this reputation should survive in the blaze of genius which so soon after burst forth, is a fact more to be wondered at. Yet it is not difficult to perceive the reasons for it. Between himself and the new race there were few common points for comparison. They were of a higher order altogether. His claims did not practically come into collision with theirs. Had he been more on their level, his title would not have passed so unquestioned as it did. He did not render himself obnoxious to the shafts of party; and he was in habits of familiar social intercourse with so wide a range of literary men, that scarcely one could be found to whom it would not have seemed some breach of civility to criticise him openly and justly. At that time personal considerations limited the range and dictated the tone of public criticism more powerfully than they even now do. The tone of attack was more direct, and was resented as a personal injury. If you were a bumptious warm-blooded little man, like Moore, or thought it a fine thing and incumbent on you as a gentleman, like Byron, you called out the reviewer, or said you would do so on your return to England. If your talent lay in a different line, you quarrelled with him, and made up as spiteful an epigram as you could, or otherwise took your revenge. But, owing to the above causes, Rogers escaped with a rub or two. He had many sincere adherents, and others granted his reputation as a matter of courtesy. Moreover he was much besides being a poet; and the man of taste and fashion, and the Mæcenas to whom the literary world owed much, carried off the man of letters.

At the present day, it can scarcely be denied that the rank which Rogers still nominally holds among English poets is mainly due to his not being read. His poems, associated with Stothard and Turner, lie on the table, and occur to young people who wish to make presents to one another. The book keeps the poetry alive; but the readers are pretty nearly an extinct race. With the exception of a few stragglers, Mr. Rogers survived the genuine admirers of his writings. To have disturbed the sensitive old man in his latter days by hostile criticism would have been cruel; and the world, as by one consent, respected the claims of age and a reputation sanctioned by its association in all memories with some of the foremost names in English literature: but now it can be neither unjust nor unseemly to attempt to estimate his genius, and to assign him his place in the

English commonwealth of letters. A far different judgment must await him in such a comparison than when he is weighed against those who occupied the stage when he first appeared on it.

A likeness might be imagined between each of our poets and some one of the constituent elements of landscape. Shakespeare would be the all-reflecting, all-embracing sea, unfathomable and ever fresh; Shelley the mountain-top, crowned with blue ether; Wordsworth the dewy pastures, commons, and serene widespreading plains; Byron a heady torrent, gleaming and swift, often foaming and chafing over stones; Milton a mighty solitary oak; Walter Scott a free-growing forest, waving its branches in inspiring morning air; Moore the restless fluttering singingbird; Crabbe his own village; and Coleridge a gorgeous sunset, where the clouds take a glory, and over level ridges, and through rents and chasms, shines from impenetrable depths beyond a calm undazzling fire. In such a scheme Rogers would be aptly represented by one of those would-be rustic ultra-artificial pleasuregrounds, on the elaboration of which some of our forefathers bestowed so much thought and labour; or, to give him narrower limits, he is the very image of one of the grottoes in such a place, such a one as he himself describes:

> "Till o'er the mead a cool sequestered grot, From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot; A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor, And on the front these simple lines it bore, 'Hence away, nor dare intrude,' &c."

Wonderfully simple lines, which we need not quote; but "sparry lustre" very happily describes the main characteristics of Rogers's poetry. Yet there is no false glitter about him, he has no purple patches: every thing is in perfect keeping. This is his highest claim to admiration, and, combined with the evenness and nicety of his versification, constitutes his great charm. His system of ornamentation is elaborate, but all is smoothed down into exquisite harmony of tone. To read him is like entering a perfectly well-furnished drawing-room,—there is an air of luxury and easy-chairs about him. Or you may compare it to rolling along a smooth road in a well-hung chariot, with a knowledge that the whole turn-out is unexceptionable: it is not that you pass through a particularly delightful country, or that the pace is exciting; it is partly the absence of all jar, but more the pleasurable self-identification with so finished an equipage.

Rogers prided himself on the pains he took, and very justly. No other man ever made so much of so small a poetical capital. "I was engaged on the *Pleasures of Memory* for nine years, on *Human Life* for nearly the same space of time, and *Italy* was not

completed in less than sixteen years." His genius was active, and his taste exacting. He wrote, he himself tells us, at the rate of four lines a day. His was not the exuberant fancy and wild luxuriance of language, which require the pruning of matured judgment and the cooler survey of a distant eye. His works did not lie by nine years to be thus judged: they were nine years in the crucible, having every phrase retraced and retouched, each epithet set in the best light, each foot in the line hammered over and weighed in the balance, and every paragraph taken to pieces and put together again. It was a painstaking process to make the most of a little. The gardeners talk of very "dressy grounds:" the *Pleasures of Memory* is a very "dressy" poem.

One inevitable consequence of all this pinching and pruning and transplanting is, that the connection between parts is obscured, the natural connecting-links broken: the sense is difficult to follow, and the poem assumes the form of ill-jointed fragments. A miscroscopic anxiety about details is not often combined with the power of commanding the larger proportions of a whole. "This little animal," says Mr. Rogers of the bee, "from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her." Hence, while his verses flow with a wonderful smoothness and sweetness, and within certain limits a most agreeable variety of cadence, his meaning is by no means so quickly followed. The natural sympathy which, in all true poetry, obtains between the flow of the thought and the flow of the verse, and makes the two mutual interpreters one of the other, has been lost by frequent patching. The sense goes to the wall in these never-ceasing amendments. The assiduous self-criticiser has dwelt on the sentences so long, that a mere glance tells him the meaning they were appointed to convey; and he does not perceive that in the course of so many petty alterations it has become a good deal obscured to his readers. So often is this the case, that we defy any one to read Rogers's poetry correctly "at sight." The joints in the mosaic will infallibly trip him up. His defective composition arises often from an undiscriminating use of the parenthesis, and of the present participle in an absolute sense; but to analyse it would take us too far out of the way. Often it seems to have been arranged expressly to provide pitfalls for the reader. Almost any casual extract will serve to show that Mr. Rogers is not remarkable for lucidity of construction:

> "On that ancient seat, The seat of stone that runs along the wall, South of the church, east of the belfry-tower (Thou canst not miss it), in the sultry time Would Dante sit conversing, and with those Who little thought that in his hand he held The balance, and assigned at his good pleasure

To each his place in the invisible world,—
To some an upper region, some a lower;
Many a transgressor sent to his account,
Long ere in Florence numbered with the dead;
The body still as full of life and stir
At home, abroad; still and as oft inclined
To eat, drink, sleep; still clad as others were,
And at noon-day, where men were wont to meet,
Met as continually; when the soul went,
Relinquished to a demon, and by him
(So says the bard, and who can read and doubt?)
Dwelt in and governed."

Again:

"And let us from the top of Fiesole,
Whence Galileo's glass by night observed
The phases of the moon, look round below
On Arno's vale, where the dove-coloured steer
Is ploughing up and down among the vines,
While many a careless note is sung aloud,
Filling the air with sweetness—and on thee,
Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet."

The ease of the reader, we are told, is secured by the labour of the writer. Mr. Rogers (except as far as his versification goes) is not an instance of this. Goldsmith seems to have served to some extent as his model in the *Pleasures of Memory*, as Gray and Milton (from whom he often borrows lines) undoubtedly did for the *Ode to Superstition*. Rogers was flattered when D'Este called him a child of Goldsmith; but those who are curious to note the contrast between easy natural painting and constrained, hampered, artificial enamel-work may read the *Deserted Village* and the *Pleasures of Memory* together.

Again, Rogers is neither a correct nor a precise writer. Few men have taken more liberties with the English language, or have been more easily content to pen a well-sounding phrase, without asking whether it represents a definite idea or carries a poetic impression that can be grasped by the imagination. Such an assertion may be thought to require proof. It is not difficult to find it. Begin at the beginning. Take the two first lines of the *Pleasures of Memory*: they bear evidence that he was not giving expression to a distinct imaginative conception existing in his own mind, but was putting words together:

"Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green, With magic tints to harmonise the scene."

Now any poet might have said, and many have said, the dews steal *down* on to the green or elsewhere; but Rogers's object is to mend the language and say something a little new and per-

fectly well-sounding, so he says the dews steal o'er the green, i.e. across the green; and this, we venture to say, is what no man ever would say who really wished to convey a true impression of the mode in which the falling dew makes itself perceived. The next line speaks for itself. It is sheer words. Perhaps he once had present to his mind the variations of shadow, and the softening influence of growing obscurity as twilight deepens. Possibly in some former draft that idea was expressed; but now he raises utterly incongruous ideas by the words "magic tints," and attributes the effects to the dews. Go a little further—

"As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
O haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall where once, in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate."

Can one unfold a hall? But granting that one may, is there any sense in which a chair of justice (whatever its antiquated state) can hold a grave debate? Either the words are used in their metaphorical sense of conducting a debate, in which they are not applicable to a chair, or else the chair must hold two parties, for with less it cannot embrace a debate. Did the squire and the poacher use to sit there together? That some nearly analogous expression once had a meaning is very likely; but we cannot find it here; and the more earnestly we look for it, the more it eludes us.

Take another instance from the first page and a half:

"Ye household deities! whose guardian eye

(the rhyme requires they should have but one among them)

Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high, Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground, And breathe the soul of Inspiration round."

He means they fill the chambers with inspiration. He might very fairly have said they breathe it round, though there still remains an inherent awkwardness in the idea of exhaling inspiration round a room; he might even have said they breathe the very essence or spirit of it round: but strain the metaphor a little further, call it soul instead of essence, and do all in your power to personify inspiration by the aid of a capital I, and you have a ludicrous image: one set of persons going about exhaling the soul of another person. The man of decorative taste is pleased with the refined heightening of tone; a sensitive imagination would have shrunk instinctively from the outraged metaphor. In the same way, we have often heard of darkness shrouding, or of the shroud of darkness covering a thing; but

Mr. Rogers oversteps a limit which a real poet would have felt, when he says—

"Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud."

This is one of those fine things to which it is not easy to attach an idea. In one of the notes to the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers there is the following story, connected with a very similar outburst in Campbell. Mr. Rogers says, "His Pleasures of Hope is no great favourite with me." On which the editor remarks in a note:

"And it was much less so with Wordsworth, who criticised it to me nearly verbatim as follows; nor could his criticism, I apprehend, be easily refuted. 'Campbell's Pleasures of Hope has been strangely overrated: its fine words and sounding lines please the generality of readers, who never stop to ask themselves the meaning of a passage. The lines,

"Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world,"

are sheer nonsense,—nothing more than a poetical indigestion. What has a giant to do with a star? What is a meteor-standard?—but it is useless to inquire what such stuff means. Once, at my house, Professor Wilson having spoken of those lines with great admiration, a very sensible and accomplished lady who happened to be present begged him to explain to her their meaning. He was extremely indignant; and, taking down the *Pleasures of Hope* from a shelf, read the lines aloud, and declared that they were splendid. 'Well, sir,' said the lady, 'but what do they mean?' Dashing the book on the floor, he exclaimed in his broad Scottish accent, 'I'll be daumed if I can tell!'"

One simile in Mr. Rogers's $Epistle\ to\ a\ Friend$ has puzzled many readers, we should think:

"Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour, The closet-supper served by hands unseen, Sheds, like an evening star, its ray serene To hail our coming."

Now turn a closet-supper how you will, it is very hard to make any thing like an evening star of it; and what possible comestible can hail its approaching devourers with a ray serene? Intensely rural as Mr. Rogers is, he would hardly set a dish of glowworms before his friend from town. But there is a note,—let us refer to that. Ah, our old friend the Latin quotation, who is a sort of Morrison's universal pill in literature, enabling us to digest any thing on which he can be brought to bear, however remotely:

"— aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædes, Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris."

But who on earth could have supposed that a "closet-supper" meant the golden image of a youth with a candle in his hand?

Instances of the incorrect use of language are not uncommon:

"The illustrious line that in long order led Of these that loved him living, mourned him dead."

By led is meant advanced.

The poet says that at breakfast the *Times* "unfolds," meaning that some one goes through the painful task of unfolding it. He speaks of vessels going "athwart" the ocean; and uses "inly

gliding" in the sense of gliding into, &c.

Such criticism is descending to minutiæ; but it is worth while in the present case, because perhaps no author ever spent more pains in heightening and perfecting his productions than Rogers, and he thus becomes the best instance of how impossible it is for medicerity of intellect and imagination to ascend out of its natural sphere by grasping at the forms of expression which are natural to higher genius. You cannot supply the want of imagination by any, however dexterous, a disposition over a lay figure of the garments in which the former naturally clothes itself. Imagination has a strange transfusing power over language, it moulds it almost as the passions do the countenance; it compels it to utterance; while cold correctness, aiming at the result alone, falls into the very errors it conceives itself most secure against.

Is there, then, no such thing as an art of expression? Certainly there is, and one which every man who wishes to write should study deeply. But there is no art of writing apart from expression. Young men are told to form themselves on the "style" of Addison, or Burnet, or Pope, or Chillingworth. Before following this advice, they would do well to consider whether they wish to say the same things. Let them rather examine how great men expressed what they had to express; let them study and feel how their words convey their thoughts. Let them master language; and then, when they have any thing to say, they will be able to say it with force and exactness, and the style will be their own. They must learn to utter themselves, not to

handle the utterance of others.

Rogers's two best poems appear to us to be the Human Life and the Italy. True, the latter is little more than a poetical guide-book, and has no claim to be considered a substantive poem; but some of the fragments are not without beauty; they have a greater simplicity and directness than his other poems, bear less trace of effort, and recommend themselves by a certain airy elegance in their descriptions and narrations. The simplicity is that of art, not of nature; but there is an entire absence of affectation. Mr. Rogers is always commonplace; but he is rarely feeble, and never maudlin,—defects we are apt to associate with a

high degree of refinement. But he is not weak; on the contrary, there is self-reliance, and a sort of stiff elasticity of nature shows itself. He has common, though very common sense, and writes

verse as if he might be a good man of business.

The Human Life has many of the faults which belong to his early school. It is, moreover, a very incongruous whole. The life of man is described by tracing the career of an individual made up of Cincinnatus, Lord Russell, Epaminondas, and Mr. Fox; and who is represented, now at his plough, now in the senate, now breakfasting comfortably under "fragrant clouds of mocha and souchong," with his newspaper and all modern appliances, now rushing out with helmet and sword on a sudden cry of "to arms!" and dyeing a neighbouring stream with blood. But some of the detached pictures of life are full of graceful drawing, and forbid us to deny Mr. Rogers the claims of affectionate and tender, though not deep or passionate feeling. And he has this high claim to respect, that he is genuine, and never affects or strains after a deeper vein of sentiment than is natural to him. We have quoted him often for his defects, let us quote him once for his beauties:

> "Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies, And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy, With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy, To meet him coming; theirs through every year Pure transports, such as each to each endear! And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill Their home with gladness. She, when all are still, Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie, In sleep how beautiful! He, when the sky Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony, When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share His kisses, and with gentle violence there Break in upon a dream not half so fair, Up to the hill-top leads their little feet; Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear The otter rustling in the sedgy mere; Or to the echo near the abbot's tree, That gave him back his words of pleasantry-When the house stood, no merrier man than he! And, as they wander with a keen delight, If but a leveret catch their quicker sight Down a green alley, or a squirrel then Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,— If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall, He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all; These with unequal footsteps following fast, These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last."

That Rogers has a charm of his own no one can deny. Yet it is not easy to define it. You seem to have it on the surface of

his poetry, and to lose it the moment you go deeper. It is the mark left by his peculiar power, which lay in a very uncommon refinement, perhaps a very rarely equalled refinement of taste and a keen exquisite sense of fitness: he had a wonderful control over all that belongs to words, except their meanings, and a marvellous art of arranging them so as to please both eye and ear, the former especially. Form is always uppermost with him, and the more so the more it is external; the traces of his power are found more in his verse and his diction than in his subject or his thoughts; and we have, as in his own Etruscan vases, wonderful grace and proportion of shape given to the commonest material. Utter poverty of thought is apparent in every page. A great poet pours wine into crystal vessels, Rogers occupies himself in staining them tastefully to hold toast-and-water. As we read him, we may stretch a point to say with Pope's father, "These be good verses;" but never can we say, "This is good poetry."

ART. VI.—THE ENGLISH STAGE.

Catalogue of Dramatic Pieces, the property of the Members of the Dramatic Authors' Society or their representatives, made up to the 1st of February 1856.

ARTHUR MURPHY (as we learn from a passage of the lately-published Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers) used to say there were four estates in England-King, Lords, Commons, and the Thea-Nobody nowadays, except an actor, would think of classing the theatres among our estates at all. Our fourth estate is the newspaper-press. The poor theatres have no such addition of honour, either literary or social. It is much if—in books at least, and by the fashionable mind—they are still allowed a place among public amusements. They are jostled out of credit even with humbler pleasure-seekers, by crystal palaces, scientific lectures, panoramas, ascents of Mont Blanc, polytechnic halls, free libraries, concerts, oratorios, museums, and the opera. Nobody nowadays reads plays: few care to talk of seeing them. The critic's row no longer frowns tremendous with the Æacuses, Minoses, and Rhadamanthuses of the pit. The trunkmaker's knock is heard no more in the shilling-gallery. No wits gather in Strand taverns or Covent-Garden coffee-houses to decide, potent as a Vehm-gericht, the fate of play or actor. The public has abandoned even the privilege of damnation: Le théâtre est mort! And yet-" Vive le théâtre!"

Some sixteen licensed play-houses still nightly open their doors to the world of London, from courtly St. James's to squalid Shoreditch and remotest Islington. Some ten or twelve hundred hard-working people-actors, singers, dancers, scenepainters, musicians, costumiers, machinists, property-men, sceneshifters, "supers," and all that indescribable tagrag and bobtail which hangs on to the skirts of theatrical enterprise-still gain hard-earned bread by holding the mirror up to nature, or by lackering, framing, cleaning, and repairing the said mirror. The List of Pieces belonging to Members of the Dramatic Authors' Society or their representatives, up to February 1856, now lying before us, shows some twelve hundred tragedies, comedies, dramas, melodramas, farces, interludes, burlettas, extravaganzas, burlesques, spectacles, or pantomimes. There are writers for the stage who still make a livelihood by the craft. Not a Theatrical-Fund dinner but can still secure the indispensable Lord of British charity to fill its chair. The daily newspapers continue to find room in their columns for accounts of the last new piece, and some Sunday prints contrive to fill whole broadsides with the most marvellous minutiæ of even provincial theatrical intelligence-whence the reader may gather with pleasure that "Little Joe Eccles has been doing good business at Stoke-Damerel," and that "Slogger and his dogs are drawing immensely at Corbridge;" or grow sad to learn that "Thorne's troupe has been but indifferently patronised at Sowerby-Bridge; which is the more to be lamented, as Thorne has invariably provided a good class of legitimate entertainment, and the company comprises many old-established favourites." If we pass from the sovereign people to the sovereign—the Queen has her series of winter performances in the Rubens-room at Windsor; while scarce a week passes but we learn that "her Majesty has honoured with her presence" the Olympic, the Princess's, or the Haymarket. Noble and rich follow the royal example. Who has not heard of the private theatricals of Woburn and Belvoir? And in hundreds of English country-houses—stately or snug, warm old Tudor or bran-new Elizabethan-if you could lift the roof, Asmodeus fashion, and peep in on the amusements of the winter, ten to one but you would find the best room in the house fitted with a proscenium, the ladies'-maids at work on costumes, Cumberland's Acting Drama littering the library tables,—in short, all signs of "a play toward" among the young people.

In truth, the stage is like the king—it never dies. It never can die, while there lives in men the impulse to embody emotion and incident in mimetic forms—the craving to project ourselves out of our daily life and habitual surroundings into new forms,

strange utterances, unfamiliar relations, passions stronger than society tolerates, and mirthfulness less marred by melancholy than real life supplies. All children are actors. Watch them in their little plays. The very word "play" has its significance, common, as it is, to the actor and the child. Childhood is one long drama, full of marvellous incident. It matters little whether its stage be a Spitalfields court or a ducal nursery. The scenery, machinery, and decorations in both are created by the glamour of that glorious imagination as yet undimmed by life and unchastened by experience, which can find Pactolus in a street-gutter, and make of the foulest cellar a very palace of delight.

The complaint that the drama is dead comes chiefly from old gentlemen, who remember the Kembles, and the O. P. riots: and literary men, who are au fait at the Elizabethan repertory, but who never enter the theatre in the next street. the drama is as alive as ever for those cherry-cheeked boys, and fair-haired little maidens, whose bright faces light up the Christmas box, and whose merry laughter sounds like a ring of silver bells through the hoarser full-grown mirth of pit and gallery. The drama is as alive as ever for the hard-handed artisan and his neat wife, who, from their bench at Sadler's Wells, follow breathless the jealousy of Othello, or roar at the self-conceit of Bottom. Nor is the drama dead for even that blase public of Oxford Street which trembles with the tremolo that ushers in the ghost of the Corsican brother, or scarce suppresses its shriek at the discovery of Mrs. Charles Kean hanging on to the door of the murder-vault in Pauline. Nor is the drama dead for the selecter audiences which chuckle over the unctuous humour of Keeley, or the inimitable homely realism of his better-half, or which follow Mr. Wigan through the unforced scenes of Still Waters run deep, or sit, like Garrick, between laughter and terror, to witness the farcical grimace, vehement passion, mad energy, and bewildering contrasts of Robson in the Yellow Dwarf or Prince Richeraft; nor for the coarser crowd which roars with Wright through a "screaming farce" at the Adelphi, or is convulsed by the quaint oddities of Buckstone at the Havmarket.

No; be assured the drama is quite alive. We who write about it have not to anatomise a "dead subject," but to examine the gait, features, movements, speech, and behaviour of a living body; a more difficult task, indeed, but a pleasanter one, than the dissector's. But, though it does not die, the drama is subject to metempsychosis. It takes as many forms as that hero of transmigration, Endor, so dear to our nursery-days:—an uncouth and clumsy bantling, swaddled in a monk's frock, before the reign of Elizabeth;—at the beginning of that

reign a pedantic doctor, talking Latin, or latinised and scholastic English, in a master-of-arts' gown :-- by the end of that reign a young giant, sounding all mysteries of humanity, pouring forth with irrepressible fertility the most various and life-like creations; sounding the strings of the human heart, from its sharpest tones of pathos to its gladdest note of merriment; pressing into its service the most productive imaginations, the keenest wits, the sweetest voices of the time; -under James and Charles I. dwindling from the colossal dimensions of its prime, but still large of mould, and stately or sweet of utterance; during the Commonwealth a tattered cavalier, skulking from the puritan constables; -between the Restoration and the Revolution a debauched court-gallant, with a brave French suit on its back, cards and claret-flask in hand, chucking orange-girls under the chin, and exchanging smutty and reckless repartee with loose ladies in masks, in the Mall, or from the side-boxes; -under Anne and the earlier Georges alternately a periwigged fop, or a dull prosy university-doctor, declaiming in toga, breeches, and full-bottomed wig; through the Regency a rattling, sharping, sparkling "blood," with some wit and more slang, or else a mouther of clap-trap, a maudlin Wertherised retailer of German sentiment; -and in our time a motley masquerader, assuming in turn, and more or less weakly, all the shapes of its earlier transmigrations, but incapable, as yet, of moulding for itself a distinct and characteristic form.

It is not the purpose of this article to examine in detail the features of our national drama in each of these its leading phases. Our sketch is meant merely to support the observation, that the art of the stage is eminently an art of conditions, shaped by the pressure of the time. Because it has ceased to manifest its life in the form we like best, we must not conclude it is dead. Even the iron hand of Cromwell could do no more than suppress it. The moment his gripe was taken off, it sprang up more

buoyant, if less beautiful, than before.

The most discouraging point about the stage of our own day is, that it seems as yet to have found no form of its own. We say "seems," for it may be that we are unable to measure aright the peculiarities of contemporary art. Critics of the next generation, judging ours in retrospect, and with all its relations under their eye, may discover, even in the stage-life of our degenerate day, something which distinguishes it from all the earlier forms of dramatic activity. They may prove its irregular and seemingly aimless strugglings to have been the pangs of birth, and not the twitchings of the dead-throe. At any rate, our stage, even for us, is worthy of more study than it has yet received. There has been abundant lamentation over it,—enough, and

more than enough, of depreciatory comparison between it and the stage of other times—Elizabethan, Carolan, or Georgian. But none, or very few, have thought it deserving of positive appreciation.

Our object in this article is to attempt such an appreciation. Dramatic art, we have said, is eminently an art of conditions. Its development demands a combination of minds such as no other art requires. Author, manager, actor, and public, must all work together to make a play. It is hard to say which of these four has the more important function in the matter. For some sixteen theatres—confining ourselves to the capital—this work of writing, managing, acting, and seeing plays is going on. Some of these theatres trust chiefly to the great plays of the past. Shakespeare defrays the bulk of the entertainment at the Princess's and Sadler's Wells. The transpontine Surrey and Victoria, and the east-end theatres and saloons, live mainly on melo-Farce and burlesque, dear to the English heart, find room in all the theatres alike. Comedy is the staple ware of the Olympic and the Haymarket. The Adelphi has its melodrama-more artistic and elaborate than suits the audiences of the Surrey or Victoria; and its farce-more "screaming" than the Haymarket or the Olympic. But none of these theatres can strictly be said to have a class of entertainments peculiar to Each of them, upon occasion, ventures on the others' None of our theatrical stars are fixed. They move in wide and eccentric orbits. Shoreditch has its fits of legitimate tragedy; the Britannia Saloon, the City, and Standard, low as their prices of admission are, can find means to pay Mr. Anderson, or Mr. G. V. Brooke, his fifty pounds a week; the Surrey has its opera-seasons: Mr. Charles Mathews is not too nice to divide the honours of Drury Lane with Madame La Barrère and her wild-beasts.

One result of this variety of entertainment is, that such actors as we have are scattered through many theatres, and that no one house possesses a complete and well-trained troupe for any one particular class of plays, and a combination of all the resources

required for the perfect representation of any such class.

But one remark applies to all these theatres;—they live mainly on translations from the French. For comedy, farce, and melodrama alike, our playwrights lay Paris under contribution. There is but a pennyworth of English invention to an intolerable quantity of Gallic importation. The cheap and rapid intercommunication between London and Paris, the very general ability to read French with more or less aid from the dictionary, and the obvious advantages of borrowing or stealing over inventing, have led to an extension of this practice, which, however,

is of much earlier date than most persons are aware. From the Augustan days of Anne downwards, our play-writers have drawn largely on France; and a great proportion of what elderly playgoers fondly call "good old English farces" are translations from the French.

And yet our time can boast its original writers. To say nothing of smaller men, whose place is as yet hardly fixed, the generation which has seen produced plays of Miss Baillie, Byron, Sheil, Barry Cornwall, Milman, Miss Mitford, Knowles, Bulwer, Jerrold, White, Marston, and Browning, has something to show. It is enough for the present to say of these writers, that they have produced works which, whether regarded as plays or as poems, are superior to any thing presented on the stage, of the serious kind, since the Restoration—Otway's Venice Preserved alone excepted. In comedy we cannot say as much. Jerrold may have as much wit of words as Congreve, or Vanbrugh, or Sheridan: but he lacks their dramatic movement, buoyant spirits,

and knowledge of the world as their world was.

But in spite of these and other less conspicuous exceptions, it must be admitted that our stage is of the French, Frenchy. There is a sad lack of nationality about it. Its pictures of life, such as they are, are thinly-disguised scenes, which may have likelihood in Paris, but are ludicrously unlike any thing in England. The morals are as un-English as the manners. The mainspring of French stage-intrigue, serious or comic, is infidelity to the marriage-vow. Our decencies of life forbid resort to this source of interest. But the interest our playwrights must have; and it is very amusing to see the shifts to which the translators and adapters of our theatres are put to preserve the effect, and yet varnish over the corrupt cause into something less repugnant to British propriety. But the scent of corruption still clings to the scene; and no healthiness of moral tone is possible in our theatre while the prurient poison of the modern French stage is transfused through all its veins.

But, with these evils, we have derived from the French theatre many good lessons. The modern French dramatists are, beyond question, the first who have reduced to system the secret of stageeffect. If, instead of adapting their plays, our writers had contented themselves with studying in them the art of developing a plot in and through action, the secret of conducting a story so as to keep alive the interest of an audience, and to raise it higher and higher to a culminating point, we should have owed nothing but gratitude to France. Even in translations and adaptations, however, this constructive art of the French is manifested for the education of original dramatists to come; and all who even now write original pieces show in their works the influence of French

principles of construction. Our actors, too, have derived useful influences from France.

The natural conduct of the story of a play goes far to induce naturalness in the actors. Compare an English comedy of the modern French school with one of the school of Colman, Reynolds, or Morton, to go no further back: it will be found that the coarsely-coloured and over-emphatic style of acting at once engendered by and encouraging the exaggeration of our legitimate English comedy would be impossible, however bad the actor, with the work of the disciple of Scribe or Bayard.

But this sobering and naturalising influence of the French stage upon our own is confined to comedy. In what is called "drama," France finds us in pieces, but remains without influence upon our actors. In farce,—inasmuch as our borrowers depart from all probabilities of English life in their "conveyance" from the French,—the modern actor is led daily more and more

away from the study of the living originals about him.

But before dealing separately with the circumstances of author, manager, actor, and public, in our own day, we must refer briefly to the number of theatres in London at different dates.

About the time that Shakespeare began to write for the stage, the population of London was not much above onetwentieth of its present numbers; yet it could maintain not fewer than eleven theatres. It is true, the largest of them were in all probability smaller than the least of our present houses, except the little box in the Strand; and that some were open only at certain seasons of the year. Rather more than a century later, Colley Cibber considered two theatres more than the town could find actors to occupy, or theatrical taste to support with profit. The period to which the ex-patentee always refers (in his apology) as the golden age of the drama, within his long experience, was when Drury Lane (under the first triumvirate of Cibber, Wilks, and Dogget, and the second triumvirate, of Cibber, Wilks, and Booth,) was the only licensed theatre for dramatic performances in London; the Haymarket being confined to opera, and the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields then existing only in the plans of Rich, the ejected patentee of Drury Lane: and yet Cibber lived in the high and palmy days of the theatre. He had seen Hart and Mohun act, the former Shakespeare's grandnephew, and both contemporaries of actors who might have seen Shakespeare play the Ghost in his own Hamlet. He himself became an actor in 1690. He might have been clapped on the shoulders, as a raw young aspirant, by Dryden. He won his greatest successes under the eyes of Congreve and Vanbrugh; and he survived to sneer at the rising fame of Garrick. He is the link between the stage of the Restoration and the theatre of our great-grandfathers. During his long life he had watched the prime and decay of Betterton, and had seen the best of such actors as Mountford, Nokes, Leigh, Powel, Dogget, Wilks, Booth, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Oldfield. These actors he thought insufficient to man two theatres; and yet we scatter the strength, or diffuse the weakness of our theatrical army through no fewer than sixteen playhouses!

We can, however, infer little as to the popularity of the stage from the mere number of theatres open in London at any one time. We may infer more as to the quality of actors and plays. It is certain that there must be a public reputed to be hungry, when so many dramatic ordinaries spread their tables. But it does not follow that all the caterers find customers; if they do, it is past dispute that the appetites of the guests must be more

sharp-set than discriminating.

In Shakespeare's time, it would seem that all classes were greedy for stage-plays. Besides the regular playhouses, we know that inn-yards were turned into theatres; and Henslowe's Diary affords evidence,—commencing a few years before Shakespeare's earliest-known appearance as a dramatic author, -how omnivorous was the appetite, and how rapid the digestion of London playgoers towards the close of the sixteenth and at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the theatres with which Henslowe was connected,—and he was a sort of manager, or principal capitalist and ready-money man for several companies,—a new play seems to have been produced on an average every eighteen days; and these, be it remembered, were not the skeleton dramas or slight farces of our time, but substantial pieces in five acts, such as we may still read in the printed editions of Marlowe or Ford, Massinger or Middleton, or Dodsley's less-known collection of old plays.

Critics, in comparing our stage with that of Henslowe's days, are apt to forget what an enormous mass of the plays of that time has disappeared altogether. Enough, however, have survived the trunk-makers, the tailors'-measure-makers, and Mr. Warburton's cook, to enable us to judge the authors of that time pretty fairly. But we must be on our guard against measuring the quality of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, his contemporaries, and followers, by such standards as Marlowe for the first, Ben Jonson for the second, Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher for the last. These are the choice ears of the teeming harvest of the Elizabethan theatre. In the case of the rest, the straw and chaff are out of all proportion to the grain; and yet, making all due abatement for the accumulation of bombast, buffoonery, and long-windedness, which has happily perished, we

must acknowledge that there never was a time,—since Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides shook the scene of Athens,—in which so many powerful and accomplished minds were uttering themselves through dramatic forms, as in the sixty years between the first appearance of Marlowe as a dramatist in 1587, and the passing of the act for the suppression of stage-plays and interludes in 1647.

And yet the stage was during all those years denounced from the most popular pulpits. Actors were dealt with as the especial children of Satan, not in sermons only, but in petitions of towncouncils, decrees of university heads, and in the minds and mouths of decent citizens generally. Most of the dramatic authors of that time were actors. There was no great wealth to be earned at the work. 5l. seems to have been a high price for a play in 1589, though 201. was not considered excessive in 1613. It is true that, besides receiving the price of his play, the authoractor was often a sharer in the receipts which a successful piece brought to the box of the company;—and in those days all companies were managed on the sharing system. Nor was there at that time any literary fame or profit to be looked for from plays, distinct from what followed their success in the theatre. The comparatively few plays which were printed in that century, as a general rule, found their way to the press long after their run was over upon the boards. Others were printed by some piratical rogue, who took them down in shorthand from the actors' mouths, with a view of making a market of them to some other troupe.

As there were many companies of actors, it was the object of each to keep the "books"* purchased on their account for their own exclusive profit; and, in one case, we learn from Henslowe's Diary that forty shillings was actually paid to the printer not to print a play, of which he had procured the manuscript, while the right of representation belonged to one of Henslowe's companies. There is every reason to believe, that had the printing of his plays depended upon Shakespeare himself, we should have had as few of them preserved as we have of the two hundred and thirty pieces which honest Thomas Heywood claimed

to have written, or helped to write.

We have gone thus at length into the details of the Elizabethan theatre, because they will serve us in estimating our own; and because most of the facts we have mentioned seem to lie out of the knowledge, or to escape the consideration, of most of those

^{*} The word "book" is always used of a play by Henslowe, Alleyn, and others connected with theatres who have left dramatic records of the sixteenth century. The word is still used in the theatres. The prompter is always said "to hold the book," though, in nineteen cases out of twenty, he holds only some stitched sheets of manuscript.

who are in the habit of comparing the theatre of the nineteenth

with that of the sixteenth century.

In most of the points to which they seem generally to attribute the degeneracy of the modern stage—such as the want of social recognition for actors, the eagerness of the mob for mere amusement, the low remuneration of writers for the stage, the absence among them of literary ambition, and the lack among managers of all appreciation of literary merit—we cannot but think that the theatre of Elizabeth and James I. was, on the

whole, more unfavourably placed than our own.

And yet, compare the one with the other in respect of the works by which each may claim to be remembered. of the difference lies deeper than the relations of author and actor to each other and to the public; it is to be sought for in the bearings of the time upon author, actor, and public alike. the days of good Queen Bess and her successor, the dramatic art was dealing, for the first time, with human life in a youthful, living, and untrammelled spirit. Hence the theatre had irresistible attractions for the most apprehensive and sympathetic minds; for no other mode then existed of so presenting life through fic-There was no burden of stage-conventions to be got rid of; no hampering rules of stage-usage or stage-treatment to be observed; no rival exigencies of the musician's, scene-painter's, or machinist's art to be consulted. Actors had not then grown into a power altogether subordinating authors, nor authors into a literary class, aiming at fine writing or the expression of deep thought more than at the exhibition of human character and passion through action. Above all, there was then an unspoiled, unsentimental, unhackneyed, and unsophisticated public to please, which judged in a kindred spirit to that in which the author wrote and the actor played, —a public neither nice about probabilities, nor scrupulous about proprieties, nor delicate as to the means employed to stir its pulses, move its tears, or excite its laughter; but insisting on being stirred, moved, or made merry. And for the harvest of excitement, passion, or mirth, there lay the broad field of life—not yet broken up—before the hardy and buoyant tiller of that virgin soil.

We have said, that towards the consummation of the dramatic art author, manager, actor, and public must co-operate. We should have said, that they can co-operate only as their times will permit. The results of their joint labour will probably be mainly determined by circumstances over which, individually or collectively, they can have but little control. But, in so far as they can contribute to any results, it is not easy to say

which has the most important part.

Following the obvious order of influences, it would seem

that the author should come first, as he makes the play which the manager is to get up, the actors to embody, and the public to judge. But, practically, we should feel strongly inclined to give the first place to the manager. His functions most nearly resemble the general's. He may do much to induce the author to write, and he does every thing in introducing his work to the public. And he it is who should form the actor, in all cases but those where the actor, being a man of genius, has formed himself.

Let us take, then, the manager of our own times, and consider what manner of man he is. But what class of manager shall we select for analysis? For observe, that our sixteen theatres fall into subdivisions, each of which ministers to a distinct class of spectators. London has many distinct populations among its two millions and a half. The Olympic audience would turn in disgust from the hot and heavy criminality of the Victoria, and the public of the Surrey would pronounce Mr. Charles Kean's horrors sad milk-and-water. What passes for playful humour at the Standard is scouted as gross blackguardism at the Haymarket; and the Elizabethan repertory of Sadler's Wells is sneered at as "slow" by the fast youth of Drury Lane or the Nay, some very observant counters of the theatrical pulse will tell you that every house has its own public,—at home in no other theatre but that of their predilection.

Our ideal manager, then, must be but one species of a large genus. We will select for our scrutiny neither an east-end manager (Director orientalis), nor an over-the-water manager (D. transthamesinus), nor an Islingtonian manager (D. legitimus or D. classicus), but an average west-end manager.

Note first, then, that our manager is generally an actor. This combination of qualities has its obvious advantages; but the disadvantages of it are serious. An actor-manager is apt to overrate the obligations of the public to the theatre, to assume that "they must come," and that he rather does them a favour by keeping open a theatre for them to come to. And as the theatre is the especial home of tradition on all subjects, from the stuffing of a property-fowl to the stage-business of a scene of Shakespeare, an actor-manager is apt to be planted fast in the old ruts, and to feel a strong objection to being "shunted" out of them. If an old actor, he has grown up behind the scenes, till, like the monk looking on the picture in his refectory, he has learnt to think the theatre the world, and the world the theatre. He inhales the stale atmosphere of gas and orangepeel for fresh air, just as he takes stage-manners, stage-sentiment, stage-ethics, stage-lovemaking, stage-pathos, and stagebuffoonery, for good-breeding, healthy sentiment, sound mo-

rality, genuine passion, real emotion, and honest humour. Hence the danger of his repressing all genuine presentment of life in his authors or actors; or, if he must accept it from the former, of his compelling the latter so to disguise it, that it shall not be known by the public from the old stage-counterfeit so inexpressibly dear to him. It is incredible how far this disbelief in realities goes with your old actor. It runs down to the very property-men. They have traditional geese and fowls and strings of sausages and joints of meat altogether unlike real ones; and it would seem as if they believed in them more than in the originals they misrepresent. It is true, that even property-men and managers have been forced to succumb, in a certain degree, to the realising spirit of modern research; and that in all new plays, or elaborate revival of old ones, neither pains nor expense are spared to have all adjuncts, of scenery, properties, and costumes, in strict keeping with the place, personages, and period of the action. No stage-pageant of earlier times can be compared with the splendid revivals of Shakespeare's plays by Mr. Macready, or with those which we owe to Mr. Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre. But even here the improvement is confined to mere externals; while with every presentation of a stock-piece on which no hopes of a great return are founded, the old leaven of conventionalism, even in externals, reappears. If we go below the surface, we shall find this curse of conventionalism every where; mana er impresses it on author, or author, having probably had much love and some experience of the theatre before he takes to writing for it, has already caught the plague, and needs no managerial infection. Among the actors it rides rampant, except with the few who have access to society out of the theatre, and the disposition and leisure to turn their social opportunities to profit.

The first and most deeply-rooted evil of present theatrical management is stage-conventionalism; nor can we hope for any but a partial and gradual escape from it. It is too much to expect at once such a combination of fresh eye and living appreciation in a manager, with original observation, real creative power, and knowledge of life in an author, as would give us plays drawn direct from the world round about us, and not dimmed first by the writer's spectacles of dramatic tradition, and next set all awry by the manager's dirty, distorting, old theatrical "speculum," which he no more thinks of having replaced by a new, clean, and truly-reflecting mirror, than he thinks of substituting a best French plate for the venerable pier-glass in the green-

room.

Another evil to which actor-managers are peculiarly obnoxious is professional jealousy. Acting gives such a fearful stimu-

lus to vanity, engenders such a craving for applause, and such intolerance of applause bestowed on others, that the actor-manager must be almost more than human not to abuse his power of appropriating the best parts himself, and either "shelving" his rivals, or doing them justice only when their success can come into no rivalry with his own.

On the other hand, a favourite actor may make a slave of his manager; and, with the number of theatres now open, it is rare for a public favourite not to abuse his power by the most arrogant demands and absurd caprices. Few managers have the courage to resist such pretensions; and rather than be exposed to the necessity of resisting or yielding, if they happen to be themselves favourites, they are apt to reduce their companies to the

old French level-Moi, ma femme, et quatre poupées.

Again, the actor-manager is likely to look more to keeping up the audiences who come to his theatre than to attracting the larger public which keeps aloof from it. Hence a tendency to trust for stimulating flagging audiences to horrors more and more highly spiced, to a continually increasing splendour of costume and decoration, or to a perpetual exaggeration of fun and an ever-broadening style of buffoonery, according as the strength of the theatre lies in melodrama, spectacle, or farce. It is rare that the actor-manager takes count of the all-important fact, that persons of cultivated taste have been driven from the theatre by the absence of all such taste in the performances usually given And yet there is no want of evidence that the relish for theatrical amusement is not dead even in such persons. It is only dormant for want of congenial food. Whenever, by rare and happy chance, a performance is given which can amuse without coarseness or childishness; excite, without resort to crime or violation of decency; and gratify the eye, without a sacrifice of every higher satisfaction,—we find at once an improvement in the quality of audiences, alike in appearance, taste, and social position. But it is much easier to lower the style of performances than to raise it. The means of awakening interest by mere horror or startling incident, of pleasing the senses by lavish or luscious display, and of moving barren laughter by extravagance or absurdity, are always at hand. But to rouse the attention, gratify the ear and eye, and provoke the mirth of an audience which demands probability, decency, beauty, wit, or humour, requires means and appliances so difficult to find, that managers are almost excusable if they give up the quest of them in despair. But this is an evil to which all managers, whether actors or not, are equally liable. And we must set-off against the besetting sins of the actor-manager already referred to unquestionable advantages of stage-experience, and a judgment of dramatic effect,

which are likely to be possessed by an intelligent actor in a higher degree than by any one who has not ascertained by his own triumphs and failures the influences that work upon audiences. The material exigences of the modern theatre raise another barrier in the manager's path. The ordinary nightly expenses of a respectable theatre are so enormous—varying from 50l. in the smaller houses, to 120l. in the larger, and very much exceeding this in such huge houses as Drury Lane is and Covent Garden was-that a manager nowadays must be a large capitalist; and even then cannot make his speculation pay without a pretty constant run of good houses. This involves him in a primary necessity of keeping up his audiences at all costs. He cannot afford to expend, either on pieces or on the salaries of his stock-company, as much as will secure good writers or accomplished actors, because of the large nightly demands of occasional stars, or the constant outlay on fine scenery, rich dresses, numerous supernumeraries, and all the collateral cost of a spectacular class of entertainment. The material part of his undertaking eats into the intellectual. And this fatal course of large and palpable appeal to the senses, once entered upon, must be persevered in. The audiences of every theatre soon become accustomed to the fare usually served up to them; and there is no return to a wholesomer and plainer diet without such an interval of atrophy as few managers have the courage or capital to encounter. The large outlay, again, tends to involve theatrical speculators in embarrassment; and with embarrassment come all its train of ills dishonesty, sharping, evasion of debts, discredit, the Bench, and Basinghall Street. We need not point our general remarks by any special illustrations. The memory of our readers will abundantly supply them.

The two last besetting sins of modern theatrical management to which we shall refer, are neglect of rehearsals, and indifference

to the comfort of the public.

Would that we had borrowed from the modern French theatre its admirable discipline behind the curtain, as well as the pieces of its repertoire! Every one familiar with the arrangements behind the curtain of Parisian and London theatres must have been struck by the startling difference between the way in which a piece is got up in the one and in the other. A French rehearsal on the stage is preceded by reading and re-reading the piece in the presence of the author, whose advice is listened to with attention, his opinions consulted, his intentions weighed, and his hints put to profit. And when the actors, thus initiated into the meaning of the words they have to deliver, come to rehearse upon the stage, the author is still the important person in watching and guiding the business of the scene. It frequently happens that

during rehearsals large and elaborate changes are made, suggested sometimes by the actor, but always approved of and executed by the author. In one word, author and actors work together. The rehearsals are frequent, and most careful. Two and even three months are not unfrequently devoted to the rehearsal of a new piece. The result of all this labour is visible in the perfect naturalness with which the dialogue of the play is spoken, and the smoothness and ease with which its action is carried on, in actual representation.

In England, negligence and indifference reign at and after the first reading of the piece. Even this reading is often undertaken by the manager, and, unless the author be a good elocutionist, not without advantage. But, during this green-room reading the actors are inattentive to all but what each anticipates will be his own part. And after the reading, and hurried comparing of parts, the stage-rehearsals begin, and the author who gets his own way in any thing from this time forward must indeed be a tactician of uncommon skill, a very Machiavel of management and patience.

At the stage-rehearsals it is not the fashion to attend to emphasis, meaning, or elocution. A hurried—"O, I sha'n't do so at night," or an angry—"Why, you don't suppose I'm going to act at rehearsal," is the only reply vouchsafed to the alarmed author, should he remonstrate when he finds his words rattled through like a schoolboy's lesson. If he venture a suggestion as to the business of the stage, the probability is that the manager will silence him with a good-humoured—"O, I think you had better leave that to us;" and altogether, if he wish to save his patience, and keep his self-respect unchafed the author's best course would often seem to be to stay away from rehearsals altogether: he will be the happier, and his play none the worse.

How much of this is due to the author himself, we shall inquire hereafter. Here we are looking at the matter with reference to the manager's business. The picture will no doubt provoke protest; but we know it to be in the main, and for most English theatres, only too true. That there are honourable exceptions, we admit. The Olympic, under its present accomplished manager, has produced pieces which testified in their smoothness and completeness of representation to a care and judgment in rehearsal indicating that to his careful study of the naturalness and finish of French acting Mr. Wigan has added an appreciation of the best point of French management.

The comfort of the public who visit the theatre, no manager, one would suppose, reasoning a priori, would be foolish enough to disregard. But is the accommodation of the audience duly regarded in our theatres? Let all who have run the gauntlet of box-office extortion, of box-keepers' impertinence, of hard and

arrow benches, cramped knees, the atmosphere of carbonic acid, the glare and smell of gas, the heat of a private box, the draughts of an open lobby,—answer the question. Even in the arrangement of the night's entertainments there is a total want of intelligent consideration for public convenience. The performances are almost without exception so long as to weary; they begin at an hour which clashes with the present dinner-time; and they close at an hour which cuts into the sleep of all hard-working

people,—and who nowadays is not hard-working?

Some slight improvement on these points is here and there visible; but even the managers who have done most to remedy these discomforts have stopped half-way. It is difficult, we are convinced, to estimate how much increase of attraction might be obtained by abolishing the box-office shilling, the box-keepers' fee for a seat or a bill, the intrusions of the saloon-keeper with her weak tea and floury ices, by ventilating the theatre, making the seats comfortable, beginning half an hour later, playing a short lever de rideau before the principal piece of the evening, and diminishing the length of the night's amusements. In this point, again, the manager of the Olympic has shown more sense than his brethren; but even he has rather begun than completed the improvements still to be desiderated before the theatre can be visited with an enjoyment unmarred by a hasty dinner, and the accumulated annoyance of attempted imposition, an uncomfortable seat, a pestilential atmosphere, worn-out eyes, and a racking headache.

From managers we pass to authors.

We have said that in the days of Elizabeth the stage was the only field for the representation of life through fiction. It was also the readiest and easiest, if not the only, way of making money by the pen. Hence the rush of young wits with their books to the "sharers of the Blackfriars," or "the Fortune." The profession of authorship then was, in nineteen cases out of

twenty, the profession of dramatic authorship.

In the years immediately following the Restoration, the character of dramatic authorship underwent a marked change. The stage was devoted to the reflection of gay life about town. Its poetic plays were either those of a preceding generation, or the rhyming productions of Dryden and Lee. Otway alone, a little later than these, caught a Shakespearian echo; but the theatre of the Restoration was essentially a comic stage. Puritan sourness had driven gravity out of fashion; and society, so long compelled to be straight-laced, took to going stark-naked. The court gave the cue, and the city either shook its head and stood aloof, or flung up its cap and followed.

The theatre was no resort for the graver or decenter sort.

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It attracted smug precisians, like Pepvs, who delighted in dabbling about the edges of dirt, and who snatched a fearful joy among the bona robas of the side-galleries. But such rogues could impose no restraint on actors or writers. The court furnished playwrights, as the ranks of the old cavalier army supplied Such actors as Hart and Mohun, Goodman and Kynaston, were spirits congenial with such authors as Etherege, Sedley, and Wycherley, and must have spoken their rattling and reckless dialogue with the unction of genuine sympathy. No period is so well represented in its comedy as that of Charles II. It borrowed from the French; but the manners of the court were French. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, prolonged the profligacy and wit of the merry monarch's day through the graver reigns of William and Anne and the first and second Georges. By that time society had grown decenter than the theatre, though still coarse to a degree incredible to us. From the accession of George III. the stage has been growing every year less a reflection of manners; only Foote, for a time, made it an Aristophanic mirror of society. Richardson tried to do so, but merely provoked a licensing bill. Sheridan could dish up Vanbrugh for audiences who had passed away altogether from the manners of Vanbrugh's day; and when German sentiment was engrafted on our oldcomedy stock, a fruit was produced altogether strange and unlike any thing in our household gardens. The plays of Colman. Morton, and Reynolds, represent only fragments of manners, and reflect no real life or character whatever.

The authors of our own time, succeeding to a legacy of stubborn fathers, testy uncles, wild young bloods, smart servants, flighty wards, and frumpish old maids, have added a profusion of French spices to the dramatic ragout, so as to render the dish more thoroughly un-English. Meanwhile, from the roots of Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, the novel, and from the novel the historical romance, has grown up; a new mode of representing life is laid open to minds with the fiction-fever upon To get to this field for the labour of the pen, there is no frowsy and repulsive theatrical waiting-room to pass through, no manager to propitiate, no touchy and vain-glorious actors to consult and measure and fit with parts, no visible public to face. The novel-reader is saved from the necessity of hissing; he can yawn and skip what bores him; he can close the book at the point of weariness, at which in the theatre he must damn. Then the huge and spreading newspaper-press is a product of our times. It brings in the quickest returns for pen-work, and demands least continuous labour. Journalism and reviewing will keep many a briefless barrister, vagrant-minded clerk, or clever man about town, who in Shakespeare's day, if he would write at all

for money, must have taken to write for the stage. The number of those who live by dramatic authorship is small. plays of the Dramatic Authors' Society, in the list before us, are divided among some sixty writers; but with a large proportion of the sixty dramatic authorship is either an occasional resource, or an amusement of leisure hours. There are probably not more than twenty persons in England at this time permanently supporting themselves by dramatic authorship. neral practice of translation has lowered the standard of such authorship. A little stage-tact, a little readiness of words, a French dictionary, and a credit at Jeff's foreign book-shop, make many a dramatic author. If access to the theatre were easier and pleasanter, there would be more than there are of such authors: but there are enough, in all conscience. Such dramatic authors work mischief in many ways. They lower the standard of the craft, and deprive the few producers of original pieces of credit with the public and of influence in the theatre; they cut down the market-price of pieces; they supply an unwholesome and unnatural diet to audiences. The International Copyright Act with France has done nothing effectual to check the practice of stealing from the French. That act excepts adaptations from the conditions under which it lavs translations. Now, all pieces transferred to our stage from the French may be called "adaptations." We are not aware of a single instance in which a French author has derived any profit under this act, nor do we believe it has hindered the translation of a single French piece. As dramatic authors are, it is little wonder they should command small consideration from managers, small respect from actors, small admiration from the public. The theatre in their hands is becoming more and more the resort of those only who seek to laugh, and are not very fastidious about the source of their laughter; nor will the evil be diminished till some theatre has established itself with a manager who shows a marked preference for original pieces. No manager can do this till original pieces are written calculated to attract audiences. To write such pieces, authors must study the life about them, and present the public with pictures of which they can recognise the truth and read the lessons. Authors must shake themselves out of two centuries of convention, and go back to reality in dramatic story and in stage representation, as the pre-Raphaelites have gone back to nature in painting. When dramatic authors do this, there will be hope for the theatre; but not till then. The task of those who attempt such a work will not be easy. Our life has parted with its most salient dramatic features. We have grown undemonstrative in manner, uniform in dress, decorous, and studiously commonplace of speech. But the great essential elements of dramatic

effect are still working under the surface of our society. The exhibition of them would be all the more *piquant* for the contrast between their great forces and the thin veneer of decorum with which we have overlaid them. We cannot believe that such an impregnation of our theatre with reality is impossible; and feeling the earnestness which marks our time, amidst all the shows, shams, and snobisms which run rampant about us, we

will not look upon it as improbable.

We can afford no more space to stage-authors; the actors and the public remain to be considered. What actors are depends mainly upon managers and authors. Were the theatre worthier, it would no longer remain the profession of those who have no other. At present the feeding springs of the actors' calling are vanity and necessity. There may be something inherent in the employment which determines this; no profession, perhaps, which aims at amusing only can ever be conventionally The popular association of theatrical life with respectable. laxity and indecorum, no doubt militates strongly against the prospect of ever recruiting the stage from the same classes and styles of men as those found among the more honoured professions and the less discredited arts. The large number of our theatres, at all of which all kinds of plays are represented from time to time, has lowered the standard of excellence among our We have nothing like a school now in the country theatres. The stages of the capital are no longer places for the display of excellence slowly matured at Bath or Norwich, Edinburgh or Dublin. England, thanks to railways, has become an extended London.

The poetic drama for the time being is extinct upon our stage. Macready was its last support. It is true that by aid of elaborate antiquarianism and material splendour those plays of Shakespeare that furnish a peg on which to hang fine clothes and magnificent pageantry still find overflowing audiences at the Princess's; and in remote Islington the unwearied manager of Sadler's Wells can still draw together to the Elizabethan plays unsophisticated crowds, who represent probably a state of cultivation and a power of appreciative enjoyment more resembling those of the population which filled the Blackfriars or the Globe when Shakespeare first gave his plays to the world than any other part of the London public. But apart from these exceptions, we are forced to the conclusion that our stage is becoming essentially a comic and domestic one. The good actors we have—and their names happily are not few-excel in these walks of the drama. But they barely leaven the lump of conceit, bad-breeding, imperfect utterance, and ungainly action that make up our body of average actors. Here again our hope of improvement must be in the combined influence

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of managers, authors, and the public,—above all, of that portion of it which speaks with "voice potential" in newspaper criticism.

We are no praisers of past times—no thick-and-thin believers in the plays or the players of our fathers' and grandfathers' Excepting from our censure great actors and actresses in comedy and tragedy,—of whose genius it would be affectation to express a doubt, -study of the plays, the contemporary criticisms, the theatrical biographies, and the theatrical portraits of the last generation inclines us to the opinion that the style of serious acting, between the days of Colley Cibber and those of Edmund Kean, was stiff in action and over-emphatic in elocution; at once monotonous and stilted, devoid of truth to nature, yet not attaining to ideal grace; and that the comic acting had corresponding faults of exaggeration and over-colouring. But, at any rate, the old school had their art, such as it was; and their elaboration, however overdone. With Edmund Kean came in the natural school of tragic acting. The change which he inaugurated was inevitable. It did not reach our stage till it had transformed our manners of everyday life. But such an actor as Kean could leave to his brother-actors no legacy except a direction to the school in which he had studied—that of nature. To actors who would not resort to that school he could bequeath nothing but his tricks and peculiarities. The common herd of players, to whom the school of nature is for ever barred, in the absence of a formal art of the stage can but stumble on blindly, with no reliable guidance whatever. All that can be done for them by managers or authors is, to warn them against glaring violations of truth and propriety by every means in their power. As for bad manners, faults of delivery, pronunciation, and grammar, arising from want of access to cultivated society and from defects of education, the manager should make it his business to correct these in his performers far more rigidly than most managers do at present. The more intelligent actors will strive to remedy such blemishes by observation and self-culture.

We have no great tragic actor at present. Macready was the last. Mrs. Charles Kean and Miss Faucit sustain the reputation of our tragic actresses. In comic actors we are still rich. Though we have lately lost Farren, Mrs. Orger, and Mrs. Glover, the names of Harley, Buckstone, the Keeleys—man and wife,—Wright, and Compton, in broad comedy and farce; of Charles Mathews and Leigh Murray in light and genteel comedy; of the Wigans, Webster, Emery, Miss Woolgar, and Mrs. Stirling in a wider range, from the natural humour to the unheroic pathos of domestic life, still uphold the credit of our stage in its lighter and lower forms of personation. Mr. Robson deserves a place by himself. He is sui generis, and as yet cannot be classified.

No actor has appeared in our time with such a power of self-excitement; and if he can rein-in this invaluable but yet dangerous faculty, and subdue it to his will—presuming his will to be directed by more than common intelligence—it will carry him much farther than it has yet done, and towards loftier efforts in his art than mere burlesque and farce can find place for. His performance of Desmarets, in *Plot and Passion*, had

passages which electrified the audience.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the publicthat important agent in dramatic presentation, in the double capacity of audience and critic. Audiences come to the theatre to In old times there was little choice of amusement. Shakespeare had to contend only with rival companies and the bear-garden. Ben Jonson found the puppets formidable competitors of actors of flesh and blood. In later times the opera divided with the theatre the fashionable world of pleasure-seekers. But now amusements for mind and senses woo the world of London at every turn. Lecture-rooms, dioramas, panoramas, cheap concerts, oratorios, public gardens, and innumerable other diversions, suited to every scale of purse and every variety of taste and cultivation, prefer their rival claims with all the arts of puff and poster, advertisement and woodcut. Tired with work of hand or brain, wearied out with the prosecution of our special branch of that one business of all of us-money-making, we are growing every day less and less disposed to all employments of our leisure which take us from our chimney-corners to tax the brain or excite any nerves but the risible ones. The world and the world's work is most easily forgotten in laughter, or in pleasure of the senses. We can read and think at home. We come to the theatre to laugh, or to see a show, or to have our ears tickled. Still, shows may be tasteful and informing, music ennobling as well as sweet, and sound lessons may be insinuated in laughter. And, as things are nowadays, for a manager who does not aspire to grand and elaborate pageantry, and who has not the aid of opera, "ridendo dicere verum" would seem about the highest aim open to the artists of the theatre, until some daring genius ventures to lift the veil which hides the dark undercurrents and deep abysses of modern society. Of the public in its capacity of critic we cannot speak with any satisfaction. Stagecriticism has fallen into bad hands, and is executed under conditions which go far to make it utterly worthless. Most of the dramatic critics for the newspapers are themselves dramatic authors, and self-interest and private intimacies check their pens and sway their judgments. Theatrical criticism is reduced to a mere compterendu of plots, wound up by a jingle of cut-and-dry phrases in praise or blame of the actors. It may be that the majority of our

pieces and our actors deserve nothing better. If so, the critics should at least avow this in excuse for the slightness of their work, and should support their avowal by greater care whenever the merits or demerits of play or performer justify it. The elevation of the standard of theatrical criticism is one of the indispensable conditions, and most powerful means, towards the improvement of our stage.

The preceding remarks may appear harsh: at all events they are honestly meant. It seems to us inevitable, that any writer on the present aspect of theatrical matters who entertains respect for the dramatic art should dwell more on the blemishes than on the beauties, on the failings than on the felicities, of our contemporary theatre. That any isolated piece of criticism, such as this, will have much effect, is not to be hoped. We must be satisfied with having pointed out some of the chief reasons why the stage has so far ceased to be an art, while it continues to be so favourite an amusement; and we will conclude with an expression of our hope that we may live to see it more of the one, without being less of the other.

ART. VII.—THE POLITICAL TENDENCIES OF AMERICA.

- Things as they are in America. By William Chambers. Edinburgh and London, 1854.
- Life of Horace Greeley, Editor of the New-York Tribune. By J. Parton. New York, 1855.
- Notes on Public Subjects, made during a Tour in the United States and in Canada. By H. Seymour Tremenheere. London, 1852.
- The Constitution of the United States compared with our own. By:
 H. Seymour Tremenheere. London, 1855.
- Private Correspondence of Henry Clay. By C. Cotton, LL.D. New York, 1856.

In the whole range of political and social questions there are none surpassing in speculative interest or urgent practical importance those involved in the relations between Great Britain and the United States; and these have rarely been more critical or more interesting than at the present moment. The actual excitement may, and we doubt not will, pass away; the menacing danger of a quarrel, artificial in its origin and almost ludicrously insignificant in its ostensible pretext, may be averted by tranquil patience on the one side, and the subsidence of effervescing feeling on the other: but the real and fundamental causes which have led to both are deep-seated and abiding, and as long

as they remain undiminished and uncomprehended, the passion

and the peril may at any instant be renewed.

There are no two countries on the earth a thorough and perennial cordiality of friendship between whom is so essential to their own comfort or to human progress. Bound together heart and hand, each would be invulnerable; a close and confiding union might enable them not only to defy the world and to control it, but—what is incomparably more important—to point its course, to aid its development, to guide and uphold its footsteps to a destiny as noble and a position as enviable as our own. Severed from one another, divided by mutual suspicions, harassed by mutual animosity, weakened by mutual strife secret or avowed, we can never be any thing else than a drag upon each other's progress, a thorn in each other's side, a tool for the interests and passions of other states to work with, a scandal to the cause of popular government, and a barrier to the spread of

liberty and peace.

No nations, it would seem, ought to understand each other so thoroughly or to love each other so well. Our blood is closely allied; our institutions are very similar; our language and religion are almost identical; our pursuits and our character present far more points of resemblance than of difference, and far more than we have in common with any other people; and our commercial relations are on a scale of magnitude and intimacy such as the world has never yet witnessed in any age or in any quarter. Yet, in spite of all this, there exist causes of dislike, distrust, ill-appreciation, and hostility, which it appears almost impossible to eradicate—which keep us constantly asunder, and frequently embitter and exasperate our intercourse to a degree which reaches nearly to the boiling-point. Unlucky historical antecedents; one war in which America was signally successful; another in which England was unquestionably in the wrong; contiguity of frontier; the tone of quiet and domineering superiority not unreasonable in a nation which has grown old amid centuries of grandeur; the jealous and irritable susceptibility not unnatural in a nation young, vain, and ambitious of distinction, conscious of vast energies, and confident in a mighty future, but fretted by misgivings lest its position should not be fully recognised, and therefore on the watch for every semblance of a slight; the usual restless inclination of an adolescent athlete to measure himself with a champion of established fame; a certain steady degradation in the Transatlantic institutions, which makes them year by year less in harmony with our own; the perpetual augmentation of the population of the Union by discontented and turbulent emigrants from Europe, whose hatred to England is at once a passion and a creed; and, finally, the

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existence of a special "domestic institution" in America, which we regard with condemnation and abhorrence, and which they themselves in secret feel to be a danger, an embarrassment, and a reproach, but in public think it necessary to defend with the vehemence and anger with which men always defend their vulnerable points;—all these things are perpetual sources of irritation and misunderstanding, which operate powerfully to "separate chief friends," and to make "a man's foes those of his own household," or at least of his own race.

Yet there is no nation on the earth whom it so much imports us to study and to read aright as the American. We may learn from them many things in the way of warning, and some things also in the way of stimulus and of example. We see in them a sort of caricature or exaggeration of what we once were, and of what we may possibly become. We may trace in their conduct, their character, and their tendencies, some of our past vices and many of our future dangers. They are proceeding at full swing in a course which we are just entering with hesitating and reluctant footsteps, but along which a numerous and energetic party are anxious to hurry us with accelerated pace. They have already made many changes in their institutions which we are just beginning to contemplate as possible. They are now feeling, by ample and sad experience, some of those mischievous results which we as yet see only as speculative consequences, or of the first faint actual pressure of which we are barely beginning to be sensible. They are trying constitutional experiments which their singular social condition enables them to try with inconsiderable risk, but which England could not venture on except at the hazard of her very existence. It behoves us, then, to watch them with the most vigilant attention; to make the results of their experience our own, without incurring its hazards; to use them as vicarious sufferers; and to profit alike by their trials, their achievements, and their failures. Seventy-five years ago they had a political constitution not very dissimilar from our own, but very dissimilar from what theirs now is: since then, all their movements have been, as all ours now are, towards a more and more unmodified democracy. Have the results in the United States been such as to afford matter for congratulation to them, or matter of beckoning encouragement to us?

With regard to the state of feeling between the people of England and of the United States a misconception exists on both sides of the water, which it is most important to clear up. Americans who come over to this country for the first time are commonly surprised at the frank cordiality of their reception, and express their agreeable disappointment with a naïveté which shows what a very different welcome they anticipated. Here and

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there, indeed, a spoiled Yankee of inordinate conceit and offensive manners meets with the same ridicule or the same repulse in society as he would have done had he belonged to any other country, or been a native of our own: he sets down as an insult to his nation the rebuffs which his own individual arrogance or vulgarity has brought upon him, and returns, soured and malignant, to his own shores, to console himself by spreading misrepresentation and ill-will. But, these rare exceptions apart, the feeling of Americans, on landing in England, is that we have described. They find every where the greatest interest felt as to the progress of their wonderful country; profound admiration of its energy; and a somewhat excessive disposition to hold it up for envy, and to use it as an instrument for depreciating ourselves. They find every American author of real eminence read here nearly as widely as there—applauded quite as generously, appreciated quite as justly; they find Longfellow the most popular living poet next to Tennyson; they find Channing ranking among our most valued divines, Kent and Story among our most eminent jurists, Prescott among our first-rate historians, Cooper and Washington Irving among our most universally read authors in the lighter paths of literature. They meet, too, on all hands, with the most earnest and genuine expressions of a wish for cordial amity and alliance, and the deepest regret at any subject of dispute or alienation that may have arisen between the nations. And if they are gentlemen by education and breeding, they experience no difficulty—quite as little, certainly, as an Englishman would do—in gaining access to the best society which the old country can produce.

A similar agreeable surprise awaits the Englishman who visits the United States. He was prepared, perhaps, by the perusal of American newspapers and American history, as well as by books of travels, to be received with some roughness, and not a little suspicion and dislike. He finds every house most hospitably open to him, a willingness to show him every kindness and to do him all honour. He observes an almost over-anxious desire for the good opinion of England-a sort of unavowed and perhaps unconscious feeling that America can scarcely trust her own estimate of herself and her achievements till the stamp of English appreciation has been set upon them. In discussing political matters, he finds always great shrewdness and usually great fairness and candour—a willingness to admit what is regretable, perilous, or culpable in their own institutions and proceedings-and a disposition to do full justice to whatever is admirable and stable and dignified in the character and constitution of Great Britain. He finds, too, among those whose society he frequents, an entire neglect or condemnation of the

often unwarranted language of the government and of the press of the United States, an earnest belief that the friendship of the two countries never will be broken, and a resolute determination that it never shall. His surprise and perplexity at the seeming discrepancy between the language of the nation and that of its ostensible organs is natural; and, no doubt, it needs an

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The truth, and the explanation, is simply this. Between the upper and the educated classes of the two nations-between those Americans and those English who know and visit one another-between their merchants, their proprietors, their cultivated men-there is unfeigned cordiality and sympathy. Between the masses of the two people—between the two nations which reside at opposite sides of the Atlantic, which do not know each other, which do not visit each other, which look at each other only through their respective governments and journalsthere is misunderstanding, coldness, mistrust, dislike—and on one side a feeling of jealousy amounting to absolute hostility. The reason—the main reason, for there are several subsidiary ones—may be thus broadly stated. They read us through the medium of our history, or what they are taught of it, and through the distorted prejudices and passions of the immigrants who crowd their shores; and we read them through the language of their newspapers, their officials, and their political orators:—the truth being that neither party could well draw their impressions of the other from more unfaithful or misleading sources. will speak first of the American notion of Great Britain.

There prevails a very general notion across the water that we are a dictatorial nation. "England," they say, "is always wishing to dictate; and America will not be dictated to." We confess that there is some justification—some colour of excuse, at least—for this charge. Our history is against us. It is difficult to get rid of a bad character. It sticks by a man long after he has ceased to deserve it; and few will believe in the depth or sincerity of the repentance of one who has been once a sinner. We must admit that England used to be given to interference and dictation. She often meddled where she had no business, and spoke in a tone she had no right to assume. Unfortunately, too, the great mass of Americans—and we must ever bear in mind that with them it is the great mass (and not, as with us, the more highly educated few) who decide the national feeling and influence the government action-are only slightly acquainted with any history but their own, and with English history so far as it is interwoven with their own. Now it cannot be denied, that on the two principal occasions when this interweaving took place England did appear in the character of an

overbearing and peremptory state. Hear Mr. Tremenheere on this point. (Notes, p. 128.)

"Raising my eyes from the daily study of these [newspapers], I was tempted to ask myself whether it was really true that I, as an Englishman, was meeting with nothing but cordiality, civility, and kindness from every one I fell in with, while probably every individual among them had just been reading, in some paper or other, the most virulent denunciations of England, the bitterest taunts against her policy, the most undervaluing remarks on her power, and the most depreciating estimates of the individual character of her people.

After a three-months' course of these papers, I think I am safe in saying that the ordinary tone of more than two-thirds of them is of that quality, whenever they take occasion to discuss any thing in which England, or English customs, or English character may be involved; and that in a moment of the least political excitement a still larger proportion of them join in the same cry; and it then requires no ordinary courage in the editor of an American newspaper to deal out to England, or to any one of her actions, the simplest meed of fairness.

I asked very many persons what was the meaning of all this; and the answer I invariably received was, 'Oh, you must not mind what our papers say; we don't read such trash as most of them contain; it

is written to catch the Irish votes at the elections.'

With all deference to my numerous and most respectable informants, I am not satisfied that this answer goes to the root of the matter.

For a solution, I think it necessary to begin with the beginning; and that beginning is, in a nation educated all on one plan, the public schools.

In the course of my visits to these schools, in the range of country I have described, I asked permission to look, among other school-books, at the books of history in common use. I looked through them all. They contain either a very brief résumé of history, both ancient and modern,* or of modern alone, principally that of England; so brief, however, as to be entirely unimpressive to the minds of youth, being little more than a mere dry detail of facts and dates. The staple of these books is, as is very natural, American history, from the landing of the Puritans to the termination of the last war. The most prominent part is, as naturally, given to the history of the war of independence. Of the spirit of their forefathers in undertaking that war, and of their courage in bringing it to a successful issue, they have much reason to be proud. The exploits of that war, and the successful ones of the last, figure of course conspicuously in those histories. The error

^{* &}quot;The text-book of history now in use in our schools is not a good one.... We will give an illustration of its character. In the part devoted to Grecian history, the names of Militades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Leonidas are not introduced in the narration of the Persian invasions; and the name of not a single inhabitant of Greece who lived between the time of Solon and that of Epaminondas is mentioned in the course of that part of the history. Yet this period of nearly two hundred years was prolific of great men, and is probably the most important era in the history of civilisation."—Report of the Boston Public Schools, 1849.

of the British Government and people in provoking the struggle is chastised with no sparing hand; while the power of the American people, as exhibited in beating the British Government, and the glory thence resulting, occupy a conspicuous place. As long as such histories are written in a fair and simply patriotic spirit, without seeking to perpetuate hostile feelings, and without either unjustifiable exaggerations or unfair concealments (and I cannot say that some of the books-I looked at are free from such defects), no one can complain that American children should read principally American history; but a young person who has been instructed in a course of history in which a few years and a few events are made to assume such prominence, while the history of previous centuries, and of subsequent events, is all but unknown, will be apt to have very exaggerated ideas of his own nation, and a very slender one of any other."

We can well understand how those who know little of Englishhistory except at those periods where it was interwoven with that of America, and who read those periods only in works written from an American point of view, tinged with American prejudices, and expressly designed to exasperate American patriotism, should conceive of us as an arrogant, aggressive, ambitious, and intermeddling nation. We can only assure them that we are wholly altered since those days; and we can safely appeal, in proof of our reformation, to our entire history (India perhaps apart) since 1815. Our sin and our danger now lie in a precisely opposite direction. Not only have we become indolent, forbearing, and enduring; willing to compromise and anxious to accommodate; hating the trouble of dispute, and dreading both the cost, the folly, and the sin of war; but our national policy has been of late, and is still, too largely influenced by a school or party which holds that isolation is our true wisdom, that a nation has no duties towards other nations, and that we ought to stand tamely by in selfish or sublime indifference, whatever tricks are played or whatever atrocities are committed on the earth. If we err in future, it will not be by meddling too often, but by abstaining from meddling even when abstinence becomes a crime. If we come into collision with our neighbours, it will not be from a wish to dictate, but from the inevitable necessity of at last resisting dictation. The temper of the nation is greatly altered: it is in some respects wiser, in some respects weaker. Nothing short of the unbending arrogance and the undisguised aggressiveness of Russia could have dragged us into this war; nothing short of equally offensive behaviour on the part of some other state will drag us into war again. We now habitually only long for peace—to lead a quiet life—to keep out of hot water. We ask only of our neighbours—and of our American neighbours most especially—that they will not, by unendurable encroachments or inadmissible pretensions, bully us out of our indolent

repose.

Unfortunately the prejudices which history has raised against us are perpetually confirmed and fanned by the Europeans who annually flock by thousands to the New World. The voices of the living echo and reiterate the false accusations of the dead. America now reckons among her population vast numbers who are Americans neither by birth, descent, nor feeling,—who are in her, but not of her,—who disregard her interests, abuse her hospitality, and bring discredit on her character. In virtue of the unbounded liberality of her customs, the settled freedom of her institutions, and the rich rewards which she offers to industry and enterprise, she has for nearly two generations been the refuge of adventurers from every portion of the Old World. The active and the striving saw in her a field where their energies would be secure of wealth and greatness; the depressed and despairing flocked to a land where success was possible and hope was reasonable; the loving fled to her as a country where marriage would be feasible, and where children would be a help and not a burden; the discontented sought her as a land of promise; the tossed and persecuted, as a place of rest; adventurers of every character and of every sort of antecedents,-those who had made Europe too hot to hold them,—those who had quitted it because it was too sober for their wild dreams and too strong for their meditated crimes; fugitives from tyranny, fugitives from justice:—all these crowded to the great republic of the New World, and found there a ready welcome, or at least a hospitable shelter and an unsuspicious and uninquiring home.

Among this miscellany two classes are especially noticeable -- the immigrants from Central Europe and the immigrants from Ireland. For some time back each of these classes has numbered on an average upwards of 100,000 annually, and each, with its descendants, is calculated now to reach about two mil-Thus, out of a total white population of twenty millions, four consist of aliens,—men who are not naturalised at heart into their adopted country,—who are still rather Irish, or Germans, than United-States men,-who yet cherish all the prejudices and passions they brought with them from the land of their extraction,-and who are, in truth, almost as anti-American as they are anti-English. A considerable proportion of the Germans belonged to the political malcontents of their native land: who had long sighed for a liberty which they could not attain; who had been worsted in their endeavours to overthrow or to reform their oppressive governments at home; who, in fact, constituted the Republicans, Socialists, and revolutionary party generally, in the various states of Central Europe. Most

of these had imbibed, before they crossed the Atlantic, a thorough distrust and dislike of England—often with little reasonable ground. She had disappointed their expectations. They had looked to her, as the one great free state in Europe, for aid, or at least for sympathy, in their various insurrectionary movements; they had flattered themselves that they were certain of obtaining it; they had deceived themselves, or had suffered their leaders to deceive them, into a belief that it had been first promised and then withheld; and they resented the disappointment of their unwarranted hopes, as if a positive engagement had been broken and a positive injury inflicted. We need not tell Englishmen, nor any one who knows the strong clinging of the English government to the established and the legitimate, how entirely baseless, in nearly every instance, were these self-deceiving hopes. But, nevertheless, they were firmly held by thousands of insurgents throughout Europe, who first settled in their own minds what Great Britain ought to do; then persuaded themselves that she would do it; and finally hated her because she had not done it. There can be no question that England is, and has long been, in sad disrepute with the popular party on the Continent; and that those belonging to it, who have crossed the Atlantic in consequence of the ruin of their hopes, have carried their animosity against us along with them, and preach it as a creed in their new country.

Of the sentiments towards England which the Irish immigrants have carried with them into the United States it is needless to speak. The names of Meagher and Mitchell are sufficient. The Hibernian detestation of the British government dates far back in history. It partook of all the elements of discord which could fan a sentiment into a passion—animosity of conquest and defeat, animosity of race, animosity of politics, animosity of religion. The perverse and apparently innate lawlessness of the Irish no doubt made it a matter of enormous difficulty to govern them at once mildly and effectively. Unhappily, too, for generations we did neither. Our government was undeniably oppressive and unjust. Our laws, as regarded Catholics, were intolerant and iniquitous in the extreme. There was ample warrant for Irish hatred of the British government. But the feeling survived—as was inevitable—long after its causes and its justification had been removed. The fairest government, the kindest treatment, the most equal laws, the most unbounded and generous aid in time of calamity, have done nothing to appease a hatred which at last became at once criminal and insane. Politicians, who had neither patriotism to inspire them, nor wisdom to guide them, nor Christianity to restrain them, found gratification for their passions and hope for

their ambition in exasperating to the utmost the blind fury of the poor and ignorant, and giving to the hatred between Celt and Saxon the deadly and incurable character of an hostility of race. Hundreds of thousands of these misled unfortunates perished in the famine, in spite of the most gigantic and generous efforts of English humanity to save them. Hundreds of thousands more flocked to America, and flock there yearly still—disturbing their adopted country with their incorrigible turbulence, inflaming it by their wild passions, misleading it by their insane delusions, and spreading through the length and breadth of the land mental and moral poison of the most subtle and degrading kind.

Unfortunately, too, the institutions and customs of the United States give great facilities to both these classes of aliens to influence the conduct and excite the feelings of their new country. Naturalisation is easily obtained, sometimes after a short residence, sometimes with scarcely any residence at all. In a land where suffrage, nearly universal, every where prevails, immigrants soon become voters, and as such are sought for, flattered, and cajoled by politicians of every party; their support is bid for; their prejudices are humoured or adopted; and the ambitious and unscrupulous candidates for place, or power, or senatorial distinctions, are soon made aware that a profession of the most rabid hostility to Great Britain is the surest mode of securing Irish and sometimes German votes. Rancorous Hibernian orators rave at public meetings and on forest "stumps;" and it is well known that, of all the outrageous and virulent abuse of England which so disfigures the American press, nearly one-half proceeds from Irish pens, and the other half is a disreputable and dishonest pandering to the exigencies of Irish passion. It must be set down either to a populace whom Irish lies have perverted, or to politicians to whom Irish votes are necessary.

All this is well understood and deeply regretted by the respectable and sound-hearted of the Americans themselves. They are deeply concerned and bitterly indignant at seeing their country's name thus taken in vain, their country's policy distorted and misdirected, their country's energies wasted and turned astray, and their country's reputation lowered and stained, by foreigners whose designs they see through and whose character they despise. The basis of the great "Know-Nothing" party is a conviction of the necessity of shaking off this low and ignominious foreign yoke, if the name of America is to be respected among nations, and if American citizenship is henceforth to be a title of honour

and a word of trust.

So much for the causes which have led America to misunderstand Great Britain. Those which lead to a corresponding misconception and mistrust on our side are somewhat different. We are obliged to estimate the feelings of our Transatlantic brethren towards us by the conduct of their government, and the preponderating language of their press. Now, neither the government nor the press are in any degree or sense faithful representatives of those classes which are the real life-blood and essence of the American Nation—which are its redeeming element, its future hope, its sound heart, and in literature, in society, in property, in every thing but politics, its influential portion. This was not so once. It seems strange and almost paradoxical that it should be so now,—that it can be so in a purely democratic government, where the people choose their own government and make their own press. But the fact is not to be disputed; and the cause and the history of the fact are most instructive. Let us trace it

in the government, to begin with.

On the first formation of the constitution of the United States, when the spirit of warm pure patriotism that had animated them through the war of independence still beat in the hearts of the people, and when the men who in the field or in council had guided them to their great victory still survived to teach them how to use it, the Congress elected under that constitution did undoubtedly represent the feelings of the nation, and the government appointed according to its prescribed forms did carry into action its deliberate will. But there were elements in that constitution which menaced degeneracy even at the outset, —elements which its wise founders clearly foresaw and earnestly endeavoured to provide against. The dangers which they scented afar off have all come upon it, and the bulwarks they had erected to avert them have all been swept away. The government and the congress still—though sometimes imperfectly—represent the governing classes; but those governing classes are no longer the high intelligence, the competent culture, the lofty patriotism, nor the secured property of the nation. Degeneracy of the most dangerous kind has crept into every department, from the supreme executive to the lowest judicial office. With Mr. Tremenheere's able help, let us trace the extent of this, and the mode in which it has been brought about. And first with respect to the President.

"Energy in the executive," says Judge Story, certainly one of the wisest men America, or indeed any country, has produced, "is a leading character in the definition of a good government.

... A feeble executive implies a feeble execution of the government. A feeble executive is but another name for a bad execution; and a government ill-executed, whatever may be its theory, must in practice be a bad government." Now, the executive of the United States is unquestionably feeble. The President is

a bundle of anomalies: he is feeble, though possessed of great constitutional powers, and disposing of enormous patronage; though directly elected by the people, he is seldom the man the people wished to choose; and though nominated by them, and responsible to them, he can yet act and govern in a manner the

most opposite to their desires.

He is feeble practically and morally, though not constitu-Being the creature of a popular contest, the result of a great party struggle, the nominee of a crowd of zealous electioncering agents who have spent time, money, and character in elevating him to his present post, he has incurred, in the course of the contest, a host of tacit obligations and engagements which derogate deplorably from his free agency. He cannot well act against his supporters, even when lawless and turbulent. He cannot well act except through his supporters, however worthless or incompetent they may be. His patronage and his policy are alike mortgaged; and he steps into his seat encumbered with positive promises and moral debts. He is feeble, again, with all the feebleness of a fettered will, and a position full of temptations. Being elected only for a short period (four years), he has little motive to put to hazard his popularity by controlling or opposing any prevalent passion of the hour, to steer an independent course which might bring him only perplexity and trouble, or to form a high and dutiful conception of a power which he is to lay down so soon. Being so short a time in office, also, he has neither the motive nor the means to acquire that mastery of his functions without which it is impossible to discharge them with wisdom, with decision, or with firmness. He has scarcely become familiar with the duties of his post before he is called upon to abdicate. Lastly, being re-eligible, his whole first tenure of office becomes inevitably one long electioneering canvass: his first aim is to make as many friends and as few enemies as possible, to catch every breath of popular favour which may aid him in his object, to fan every popular passion by means of which he can hope to ride back to power: he is for ever on the hustings, and addressing the "free and independent electors;"-and no sceptre was ever yet held with integrity and firmness that was wielded over a capricious constituency by an expectant candidate.

Of the evils arising from this last source of feebleness, nearly every year has of late given us painful proof. Unhappily, it is too well known in America that by no means can an expiring or obnoxious President so surely recover his popularity and promote his re-election, as by flattering the national weakness in favour of territorial extension, and by adopting an arrogant and dictatorial tone towards foreign nations, and especially towards Great Britain. Not that it would aid his design actually to involve his

country in a serious war; on the contrary, such a result (unless he were clearly in the right) would probably be fatal to his hopes. But he never fears that it will actually come to this; and, in the mean time, a little safe bullying may fill his sails, and get up an agreeable excitement. Something of the sort has, therefore, become a periodical trick—to the great discomfort of other nations, and the great injury of American character. For example:

"Having been elected by all," says Mr. Tremenheere, "by a vote nearly unanimous in the Convention, and by the joint efforts of the various sections of his own party throughout the country, Mr. Pierce has, since his election, proceeded to offer his patronage to, and to distribute it among persons belonging to those various sections; and in some instances, not feeling himself restricted to one section of opinion only, he is said to have gone beyond the limit of his own party connections. For this, and for a 'vacillating policy,' to which it is supposed to have led, he has been denounced by influential portions of the democratic press; and he is told, with great vehemence, that nothing but some bold stroke of policy can restore him to his former popularity.

If a President of the United States is capable and ambitious, he must necessarily wish to be re-elected at the expiration of his four years of office. To be re-elected, he must be popular; and to be popular, it is possible that it may be necessary for him to adopt a line of policy which, to say the least, may be 'disquieting' to, if it do not actually produce collision with, some of the other powers of the world, in defence of their rights and interests." (Constitution of United States,

p. 227.)

The menace above referred to seems to have had its effect on Mr. Pierce. Indeed, his whole administration has been a series of "bold" and not very decorous "strokes to recover his popularity." In his inaugural address, in March 1853, he proceeded to pander to the popular cry for Cuba which was then in vogue, by hoisting the flag of aggression at once, and declaring that "it is not to be disguised that the attitude of the United States as a nation, and its position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions not within the jurisdiction of the United States eminently important for their protection, if not in future essential for the preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world." He affirmed, moreover, as "a fundamental principle, that the rights, security, and repose of this continent reject the idea of interference or colonisation on this side of the OCEAN by any foreign power, beyond its present jurisdiction, as impossible."

Mr. Pierce's next step was even a more scandalous one in the same direction. Either of his own notion, or acting at the instigation of some one worse than himself, he appointed Mr. Pierre

Soulé as ambassador to the Court of Spain. Now Mr. Soulé was a noted man at New Orleans; he had been among the most zealous in approving the piratical expedition of Lopez against Cuba, even if he were not directly concerned in it; he had ostentatiously regretted its failure; he had publicly declared his conviction that Cuba ought, and his determination that it should belong to the United States. He was, therefore, the last man whom a gentleman, or a person of common decency even, would have selected to send as representative of the republic to Madrid. After his appointment he delivered a public harangue, reiterating his offensive doctrines, and intimating that he now hoped to succeed, by some means or other, in carrying out his projects of spoliation and aggrandisement. Such a speech any where else would have insured the immediate cancelling of his appointment. Not so, however, at Washington, under the presidency of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Soulé was sent out to Madrid as Minister from the States; and we only echo the sentiment of every well-bred and right-minded citizen of the Union, when we say that a more flagrant insult was never offered to a European government, nor a more offensive and ungentlemanly act ever committed by a man in high authority. It was a piece of electioneering flattery thrown out to the bullying propensities of the virulent and vulgar populace. It was a deliberate act of low ruffianism, indicating an absence of all perception not only of diplomatic decorum, but of common decency. The government of Spain deserves little consideration at the hands of any state, least of all at ours: its mingled arrogance, bigotry, imbecility, and corruption, prevent much feeling of sympathy or compassion: but from America it scarcely merited so outrageous an affront, and we wonder it should have submitted to it. Soulé went to Madrid; but his conduct there and in France was such that even his own government was at last obliged to recall him.

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A similar course has been pursued since. As the unpopularity of the President and his cabinet increases, and as their term of power draws to a close, the necessity of "some bold stroke of policy" becomes more apparent and more urgent. The conduct of Mr. Pierce on the Kansas question has so exasperated the Northern States, and so startled and alarmed some even of his own supporters, that it is only by agitating foreign topics that he can hope to divert attention from his home proceedings; it is only by getting up a war-fever that he has the least chance of recovering the ground which he has lost. Hence the desperate attempt which he has made to fix a quarrel on Great Britain about the matter of our unfortunate and injudicious endeavour to recruit our army from across the water. The government of this country, we

believe, were led into this mistake by the language of sympathy with our cause held by the American Minister in London. soon as they found that it was likely to give offence, or rather to be made an occasion of offence, in the States, they at once stopped all proceedings, and volunteered an expression of regret as prompt and ample as any gentleman or any government could offer to another. Mr. Buchanan was satisfied: any one who was willing to be satisfied would have been so too. But Mr. Pierce was not satisfied: he was baulked of a "very pretty quarrel;" and he has endeavoured to prolong the dispute by demanding "reparation" as well as apology. Not content with this, he is endeavouring—by raising a dispute as to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850—to enlist on behalf of his waning star the national jealousy of the Americans against any European State which holds a footing on the continent which they assume to belong and to be destined exclusively to them. We do not for a moment suppose that the United States will allow him to declare war on such a pretext, nor so to act against Great Britain as to compel us to declare war; but he is playing a desperate and dangerous game,—and (this is the point to which we desire at present to direct attention) a game which no executive chief who had a firm or a long hold of power would ever feel the least desire or the least need to play. He is warlike, because he is moribund and feeble, and must truckle to the passions of the warlike mob of constituents on whose breath his fate depends.

In the second place, as we have said, the President of the United States, though directly nominated by the people, is seldom or never the person whom the people desire or intend to He is generally "a nobody"—almost always something between an accident and a compromise. This has arisen from the mode in which the election is conducted, and is a result entirely at variance with the intentions of those who decided on that mode. Originally the President was chosen by a body of electors nominated by the Legislature of each State. The candidate who had a positive majority of the votes of these electors was President. But if no candidate had this positive majority, the House of Representatives named the President out of the five names highest on the list of candidates. It was found that this system very frequently threw the choice into the hands of the House of Representatives, and in the year 1804 it was therefore replaced by the arrangement which now prevails, by which the entire electoral body throughout the Union name certain delegates who meet on a certain day fixed by Congress, and then elect the President, virtually according to instructions or pledges pre-

viously given. "But," says Mr. Tremenheere,

"Another practice has arisen, equally unknown to the constitution

and equally destructive of all independence on the part of the electors. It is obvious that if all the candidates for the presidency on either side were to be submitted to the electors, there would be a great probability that no one would obtain a majority of the whole number of votes; and that consequently the selection of a President would be transferred to the House of Representatives in the manner pointed out by the constitution.

To prevent this, delegates of each party are appointed previously [irregularly and arbitrarily] to meet in convention [or caucus, as it is called], and to determine which of the perhaps numerous candidates on

their side shall be adopted as the candidate of the party.

When the convention has met and decided, an announcement is made of the result, and all the electors belonging to their party, or to any one of the many shades of it throughout the Union, are expected to give their vote accordingly, at the formal and actual election for president, on the day appointed by congress for that ceremony. Thus the whole numerical force of each party is directed in favour of one candidate; and the probability is, that when the votes come to be opened in congress, the individual at the head of the poll will be found to have the required majority of the whole number voting, and will therefore be duly elected; and the necessity accordingly be obviated of

calling in the aid of the House of Representatives.

But the consequence of this system is, that, so far from the electors bringing to bear their 'information, discernment, and independence' upon the selection of a president (as the constitution designed), it occasionally happens that they are required to give, and do give, their votes in a body for an individual, to be elected by them as President, whose name as a politician they may have scarcely ever heard of, and of whose qualifications for that high office they know absolutely nothing; and this, after having expended many months' exertions, and manifested the highest degree of interest, in favour of one or more of the most distinguished men in the Union belonging to their side of politics. The last presidential election afforded a complete illustration of this process.*

The candidates on the democratic side were originally no fewer than eight: Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, Marcy, Butler, Houston, Lane, and Dickenson;—all men 'prominently known to their party,' and the first three supported with great enthusiasm by large sections of that

party throughout the Union.

The convention to decide which among these various candidates should be recommended to the democratic party for their votes at the election, assembled at Baltimore on the 1st June 1852. At the first ballot General Cass obtained the greatest number of votes, viz. 116 out of 283, but a number far below the requisite absolute majority. The ninth ballot gave: Cass 112, Buchanan 87, Douglas 39. The

[•] We should state, that the mischiefs of this system are clearly seen by numbers of politicians in the United States, and energetic endeavours are being made to procure a change. See the excellent speech of Mr. Curtis at Boston in Oct. 1852, on occasion of Mr. Webster's nomination.

twenty-second ballot gave: Cass 33, Douglas 80, Buchanan 101. The

thirty-fifth gave: Cass 131, Douglas 52, Buchanan 32.

On this the sixth day of the meeting a new name appeared for the first time in the lists,—that of Mr. Pierce of New Hampshire, a gentleman well known to his friends as a lawyer of ability; also as having creditably fulfilled the duties of a member of the House of Representatives and of the Senate; better known, however, as having joined the army as a volunteer on the breaking out of the Mexican war, and as having commanded with distinction a brigade in that war, with the rank of general. It will, nevertheless, imply no disrespect to Mr. Pierce, if I repeat what was the universal expression, according to the public prints, throughout the Union, that no individual could have been more surprised at Mr. Pierce's nomination for the exalted and responsible office of chief magistrate of the Republic than Mr. Pierce himself. On the thirty-fifth ballot, the first in which Mr. Pierce's name appeared, he received 15 votes. On the forty-ninth, the numbers voting for him were 283 out of a total of 288-a vote which five more would have made unanimous. Mr. Pierce was accordingly recommended to the democratic constituencies throughout the Union, and was elected by a considerable majority over his Whig opponent; the numbers being for Mr. Pierce 1,504,471, and for General Scott 1,283,174."

Another peculiar arrangement of the American constitution sometimes brings about a similar anomalous result; we refer to that clause in virtue of which the Vice-President (an officer of very secondary consequence and note) steps into the presidential chair in case the President dies during his tenure of office. This has happened twice of late years. And when we add to the above circumstances the deplorable but very prevalent jealousy of great names and eminent ability which indisputably exists in the United States, we shall understand how it happens that the chief executive officer of a mighty nation is so often a man of feeble character, moderate talents, and infirm will,—why Clay, Calhoun, and Webster never could attain that post, and why, instead, it is bestowed upon such men as Tyler, Polk, Fillmore, and Pierce.

The third reason why, as we have stated, the American government cannot be regarded as a faithful representative or reliable exponent of the sentiments of the American nation, is to be found in the remarkable fact that the President may maintain his position and carry on the administration of affairs during his whole term of office, in direct opposition to the wishes of both Houses of the Legislature. The mode by which this singular result—a result certainly undesigned by the framers of the constitution—is brought about, is explained at some length by Mr. Tremenheere in his eleventh chapter. We cannot follow him in detail. We may, however, state briefly, that the anomaly is

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effected partly by the presidential veto* on measures of Congress. -which veto is not, like ours, a dead letter, but has been exercised with success eleven times in sixty years, and by four, if not six, different Presidents—twice by Jackson, five times by Tyler, and thrice by Polk. Partly by the circumstance that the ministers, having no seats in Congress, are not under the necessity of defending their measures, and cannot therefore easily be driven from them. Partly, also, because "the vast patronage in the hands of the President enables him to cause the essential measures of the government to pass through Congress, and permits him to mould or to defer others which may not be in accordance with his policy. Thus he is able, though the general course of his policy may be disapproved of by both houses of legislature, to pass the supplies, and to wield for the term of his office the whole power of the government. This was the case with President Tyler, who was at variance with the senate during the whole course of his administration. And the latest and most notorious instance has only ceased with the last presidential election; the former President and his ministry having been of the whig party, and yet having succeeded in carrying on the government for four years in the face of a democratic majority against them, both in the House of Representatives and in the Senate."†

The subordinate executive officers throughout the Union partake of both the deficiencies we have noticed as belonging to their chief. Being elected by the masses, they naturally represent and enforce the sentiments and wishes of the masses, and not of the respectabilities or superiorities of the nation; and being elected by the masses—among whom are usually to be found the contraveners of the law—they are naturally feeble and backward in enforcing the law against them. Instances of this abound in nearly every State. Unpopular laws, regulations, and rights—even rights of property—are violated with impunity; the perpetrators of popular outrages are seldom brought to justice; sometimes even the executive authorities are themselves the perpetrators, encouragers, or apathetic spectators of these violations of justice and established rule. We will quote only two specimens:

"It is (says Mr. Chambers); an unfortunate peculiarity in American railways, that certain States have adopted different gauges, so that a break necessarily takes place in passing from one to another.... One of these breaks took place at the town of Erie. The proprietors of the line being desirous to extend the New-York gauge through the adjoining part of Pennsylvania, and so make one break less in the length of railway, the people of Erie (where the break occurred) became alarmed

Things as they are in America, p. 162.

It requires a vote of two-thirds of both houses to override a presidential veto.
 † Tremenheere, Constitution of the United States, p. 172.

at the prospect of trains passing through their town without stopping; and to prevent this calamity, they tear up the rails as fust as they are laid down. . . . Meanwhile, it is not the least curious and incomprehensible thing about the Erie outrages, that they are promoted by the mayor of the city, and are sympathised in by the governor of the State of Pennsylvania! . . . 'On Monday last (says the New-York Tribune), the railway across Sycamore Street, in Erie, was torn up about noon, in obedience to the orders of the mayor. . . The sheriff of the borough was promptly on the ground, and did every thing in his power to prevent the track from being removed, making an earnest appeal to those who were present to aid him in enforcing the laws, and in preventing any infringement of the rights of the company. The spectators, however, stood regardless of the appeal, and permitted the employés of the mayor to proceed with their work.'"

The other case is more widely known and still more remarkable. It is that of the "Anti-Renters," as they are termed, in the state of New York. The first phase of it is thus narrated by Mr. George Combe in his Notes on the United States (iii. 194):

"The head of the Van Rensselaer family is styled the patroon of Albany, a title corresponding to the English lord of the manor. Many years ago, a large tract of land, lying on both sides of the Hudson, was let out on leases for long terms by one of the ancient patroons, for certain rents payable in grain, poultry, and services with carriages and teams. The late Mr. Van Rensselaer, who died in the present year, was indulgent in computing these rents, and he even

allowed many of them to stand over unexacted.

His son is now insisting on the tenants paying up arrears, and he demands the modern market-price for both produce and services. The tenants consider their situation as at once anomalous and grievous. They are substantially proprietors of their farms; but their tenures are only leasehold: they conceive themselves also to suffer hardship in regard to the rates at which the produce is commuted. They have thought that the accession of the new patroon afforded a fitting opportunity to rid themselves of their grievances; and after offering him terms, which he declined to accept, they unanimously resolved not to comply with his demands. He appealed to the law, but they resisted the sheriff in serving legal writs upon them. The posse comitatus of Albany was called out, and they resisted them. The sheriff reported this resistance as rebellion to the governor of the state, and he issued a spirited proclamation, denouncing it as an outrage on the law, and called out the militia of the cities of Albany, Troy, and New York. The Albany and Troy militia marched into the disaffected territory. The insurgents seized the artillery and powder magazines belonging to their own militia regiments, obstructed the roads, and prepared for battle. The militia, however, pressed on, and showed a firm determination to support the law; on which the tenants surrendered at discretion, without any bloodshed."

The contest, however, was renewed; fresh appeals were made to the courts of law; the law upheld the rights of the patroon; the anti-renters refused to submit to the precepts of the law; and at last, after many years, succeeded in procuring a legal decision in their favour. But this fact, and the mode in which it was brought about, are symptoms of an even worse political malady than a weak executive. Through repeated changes in the constitution of the several states, the judges themselves have now become, in most parts, little better than echoes of the mass of the people—exponents, not of settled law, but of varying

popular decrees.

We need not remind our readers that the independence of the judiciary has, in all times and countries and by all statesmen, been held to be the surest and most indispensable of securities for the rights and liberties of citizens, alike against the passions of a democracy or the encroachments and oppressions of the crown. This independence, as is obvious and has always been admitted, can only be preserved by having the judges appointed by the executive, irremovable during good conduct-i.e. appointed for life-and paid by salaries fixed and secured. By no one was the great principle more clearly seen or more strongly felt than by the founders of the American constitution; and, at the outset, not only the judges of the federal courts, but those of the several states, were appointed by the executive for life, and guarded alike against fear and favour by fixed and guaranteed emoluments. But that unhappy spirit which seems inherent in all pure democracies, in virtue of which any authority capable by its position and security of opposing or controlling the popular will—the existence of any official who is not a mere creature and slave of that will—is felt to be absolutely intolerable, -- has overthrown this sole safeguard of freedom and justice; * and in the majority of the states the judges, like the members of legislature, are chosen by popular election, and for a term of years only-often a very short term. Like candidates for any other post, they canvass, treat, promise, and give pledges. Here is a manifesto issued by the candidate for the office of attorney-general in the state of New York, in reference to the very "anti-rent" question which was then pending:

"I have been repeatedly applied to by individuals to know my opinions with regard to the manorial titles, and what course I intended

^{*} The judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are still unelected and irremovable, but great efforts have been made to bring them also into dependence on the popular will. Jefferson, who more than any man is chargeable with the degradation of American institutions, recommended the abolition of their independence half a century ago.

† Johnston's Notes on North America, vol. ii. p. 291.

to pursue, if elected, in relation to suits commenced and to be commenced under the joint resolution of the senate and the assembly. I have uniformly replied to these inquiries that I regard the manorial titles as a public curse, which ought not to exist under a free government, and that if they can be broken up and invalidated by law it will give me great pleasure; and I shall prosecute the pending suits with as much vigour and industry as I possess, and shall commence others, if on examination I shall be satisfied there is the least possible chance of success. I regard these prosecutions as matters of public duty; and in this instance duty squares with my wishes and inclinations.

Nov. 2, 1849. L. S. CHATFIELD."

This was an address to the electing body, published as an advertisement in the newspapers. "Mr. Chatfield is now attorney-general (says Mr. Johnston); and I was informed that the known opinions of certain of the old judges on this exciting question was one of the understood reasons why they were not re-elected by popular suffrage, when, according to the new con-

stitution, their tenure of office had expired."

So rapid has been, in respect to the judiciary, that degeneracy of American institutions of which we spoke at the commencement of this article, that in 1833, when Judge Story's great work was published, five of the twenty-five states then existing had adopted the principle of submitting the judges to the ordeal of a popular election, and appointing them only for a term of years; in 1844, when Judge Kent wrote his Commentaries, twelve out of twenty-nine states had taken this fatal step; and in 1853 the judges are elected in twenty-five states out of thirty-one;—in twenty-two of these they are appointed for short terms only; and in two others, though nominated by the governor, they are nominated for a term of years only. Many of these judges are elected annually, as in Connecticut, Vermont, Georgia. In many cases—indeed in most—they are elected for terms of years by universal suffrage. In Mississippi, by the Constitution of 1833, "every officer of the government, legislative, executive, and judicial, is elected by the universal suffrage of the people,—that is, by every free white male citizen of twentyone years of age who has resided within the state for one year preceding. The judges of the Supreme Court of Errors and Appeals are thus chosen by districts for six years. The Chancellor is elected for six years by the electors of the whole state. judges of the Circuit-courts are elected in districts for four years; the judges of probates and clerks of courts for two."*

It might have been expected that at least the two houses of legislature, the Senate and the House of Representatives, would have been composed of the *élite* of the people, would have been

[•] Tremenheere, Const. of U. S., p. 272.

fair exponents of their spirit and views, would in fact have represented in a sufficient measure those classes which we have described as the mind, the soul, the "redeeming element" of the American nation, as contradistinguished from its mere numerical mass. But it is not so; it is decreasingly so:—and three prin-

cipal reasons may explain this seeming anomaly.

In the first place, the elective franchise is no longer what it was when the federal constitution was formed and completed in 1789. The Senate, as is well known, is composed of members nominated by the state-legislatures, and the House of Representatives is chosen by the same electoral body as chooses the state-legislatures. The character of Congress, therefore, depends directly on the nature of the electoral body throughout the various states of the Union; and this body has been ceaselessly changing, and always approaching nearer and nearer to a pure ochlocracy.

"A greater and more grave departure (says Mr. Tremenheere)* from the theory of the constitution as it existed in the eyes and expectations of its careful and prudent founders, has taken place in the gradual lowering throughout nearly all the states of the Union, and the entire abolition in two-thirds of them, of those qualifications for the exercise of the franchise which existed when the constitution was adopted. Those qualifications were founded on property, on residence, on the payment of taxes; varying in degree in the different states, but all resting on one or other requirement as an essential principle of stability."

The following is Judge Kent's account of this downward progress:

"The progress and impulse of popular opinion is rapidly destroying every constitutional check, every conservative element, intended by the sages who framed the earliest American constitutions as safeguards against the abuses of popular suffrage.

Thus in Massachusetts, by the constitution of 1780, a defined portion of real or personal property was requisite for an elector; that qualification was dispensed with by the amended constitution of 1821.

By the practice under the charters of Rhode Island and Connecticut, a property-qualification was requisite to constitute freemen and voters. This test is continued in Rhode Island, but was done away with in

Connecticut by their constitution of 1818.

The New-York constitution of 1777 required the electors of the senate to be freeholders, and of the assembly to be either freeholders, or to have a rented tenement of the yearly value of forty shillings. The amended constitution of 1821 reduced this qualification down to payment of a tax, or performance of militia duty, or assessment and work on the highways. But the constitution as again amended in 1826 swept away all these impediments to universal suffrage.

† Comment. i, p. 227.

^{*} Const. of United States, p. 110.

In Maryland, by their constitution of 1776, electors were to be freeholders, or possessing property to the amount of 30*l.*; but by legislative amendments in 1801 and 1809 (and amendments are allowed to be made in that state by an ordinary statute, if confirmed by the next succeeding legislature) all property-qualification was disregarded.

The constitution of Virginia in 1776 required the electors to be freeholders, but the constitution of 1830 reduced down the property-qualification to that of being the owner of a leasehold estate or a

householder.

In Mississippi, by the constitution of 1817, electors were to have been enrolled in the militia, or paid taxes; but those impediments to universal suffrage were removed by the new constitution of 1833.

So the freehold-qualification, requisite in certain cases by the constitution of Tennessee of 1796, is entirely discontinued by the constitu-

tion of 1835.

In the states of Maine, Vermont, New York, Maryland, South Carolina, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Alabama, no property-qualification whatever, not even paying taxes, or serving in the militia, is requisite for the exercise of the right of suffrage. Every free male white citizen of the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have been a resident for some short given period, varying in those states from two years to three months, is entitled to vote.

To this enumeration the following states are now to be added: Florida, Texas, Wisconsin, Iowa, California; and finally, the once aristocratic state of Virginia, which on the 25th of October 1851 adopted the same ultra-democratic form of constitution as the states

above named by a vote of 75,748 to 11,060 against it.

The following states have retained a semblance of a qualification:
In the states of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Georgia, Ohio, and Louisiana, the elector is required, in addition to age and residence, to have been assessed and paid; or in Ohio, 'charged' with a state or country tax; or in Connecticut to have served in the militia."

The operation of this rapid lowering of the suffrage, till it has, in fact, become unrestricted and universal, need not be pointed out in any detail. The more refined, cultivated, and reflecting classes—those capable of looking into the future, those competent to discern and to withstand the dangerous impulses of popular passion, those fitted to appreciate and discover the more valuable qualifications of a legislator—necessarily form a very small minority of the voters, and their influence is scarcely felt upon the poll-books. The numerical majority—a majority necessarily composed of the partially educated, the impulsive, and the unreflective—of men who read history and learn Great Britain through the medium of such text-books and such newspapers as we have already described—decide between the candidates for Congress; and those candidates, to be successful, must

flatter the passions, pander to the prejudices, and adopt, or seem to adopt, the short and narrow views of the electors. The character of Congress is therefore gradually lowering, like the suffrage; and there is nothing indecorous in saying this, because it is notorious and avowed among the Americans themselves. Not only do the superior minds and spirits of the nation shrink from a game which involves so much that is rough, low, and dirty, but even where these would fain enter that arena, the populace of voters will rarely choose them. Of those who are chosen a great proportion cannot be exempted, it is certain, from the charge both of vulgarity and of corruptibility. We will say nothing of the language and behaviour frequently exhibited in Congress; this, however indicative of the class choosing and the class chosen, is, we are assured, looked upon with disgust and regret by all respectable Americans, as tending to lower them in the eyes of other nations, But what can be said of the charge of pecuniary influencibility, which is not only made, but believed, against American members of Congress, and by Americans themselves, and which has been admitted by implication in an act passed for its repression?* It is well known that both senators and representatives at Washington are paid eight dollars per working-day, with eight dollars for every twenty miles they have to travel. It is known also that this sum is insufficient to cover the expenses of living at Washington, and that many of the members are not men of indepen-"Hence it has arisen" (says Mr. Tredent private fortunes. menheere), "and it is a matter too notorious in the United States to make any reluctance necessary in referring to it here, that accusations, without stint or measure, are launched against a considerable proportion of members of both houses of Congress, to the effect that, in order to make up such incomes as will enable them to live in the manner they think requisite, they accept money-payments from persons interested in questions before the legislature, to give their especial attention to such questions." Here is a speech of Colonel Benton, a noted senator in Congress, which, added to the existence of the "Act" just referred to, seems to place the matter beyond dispute. Indeed, we have heard of worse cases than those here described. The hon, senator says:

"The root of all this vicious legislation, and the opprobrium of our

^{*} February 26, 1853. "Also in the matter of government contracts of all kinds, if common fame is to be depended upon, the amount of jobbing and corruption, especially in times of war, would astonish the acute parliamentary critics of our army and navy and miscellaneous estimates. It is asserted, that one of the principal reasons why war is so popular in the United States is the wide field it opens for these practices. The Florida and Mexican wars abounded in examples of them, some equalling any thing that could have occurred in the most corrupt period of our own government during the last century." Tremenheere, Notes on Canada and the United States, p. 125.

government, is a new power which has grown up at Washington, and which performs for legislation pretty much the same favour which caucuses and conventions perform for elections-that is, takes it out of the hands of the people's representatives, and puts it into the hands of self-constituted managers. These are the class of agents, now multiplied to scores, and organised into a body, and supplied with the means of conciliating members or combining interests. These guard the halls of legislation, and create interests strong enough to carry through bad measures, and to lay an embargo on the good, unless they consent to lend a helping-hand to the bad. I am told the way now to get any large bill through Congress for a claim, or a contract, or even a just grant of railroad-land, is to apply to one of these agents as the effective man (members of Congress being considered quite secondary), arrange with him, and, like a good grand-juryman, keep your own and your fellow's counsel. The great game of 'log-rolling's then begins, and a mass of conglomerated measures pass easily, many of which could get no support alone. To lend a hand at a pinching vote-to get out of the way at a pinching vote-now becomes the duty of the mollified members. . . . It was the view of such proceedings as this that induced the representative from North Carolina to say that, 'with money enough, any bill might be carried through Congress."

The second cause of the deterioration and increasingly nonrepresentative character of the members of the legislature is "the evil, which has been steadily gaining ground, of the whole machinery of the elections gradually falling into the hands of persons who devote themselves to the occupation of arranging them, of fixing upon and bringing forward candidates, of creating for them a name and character by means of unceasing eulogies in the public press, of dictating to them their policy, of describing to them, in its most minute details, the course which it is expected of them that they will take on all the leading questions before the public, whether of internal or external interest, and finally, when the elections have terminated in success, looking for their reward from the various sources within the means of the predominant political party, should their candidate happen to belong to it." It is difficult to exaggerate the ill-effect of this abuse in vitiating and lowering the choice of the electors; nor should we venture to state thus broadly the fact, were we not borne out to the letter by the assertions and complaints of the Americans themselves. It appears that, in the "primary elections," there are electioneering agents who go so far as to contract for securing the majority in this or that specified district or The following "faithful and exact description of the system which is playing such fearful havoc with our institutions' is from the New-York Herald:

^{* &}quot; Log-rolling" means "Help me in my job, and I will help you in yours."

"A lazy fellow, who hates to work for a living, encouraged by the success of ward-politicians, who have grown fat upon the corruptions and the spoils of office, devotes his energies, day and night, to the acquisition of influence in the ward in which he resides. He spouts, he brawls in the bar-room, and affects public virtue of the highest order. He is a patriot of the first water, and a 'clever' fellow to boot. He treats the rowdies whenever he meets them, and makes them his fast friends. He is most diligent in attending to all matters of public interest connected with the ward or the city. If he has sufficient ability, he draws up resolutions for public meetings and committees. and studies the forms and precedents of political organisations, so that he has them at his fingers' ends, and he is consulted as an oracle upon all occasions of doubt, difficulty, or importance. If there is an honest man in the ward of the same politics, who has any taste or ambition for public affairs, and especially if he shows any talent, he takes every opportunity to blast his character, and calls him a traitor, an intriguer, a demagogue, or some other hard name. For the simple and confiding he promises to obtain situations in the post-office, the custom-house, and the police. He thus gradually acquires the influence he seeks, and soon finds himself a far more important man in the ward than his neighbour, who is a man of worth and respectability. His position is found out by those who want to use him. He is for sale to the highest bidder, either to defeat his own party by treachery, or to procure a nomination for any scoundrel who will pay for it. He has no politics of any kind. He has rascality to sell; and there are those who are willing to purchase it in order that they may traffic in it, and sell it themselves again at a very high profit. For instance, the agents of Fillmore, Scott, or Webster, come to one of these ward-politicians, and make a contract with him to secure the majority in the ward."

A third cause operates still more powerfully in the same The clause in the constitution which prevents ministers, even the heads of departments, from sitting in either House of Congress-though expressly designed to guard their public men from undue influence and corruption—has aided not only this very evil which it was designed to check, but several others likewise. It has lowered the character both of ministers and of representatives. A seat in the legislature and a seat in the cabinet mutually preclude each other. Capable and ambitious men must, therefore, resign one or other object of aspiration. Competent statesmen will not seek popular election, because it disqualifies for administrative power; and the President need not appoint the most capable statesmen as his ministers, because they are not exposed to the ordeal of parliamentary debates. Constituencies may choose representatives who are unfit to be ministers; and the President may appoint ministers who could not hold their ground as representatives. Some of the mischiefs of this system are thus tersely stated by Judge Story:*

^{*} Commentaries, § 869, 870.

"Another reason for allowing the heads of departments seats in the legislature is, that it would compel the executive to make appointments for the high departments of government, not from personal or private favourites, but from statesmen of high public character, talents, experience, and elevated services-from statesmen who had already earned public favour, and could command public confidence." By the present law, "the heads of departments are in fact precluded from proposing or vindicating their own measures in the face of the nation, in the course of debate; and are compelled to intrust them to other men, who are either imperfectly acquainted with the measures, or are indifferent to their success or failure. Thus, that open and public responsibility for measures, which properly belongs to the executive in all governments, and especially in a republican government, as its greatest security and strength, is completely done away. The executive is compelled to resort to secret and unseen influence, to private interviews and private arrangements, to accomplish its own appropriate purposes; instead of proposing and sustaining its duties and measures by a bold and manly appeal to the nation in the face of its representatives."

The Americans might, in this matter, have learned wisdom from our practice. Shortly after the Revolution, in the reign of William III., repeated attempts were made to pass a bill excluding from parliament all men holding office under the crown. Happily, these attempts were not successful. Had they succeeded, the effect of the measure would have been what Mr. Macaulay has well described (History of England, iv. 338), and

what we now see in America:

"About the manner in which such a bill should have been framed, there will, in our time, be little difference of opinion among enlightened Englishmen. They will agree in thinking that it will be most pernicious to open the House of Commons to all placemen, and not less pernicious to close that House against all placemen. To draw with precision the line between those who ought to be admitted and those who ought to be excluded, would be a task demanding much time, thought, and knowledge of details. But the general principles which ought to guide us are obvious. The multitude of subordinate functionaries ought to be excluded. A few functionaries who are at the head, or near the head, of the great departments of the administration, ought to be admitted. That men who are in the service and pay of the Crown ought not to sit in an assembly specially charged with the duty of guarding the rights and interests of the community against all aggression on the part of the Crown, is a plausible and a popular doctrine. Yet it is certain, that if those, who five generations ago held that doctrine, had been able to mould the constitution according to their wishes, the effect would have been the depression of that branch of the legislature which springs from the people, and is accountable to the

people, and the ascendency of the monarchical and aristocratical elements of our polity. The government would have been entirely in patrician hands. The House of Lords, constantly drawing to itself the first abilities in the realm, would have become the most august of senates, while the House of Commons would have sunk almost to the rank of a vestry. From time to time, undoubtedly, men of commanding genius and of aspiring temper would have made their appearance among the representatives of the counties and boroughs. But every such man would have considered the elective chamber merely as a lobby through which he must pass to the hereditary chamber. The first object of his ambition would have been that coronet without which he could not be powerful in the state. As soon as he had shown that he could be a formidable enemy and a valuable friend to the government, he would have made haste to quit what would then have been in every sense the lower house, for what would then have been in every sense the upper. The conflict between Walpole and Pulteney, the conflict between Pitt and Fox, would have been transferred from the popular to the aristocratic part of the legislature. On every great question, foreign, domestic, or colonial, the debates of the nobles would have been impatiently expected, and eagerly devoured. The report of the proceedings of an assembly containing no person empowered to speak in the name of the government, no person who had ever been in high political trust, would have been thrown aside with contempt. Even the control of the purse of the nation must have passed, not perhaps in form, but in substance, to that body in which would have been found every man who was qualified to bring forward a budget, or explain an estimate. The country would have been governed by peers; and the chief business of the commons would have been to wrangle about bills for the enclosing of moors and the lighting of towns."

Be the causes what they may, the fact of the deterioration in quality and character of American statesmen cannot be denied. It stares us in the face as we look back to history. It is painfully forced upon our conviction by every debate in Congress and every American state-paper we peruse. It is admitted by Americans themselves. It is deplored by every foreigner who admires them, and loves that liberty of which they and we are the chief champions, and ought to be the chief ornaments and illustrators. "Il est évident (says M. de Tocqueville) que la race des hommesd'état américains s'est singulièrement rapetissée depuis un demisiècle."* "Consider for one moment," writes an American of eminence,† "the inevitable effects of our present style of politics. The quality of our politicians deteriorates most rapidly. Write down a list of the twenty-five leading politicians of Washington's, Adams's, or Jefferson's administrations, and write opposite the names of our foremost twenty-five. Have we not among our very foremost 'statesmen' illiterate, shallow, noisy, boast-

^{*} Démocratie en Amérique, ii. c. 5. † Tremenheere, Const. of U. S. p. 151.

ful demagogues? It seems to me that the business of politics is getting to be done more and more by such persons; and that men of worth, dignity, and wisdom more and more abstain from that political pitch which defiles; and that the apathy of the intelligent class with regard to politics has become almost

complete."

Closely connected with this fact, and probably among its chief causes, is another, which it behoves this country to reflect upon with grave attention. Public questions as well as public men have become small in the Union. Now the history of all free states would seem to indicate that the strife of great parties, divided upon great questions, is the very life of liberty and progress. It keeps talent, character, patriotism, all at a high level. When, by the entire victory of one of these parties and the entire subjection of the other, or by the settlement and shelving of all these grand questions, this strife is ended, ideas, passions, and interests alike dwarf and dwindle, and the contest which must always exist becomes one simply for the possession of power,—one between individuals instead of between principles; and the questions in the name and under the cloak of which it is carried on become both insignificant and artificial. Now the great strife of all—the most enduring and the most universal—that between Conservatism and Democracy-between those who would restrict and those who would extend the popular power-no longer rages in It died with the defeat of the Federalists when Jefferson became President; and from that hour dates the deterioration we have spoken of. As long as that party and that struggle lasted, America was rich in great men-Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Munroe, Franklin, Jefferson, and Adams; when that party and that struggle ended, we come down to the Jacksons, the Taylors, the Van Burens, the Polks, the Marcys, the Cushings, and the Pierces.

Two great questions still exist, or rather may arise, out of which great parties, divided on great principles and contending for great interests, may yet be formed—Slavery, and Conquest. The first is one which for magnitude and difficulty is assuredly worthy to occupy and exercise the most powerful intellects of any nation, and sooner or later, if not solved in time, will menace the stability of the Union, and so force itself into political prominence. Late events would appear to indicate that the period for this is drawing very near. But hitherto politicians of all parties have, by a sort of tacit consent, endeavoured to avoid the discussion of it, and to keep it out of the arena of congressional discussions. Though often agitating the whole Union, it has been regarded rather as a social and moral than as a political question, and has occupied enthusiasts rather than statesmen.

Whenever the question of the continuance and extension, or the condemnation and abolition, of this domestic institution shall be erected into the banner of a great party, shall become THE topic which combines and divides politicians, and shall make its battlefield the two Houses of Congress, then American statesmen, breathing a purer atmosphere, fighting in a noble cause, vehement with earnest passion, and giving utterance to lofty sentiments, may once more grow great. Or a similar salvation may be achieved whenever a party shall arise bold, strong, wise, and virtuous enough to take its stand on the principle of opposition to that insane, intoxicating, reckless spirit of conquest, rapine, and annexation which is fast transforming the great Republic of peace and freedom into a mere freebooting, spoliating, bullying aggressor. But, alas! this spirit seems to possess the whole nation,—or at least such an omnipotent majority, that the very endeavour to oppose it would be equivalent to the suicide of the daring and impotent dissentients. So that in place of great parties contending in the name of liberation and humanity, or of justice and peace, we have a set of petty factions, whose very number and names read like a satire and a reproach,-Hunkers, Barn-burners, Loco-focos, Know-nothings, Hard-shells, Softshells, Woolly-heads, Dough-faces, and others,—and nearly all of them struggling not for principle but for place and pelf.

Are we, in this country, secure against a corresponding though a mitigated danger? We have disposed of all the great questions which have been the battle-fields of party during the two centuries in the course of which our constitution and our grandeur have been rising. Principles are settled: details only remain for discussion. Even Conservatism has become as reforming as Liberalism. Religious liberty, Parliamentary reform, Free-trade, have become historic matters: our foreign policy alone remains undecided as to its fundamental points. As the differences between contending politicians become more minute and insignificant, will not the great game of politics tend almost irresistibly to grow less worthy and less noble? Shall we not have to be magniloquent and passionate over puny trifles? Will not parties dwindle into factions? And will not their quarrel be, not whither or on what tack the vessel shall be steered, but what favourite

orator shall hold the helm?

Let us look at the confirmation of our sketch of America by one of the most penetrating and profound observers a quarter of a century ago:

"Great political parties are not, then, to be met with in the United States at the present time. Parties, indeed, may be found which threaten the future tranquillity of the Union; but there are none which seem to contest the present form of government, or the present

course of society. The parties by which the Union is menaced do not rest upon abstract principles, but upon temporal interests. These interests, disseminated in the provinces of so vast an empire, may be said to constitute rival nations rather than parties. Thus, upon a recent occasion, the north contended for the system of commercial prohibition, and the south took up arms in favour of free trade, simply because the north is a manufacturing, and the south an agricultural district; and because the restrictive system which was profitable to the one was prejudicial to the other. In the absence of great parties, the United States abound with lesser controversies; and public opinion is divided into a thousand minute shades of difference upon questions of very little mo-The pains which are taken to create parties are inconceivable, and at the present day it is no easy task. In the United States there is no religious animosity, because all religion is respected, and no sect is predominant; there is no jealousy of rank, because the people is every thing, and none can contest its authority; lastly, there is no public misery to serve as a means of agitation, because the physical position of the country opens so wide a field to industry, that man is able to accomplish the most surprising undertakings with his own native resources. Nevertheless, ambitious men are interested in the creation of parties, since it is difficult to eject a person from authority upon the mere ground that his place is coveted by others. The skill of the actors in the political world lies, therefore, in the art of creating parties. A political aspirant in the United States begins by discriminating his own interest, and by calculating upon those interests which may be collected around, and amalgamated with it; he then contrives to discover some doctrine or some principle which may suit the purposes of the new association, and which he adopts in order to bring forward his party, and to secure its popularity; just as the imprimatur of a king was incorporated with the volume which it authorised, but to which it nowise belonged. When these preliminaries are terminated, the new party is ushered into the political world. All the domestic controversies of the Americans at first appear to a stranger to be so incomprehensible and so puerile, that he is at a loss whether to pity a people which takes such arrant trifles in good earnest, or to envy that happiness which enables it to discuss them."*

We had intended to speak at some length of the character and influence of the press in the United States; but we have left ourselves no space to do so. That press, unfortunately, represents and expresses the enlightened and intelligent minority of the nation just as little as do the government and the members of Congress; and for the same reason. American newspapers are numberless and low-priced. They are not cheap—regard being had to the character of their contents (even Mr. Chambers admits this); but they are sold often for a halfpenny, oftener for a penny, and are therefore within the reach of nearly every one. Five-sixths of the matter they contain is advertisement;

^{*} Tocqueville, Démocratie en Amérique.

the remaining sixth (if we put out of view a few, a very few honourable exceptions) is about equally divided between home personalities, often deplorably low in language, and abuse or depreciation of England. This character is traceable to two sources: "the facility with which they can be set on foot gluts the market (says Mr. Tremenheere), and reduces the profits to so low a point that very few men of ability and character will condescend to embark in that species of occupation." Then, being so low in price as to be purchasable by the mass of the population, they are addressed to that mass, and written so as to gratify it. They "who live to please, must please to live." The vast majority of them, therefore, almost as an inevitable consequence, pander to the prejudices and inflame the passions of the average body of readers,—a body which, in America, embraces nearly the whole working-classes. The consequences of this, present and prospec-"Unfortunately, our own press tive, are very serious indeed. not uncommonly presents examples of a mode of comment on what it disapproves in the conduct of the American government and people, the caustic satire of which burns deeper than the arguments. Every disparaging word is caught at, and its import magnified; and every sarcasm, from whatever quarter,—in book or pamphlet, speech or newspaper,—is quoted and requoted for years as proofs of the bad disposition of the English people towards every thing American."

The following observations,* written above four years ago, well deserve attention on both sides of the water at the present

conjuncture:

"In the mean time that democratic press is occupied in nursing the popular ambition by holding forth the doctrine that it is the 'manifest destiny' of the American people to absorb the whole continent, and its adjoining islands. It stirs up the warlike spirit which pervades the whole country; it systematically teaches them to undervalue the power of England, and to look upon her as weak and declining; and it inspires them with an evident desire to try their strength with Great Britain, in the confident expectation that it would give them very little trouble to lay her prostrate. That during the excitement on the Cuban affair, of which I had good opportunities of watching the course, the democratic press should pour forth even more than its usual quantity of declamation in its endeavour to stir up the passions and promote the objects above adverted to, might be expected; but I confess I did not expect to see so many of the Whig papers at that time fall into the same tone. The conduct of some few of them was manly and honourable. They resisted from the first the popular impulse towards that unprincipled aggression. But it was lamentable and of evil augury to read, in other papers of that party, leading articles, the premises of which were for, and the conclusions against, that act of piracy; sen-

[•] Tremenheere, Notes on Public Subjects, p. 134.

tences one day condemning the offender, yet defending the offence; another day sentences taking the opposite line, and so written as to be quoted as proofs of consistency should the turn of events render the 'cry for Cuba' an available one at the next elections. The trimming of some of the Whig papers during several weeks displayed as complete a want of principle as the aggression, and a less amount of determination than the democratic papers exhibited in their bold and

unscrupulous adoption of it from the beginning.

This high opinion of themselves, and low estimate of other powers, which pervades, I believe, the numerical mass of the people of the United States, renders it by no means improbable that they may at any moment, in a period of popular excitement, hurry along the upper and more sober-minded classes of the community, and their government, into a course of national policy which those classes might in reality condemn, but which they would have no power to arrest or alter. Such an instance, to refer to no others, occurred in the case of the Mexican war, which was condemned by all their best statesmen, and against which they were warned in the most earnest manner by nearly all that deserved to exercise any moral weight in the community. But the popular current was too strong for them, and they were finally led to acquiesce in what they could not prevent; one imprudent step of the government, in risking a small body of troops in an exposed position, having been held to commit irretrievably both government and people. Such periods of popular excitement must be expected to recur at no very great intervals, where their causes fall in with the principles of a large, not to say preponderating body in the state; where so many eager expectants are ever on the watch to profit by them; and where an unscrupulous press is ever at hand to mislead the popular mind, and to play upon the excitable temperament of the people.

When such occasions arise, I believe there is no more effectual mode of keeping the peace than to show unmistakably to those persons who pull the wires of these popular excitements, that there is no weakness in the counsels of Great Britain, nor any failing in the strength of her arm, if need be, to sustain them. Those persons, indeed, know full well, that no more than a minute fraction of that strength was ever put forth in the unfortunate collisions that have hitherto taken place between Great Britain and the United States. The great mass of their readers are profoundly ignorant of that fact. It will not be the fault of these newspaper-writers, if their fellow-countrymen are not some

day rather roughly awakened to their error."

Looking back over the whole matter, and endeavouring to look back upon it dispassionately, we must avow that our anticipations are by no means sanguine or pleasing, whether as regards the improvement and elevation of American policy or the permanence of the existing American Union. On both subjects we cannot help sharing to the utmost those sad and gloomy fears which we know to fill the minds of many of the most thoughtful

and far-seeing Americans themselves, and which appear in every page of Judge Story's writings. We see few elements of amendment, and many of deterioration. We entertain only the faintest hopes that the Union will last another generation. We are not sure that we feel any earnest desire that it should. A state whose power was so vast, while its political morality and wisdom were so low, would be of ill augury to the well-being of the rest The official avowals, plain or thinly disguised, of of the world. Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Pierce, of intended territorial aggrandisement: and the language of Mr. Everett, when secretary of state, as to the impossibility of resisting the conquering and filibustering tendencies of American citizens,—to say nothing of the orations delivered in both Houses of Congress,-leave little prospect of arresting a career of aggression and injustice, which, as the extension of slavery and the preponderance of slave-states are among its chief motives, cannot be tamely acquiesced in by the north. The New-England states, New York and Philadelphia, will not choose long to be dragged through national iniquities of which the object and effect must be to give a preponderance to their southern rivals. Sooner or later issue must be joined on this question. And when the north and the south shall separate, the west will not choose to be linked to the Besides this, as every year extends the destinies of either. boundaries of the United States, admits new territories into its fold, complicates its interests, multiplies the questions and increases the perplexities with which its statesmen have to deal, statesmen of greater ability, experience, character, and commanding grasp of mind are required to deal with concerns of such ever-growing magnitude. The politicians fit to manage the national affairs of a Republic reaching from Maine to Mexico must be few and rare indeed! Yet every year fills the halls of Congress and the Presidential chair with men of briefer training. shallower capacity, and lower, because more popular, views of statesmanship and public morals. A task tenfold greater than that which was a sore weight to Washington and Adams is laid upon the shoulders of a Pierce, a Marcy, and a Cass. As matters become more delicate, more difficult, and more perilous, a poorer, a feebler, and a rasher set rush in to handle them. What must be "the end of these things," it needs no prophet to foretell. When that end may come, we are not anxious to conjecture.

In conclusion: the remarks which we have made above as to the non-representative character of the government and the press of the United States may suffice to suggest the line of conduct to be adopted by this country on those occasions when, as recently, endeavours are made, for personal or party purposes,

by American officials to fix a quarrel on Great Britain, and when those endeavours are disavowed and condemned by the classes whom we have ventured to designate as constituting par excellence the American NATION. We must assume, as far as possible, a passive and impassive attitude; ignoring all that we are suffered to ignore; hearing nothing that we are not compelled to hear; taking no notice of provocative speeches in Congress or bombastic articles in newspapers, which, though spoken and written at us, are not addressed to us; and heeding, as little as we can in courtesy, Presidential and State documents which, though addressed to us, are written and spoken at Americans and for American political designs. We must pass by all insults in mere words, as not the deliberate language of national organs, but only the bluster of men untrained to statesmanlike decorum or refined courtesy, whom temporary accident has raised to high positions. If they proceed to acts, we must meet and repel them with the quiet repression becoming men who feel that they are dealing with antagonists as much blamed by the nation in whose name they act, and whose power they abuse, as by the nation whom they gratuitously assail. We must be especially on our guard against identifying the Washington officials, whose term of office is expiring, with the permanent PEOPLE of America; and we must be careful, by no angry or intemperate language of ours directed against that people, to lead them to make common cause with their temporary and mischief-making rulers.

"Stand we firm and resolute,
Like a forest—close and mute,
With folded arms, and looks which are
Weapons of unvanquish'd war.

With folded arms and steady eyes, And little fear, and less surprise, Look upon them as they stay Till their rage has died away."

We are aware that it is never an easy thing, and not always either a decorous or a possible one, thus to separate a nation from its government, especially when that government is ostensibly and pre-eminently the creature of the popular choice. Nevertheless in this case we must do it, and the notorious facts of the case justify us in doing it. And before laying down the pen, we wish to forestall a possible misunderstanding and a probable charge. We have no desire, and have had no intention, to speak with disrespect of that portion—the numerical majority—of the American people which does elect the legislative and administrative officers of the United States, and whose sentiments, therefore, those officers may fairly be assumed to speak. Towards this majority—the actual electoral body—we feel no disrespect. They are

no worse than the corresponding class in our own country; on the contrary, in many respects they are better. They are less docile, modest, and respectful, certainly; but they are more intelligent, more shrewd, more intensely energetic, and, as a rule, far better educated. The difference between the two countries is this: in the United States this class of men govern; in Eng-In the United States the government is land they do not. elected, the national tone is given, the standard of public morality is fixed by the mass, the operatives, the tradesmen, the pioneers of the West, the cultivators of the soil, the lower professional electioneerers—by those, in fact, who correspond to what are termed the middle and lower classes in settled countries. In England the government is chosen, the national tone is given, the standard of public morality is fixed by the middle and upper classes—the educated minority, the merchants, the aristocracy, the thinkers, and the writers. If our parliament and our ministers were named, as in America, by universal suffrage and for brief periods, what sort of men would rise to the head of affairs with us? How long should we preserve even that modified degree of moderation, decorum, wisdom, and public purity which still prevails among our Transatlantic cousins?

ART. VIII.—THE AUSTRIAN PEACE.

The Moniteur of the 2d of February 1856.

Those who still consider—according to a view at one time current among liberal politicians—that a state of war must necessarily be full of passionate impulses,—some of them sufficiently generous, but others, and those perhaps the most practically influential, of a widely different character,—must feel no little surprise at the mode in which the question of peace and war is now discussed. That it is not contemplated through any distorting medium of ambition or revenge is certain, and may to many appear to be a fact of unmixedly cheerful augury. received imagery is at fault. The picture on the mental retina is not of ardent warriors meeting with hateful eyes—a bloody field—spent combatants—a foe struck down—and a peace dictated by the victor; nor, on the other hand, do we see a vision of aims lost sight of, and hopes disappointed on all sides—a return to a mere status quo, with the addition of universal weariness and disgust—the unsatisfactory outcome of a series of inconsistent and transitory alliances and combinations, topped by

some dexterous move acquiesced in by all as giving the finishingstroke to a game which has been deprived of its higher interests, and only needs to be ended, and, if possible, forgotten. The latter is a result so much to be apprehended in all wars where complex interests are at stake, that a conviction of our being at all events spared that ought possibly to awaken in humble and reasonable minds a more lively feeling of satisfaction and thankfulness than we find ourselves able to avow. The war and the negotiations have progressed with something like the steady march of a Chancery-suit, in which the plaintiff has gained some new point at each stage, and the antagonists have been strictly kept by the court to the issues raised in their preliminary altercation. Diplomacy can state its successive feats in parallel columns, and make up its record of a statesman's war by appending a scientific award, drawn up in all clerkly neatness by untrembling hands—a monument of practice, a precedent for future learners.

Yet, is this safe, calm, judicial procedure,—this legal, precise operation,—all that a great war and its close ought to be? Is the feeling of disappointment, of shortcoming, of dissatisfaction with nicely-elaborated expedients, which we believe to be tolerably universal in England, either immoral or even mistaken? If the Austrian pacification is completed, will its annals be the very best contribution that ever was made to the historic food which nourishes the souls of nations? Be it observed, that if the maxims at present in vogue among statesmen are really the maturest fruits of political wisdom and virtue, then this peace (supposing it to include the greater number of the points understood to be contended for by the Allies) must be a model peace. It cannot be looked on merely as an inevitable solution, or a wise practical mode of reconciling conflicting difficulties. It must be a type in its way—a pattern for the world—a specimen of the best that Christian civilisation has yet been able to effect; it must consecrate the admission that the knightly sword has no more work to do, and that international rights may henceforward be safely left to the vindication of the policeman's staff.

The maxims to which we refer are briefly reducible to two: first, that appeals to the nobler and deeper passions of mankind—to the enthusiasm for liberty and to the throbbings of patriotism—are so dangerous that they should be left to the last, and only made under the stress of inexorable necessity; and secondly, that wars should be confined to the removal of the immediate casus belli, and not be allowed to extend to any effectual dealing with the remoter causes of the wrongs complained of. No one can doubt that these maxims have been stated by the most influential persons more broadly than it is customary in

political life to state abstract principles, or that the war has been conducted, and the terms of peace framed, in a spirit of doctrinaire accordance with what is so laid down. Even on the first head, we cannot in any manner admit that the expressions used by our statesmen are to be considered as limited to the special circumstances. Their whole animus has been unmistakably to sneer down, with the keen superciliousness of age and experience, every generous allusion, every argument based on other than material considerations. Poland is not to be spoken of as a monument of oppression—a standing witness to the fraud and violence of an encroaching power-a thorn in the side of Russia, because a conquest from a noble and injured race, but at most as a "menace to Germany." The word "nationality" excites a titter, as representing the fixed idea of monomaniacs: an irrelevant Quixotism, to be put down by naming it in a disparaging tone; a disturbing element, imported by a few presumptuous sciolists into the consultations of men of business. There is an unseemly proneness in persons of station all round to get rid of any thing like a reference to large principles by stamping those who venture to allude to them as "visionary."

What we except to in the language of statesmen respecting the mode in which this war has been carried on is, that they seem to consider the very limitation of its aims, the very smallness of the reparation exacted from a powerful and unscrupulous enemy of freedom and civilisation, to be evidences not of our weakness but of his. They forget that it does not really extend the pale of law to deal with those without it as leniently as if they were within it, and only needed, from time to time, the mild surveillance of constituted authorities. It may be necessary to stop at this point. The fears of a despotic ally abroad, or of a timid aristocracy at home, may make it impossible to go further; but, in the name of all that is worth living for, let not the final sacrifice of Poland, the respite granted to Austria, the abandonment of Circassia, the inadequacy of the protection given to the Baltic powers, the sufferance of a continued state of defencelessness in Germany, be held forth as proofs of respect for international law, and of the systematic judicial way in which Europe, conscious of her own strength, is contented with magnificently putting aside an aggressor who must henceforward

be subject to her tribunals.

It is difficult to argue for that faith in liberty and in national rights which it is now so much the fashion to disparage. Those who feel it can but say so boldly, and help all in high places who will echo their convictions. It is disheartening, sickening, to observe how much credit for worldly wisdom is gained by the adoption of a sceptical tone on the subject. If, however,

such language were held by a generation great in all the arts of government, able adapters of means to ends, masterly realisers of narrow ideas, some respect for the hard efficiency of the sceptics might create a moment's presumption in their favour, and damp the ardour of their opponents. But when it is held by ministers and parliaments whose sole strength is in good intention, and who can lay no claim to the attributes of that cold politic intellect which they affect, those in whom the memory of the heroic ages of the world is still fresh must be forgiven some lack of deference for the wise saws of their monitors.

The same narrow legal spirit which holds it much gain to abstain from awaking great passions prides itself also on restricting the objects of a contest to the removal of the original casus belli. This is another fallacious application of the maxims that obtain within the limits of law to the region which lies without those limits. The test of a law-governed community is, that the least wrong, no less than the greatest, can be redressed on the application of the injured party. You have not to wait for an accumulation of such wrongs. Since your causes of complaint may be removed as they arise, it is your own fault if you invoke no aid till half your patrimony is gone. You cannot complain if the state, when set in motion at last, addresses itself simply to the removal of your latest grievance, and declines to open inquiries which you have waived by acquiescence. is far otherwise in the half-organised commonwealth of States. There the immediate injury is the least part of the matter. If it is the first, little will be done to avenge it. The iteration and pertinacity of outrage must precede the retributive stroke, open the eyes of all parties to its necessity, and give them time for reflection and preparation.

There is no ground whatever for the pharisaical complacency with which the narrowing of the present war to the direct protection of Turkey is viewed. The gist of the war is the effort to check the systematic aggressions of an oriental despotism, wielding many of the resources of Western civilisation far more effectively than the Western nations themselves, upon the East of Europe. The geographical position of Turkey, and her supposed weakness, seemed to render her at once the most important and the most attainable prize; and her danger aroused other states at last to interpose against Russia, when Russia was fast approaching the completion of her designs. It had been a mistake to sanction the appropriation of Finland, an instance of glaring incapacity to allow "the disastrous treaty of Adrianople," a crime to connive at the annihilation of Poland, a blunder and a blindness (to say the least) to permit Russian intervention in Hungary; but peril to the Queen of the Bosphorus was too much even for the statesmen of a forty years' peace. This last-mentioned peril, being too great and too obvious to be passed over, became the immediate cause of war; and yet its significance and its danger depended on a succession of events spread over a previous century. It might have been no more than the occupation of a good commercial station by a civilised power instead of an effete barbarism, and a benefit rather than a danger to the rest of Europe. Why are the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire become so important to us, bound up as they now are with the last hopes of the countrymen of John Sobieski? Not as the beginning, but as the consummation of Russian en-We know not any rule of morals or of policy croachment. which requires us to rejoice in the terms of peace being limited to the prevention of the final iniquity. We see no grounds for self-righteous exultation in the fact that we have not sought to dismember or to degrade the empire of the Czars. We can only see that, having deferred action too long, we are obliged to content ourselves with staving off the last danger, and to put up with insufficient securities obtained at the price of gigantic efforts.

Will Europe derive such an amount of security from the results of the present war, if now brought to a close, as might fairly and reasonably be expected? We cannot think that it will. We subscribe to the condemnation which has been passed by others on the cant phrase, that a great country should not wage a little war. The proper answer to it is to quote Johnson's line on the subject of driving fat oxen. But the results of a great war should be of commensurate importance. The agencies which it sets in motion are too vast and too rarely available, as well as too solemn and too grievous, to be used without extracting from them all the good that they can yield. We should not lay down our arms in such a war merely because we have got what will do, if something that will do better is within our reach. In virtue of the precious blood which has been spilt, it is the right of the combatant to run some risks in

order to complete his work.

The Eastern danger arises from two causes: the aggressive spirit of Russia, and the weakness of Central Europe. We are aware that some whose opinions are entitled to respect deny the existence of the first. They rely on the quiet acquisitive character said to belong to the middle classes there as here, and are content to await the progress of commerce and the growth of riches as sufficient antidotes to the ambition of the house of Romanoff. To us this appears a most uncertain speculation. What we really know is, that ever since the Czars have lived at St. Petersburg they have pursued one undeviating course of aggression with a united nation at their backs. They have not

been provoked to it by the attacks of their neighbours, allured to it by the exigencies of their commerce, or impelled to it by the pressure of barbarous tribes seeking a livelihood and settling down into quiet citizens when they have found it. Whatever travellers may report of the inoffensive talk and habits of the bourgeoisie, history teaches-is teaching at this very momentthat the habitual condition of the country is to follow an ambitious and grasping Czar with a kind of religious enthusiasm and faith in destiny. We take a long run of events to be the best evidence of the real tendencies of a nation, and lay little stress on the psychological deductions of travellers. But if we attached more weight than we do to these latter, our opinion would for practical purposes remain unaltered. It will not do to reason as if the house of Romanoff were now for the first time trying their 'prentice hands at the career of ambition, in the face of a rapid increase of commercial tendencies all over the globe. The question is not of founding but of completing their edifice. The arid plains of the interior are passed. The Russian frontier is within a few days' march of Vienna. The next step, if it is ever made, will add wealth and luxury to a barbaric empire, which has already reached the limits of mere barbaric conquest. Moreover, the Romanoffs are not in the main rash or foolhardy people. In the present instance they have miscalculated; but generally they bide their time, invade countries ready for their yoke, and keep what they overrun. They have corn and wine and cattle within their own boundaries, and endless capacities for subsisting a vast population. Proprietors may be distressed by the compulsory enlistment of their serfs, and may be rendered unable to purchase the luxuries furnished by the manufacturing nations; but Russia does not rely at bottom on her foreign commerce, or the money which foreign commerce brings. She will not quake, her monarchs will not tremble in their citadels, on account of monetary crises, although the want of pecuniary resources may from time to time induce a pause, as at She can afford to move slowly. She need only ask at each pause to be allowed to remain where she is. That too large a part of what she asks in this respect will be granted now is the unsatisfactory feature in the approaching pacification.

Turn now to the second source of weakness—the condition of Central Europe. What do we find there? In the north the straggling kingdom of Prussia, the rival of Austria, at present the stanch friend of Russia, and by reason of her anomalous boundaries presumably bent on consolidating her own territory at the expense of her southern neighbours; in the middle, the battle-fields of Europe; in the south, shivering, bankrupt, po-

lice-ridden Austria, the Fouché of states, ready to play the jackal to any great power which will abet her in corrupting and enslaving the population of that Danube valley which holds so much of the youngest blood of Europe. No one can deny these facts; no one can deny the dangers which they imply; and yet, strange to say, those are called "visionary" who would have

their bearing on the Russian war duly considered.

The Russian war, we admit, did not directly involve the reconstruction of Central Europe; but the position of affairs at the close of the last campaign would have justified every effort to remove those pressing dangers which impend over it on the side of Russia. One object was to invite Prussia to pursue her own aggrandisement by incarnating the liberal tendencies of Northern Germany, and by presenting herself as an independent and progressive power, able and willing to realise the best aspirations of German nationality. Another object was, to throw Austria on the task of really conciliating her subjects north of the Alps. The way to accomplish both would have been to destroy Russian domination in Poland.

We are alive to the difficulties and dangers of such an attempt. We are aware that to make it would have been to some extent to walk by faith rather than by sight. We do not forget that if a peace is practically concluded before these pages see the light, we shall be open to the reproach of discussing schemes no longer placed within the choice of politicians. But our object here, as throughout this article, is to give voice to the widelydiffused feeling, which we share to the utmost, that the contemplated peace will be unsatisfactory, because the tone of public men gives us no assurance that its shortcomings are unavoidable. This feeling must be expressed with all plainness, for England cannot relapse into indifference to foreign affairs; and a new and more worthy policy ought to be inaugurated by a healthier and better-educated popular sentiment. We have already expressed our conviction that it would have been a wise audacity to attempt to regenerate Poland. Our belief that it could have been done has been fully confirmed by recent events. Looking to Russia's antecedents, we cannot believe that her actual disasters, balanced as they were by some successes, would alone have induced her to sue for peace. Some blow nearer to the heart of her power must have been felt to be approaching. The threat of an invasion of Poland must have determined her submission. Such a threat must have had a double force. Russia must have felt, on the one hand, that its execution would annihilate the schemes of Peter and of Catherine; she must have felt also, that to avoid the danger by making peace would probably insure her dominion in Poland for ever. We have admitted that there

would have been some audacity in the stroke; but that fact seems decisive as to its necessity. If the national light is now flickering in its socket, where will it be twenty-five years hence, if the interval is employed in the deportation of the patriotic, the corruption of the nobles, and the relief of the serfs? Poland will then, in good truth, be "a menace to Germany," and Russia may find rich consolation for the loss of a navy, in having troops at Vienna ready to meet her on the Bosphorus when she marches to it through the rich provinces of Asia Minor. The greater risk has been run, in order to avoid the less. The make-shift policy has been followed. The smallest possible sacrifice of vested interests has been preferred to the righting of great wrongs, and the removal of pressing dangers; and that too when (humanly speaking) the last opportunity was presented. Why is all this? Is it only owing to the difficulties of the French Emperor? If it be so, a large share of our own responsibility is removed; but his calculations must have been largely affected by the spirit in which English ministers have looked at public affairs. Their words and their acts (not now only, but in the year 1848, when the game was much more in our hands than it is now) persuade us that they have been actuated by that baneful system of motives summed up in the polite phrase, "consideration for the situation of Austria." The worst conservatism—the conservatism of abuses and of shams; the worst policy—the policy of the ostrich when it hides its head in the sand; the worst morality—the morality which seeks to cheat the devil in the dark; the worst caution—the caution which ever turns the eye of mistrust and jealousy to the upright and generous side; every form of political cowardice, faithlessness, and hollowness, is implied in that fatal Austrian leaning which disfigures our whole policy. There are elements of barbaric grandeur in Russia, and universal empire is, after all, a regal dream; but Austria's prayer is but to be let alone, to work evil, to destroy freedom, to corrupt public virtue, to fetter thought, to enslave conscience, and to maintain an uneasy supremacy by fomenting the discords of her own wretched subjects, pitting one against another, and, if need be, setting each to slaughter his neighbour.

> Labra movet, metuens audiri: Pulchra Laverna, Da mihi fallere, da justo sanctoque videri; Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.

That this is an Austrian peace, concocted by Austria, promoted by Austria, to be followed by a closer alliance between Austria and France, is enough in itself to awaken every suspicion of its real adequacy.

The world can hardly see a more anomalous and mischievous

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position than that now occupied by Austria. Her aspects are so multifarious, the elements of her strength and her weakness are so complex, that the only thing which can at all times be safely predicated of her is, that she may at any time be convulsed and rendered dependent. At the same time, her weakness cannot be reckoned on. Her opportunities of throwing a weight into the political scales are far too great to be intrusted to a nation presenting no moral guarantees for independence. Every state whose mission it is to hold keys and to maintain limits (Savoy-Piedmont, in the wars of the seventeenth century, forms a notable instance) is open to bribery on the right hand and on the left, and must be expected to temporise and vacillate, promoting the interest now of one of its neighbours, now of the But however unfavourable such conditions of existence may be to the minor political morals of the boundary-state itself, they are attended with comparatively little danger to the commonwealth of nations in general, where, as in the case of Savoy and Piedmont at the period to which we refer, that state is at one within itself, able to defend itself, and not able to bring vast forces into the field on any side. It is required of it that it maintain a certain stedfast isolation amid its ever-changing alliances, and be prepared to dare all and to risk all when its own nationality is at stake. To this end it must be essentially military; and it follows that if compact and military, it must also be small, or it would cease to be a mere boundary-state, and would take its place among the great powers. But Austria has not these characteristics. She is a fallen great power. She is talked of as a boundary-state,—a state limiting its ambition to self-defence, - because her independence is endangered by internal decay. She can within certain limits still act on a great scale, show an imperial front, and affect the likeness of a kingly Such a part she will not resign while she has a neighbouring, a sympathising, and a powerful ally, able and willing to hide the patches in her purple, and to support her while he uses her. It is our firm conviction that Austria has been for years, and will continue to be, the tool of Russia; and that while England follows in the wake of Austrian diplomacy there will be no safety for Europe. Austria is no longer an empire of the first class, and she has not one of the qualities necessary in a mere boundary-state.

Two topics will be urged in opposition to this view. First, it is said that Austria has repeatedly shown an unexpected vitality, and more particularly in her last great crisis. We apprehend that these appearances are illusory. There never was a time when there was a more general opinion than now that Austria cannot keep Lombardy for ever; and it was only in

Lombardy that she re-subjugated a conquered population by her own strength. The chances of conciliation are even more precarious than those of repression. But little augury for the future can be drawn from any present tranquillity in Hungary. Nationalities are long in dying, and the great kingdom of Hungary, with its wealth, its warlike population, its language and its literature, would in any case require generations to assimilate it with the Duchy of Austria. The weariness of a vanquished people, the enforced good behaviour of masters who have conquered by foreign aid, may give a long interval of peace. There was a long peace in Italy in the eighteenth cen-Meanwhile, what Carlyle calls the "organic filaments" of freedom are alive. Galileo may make a formal retractation of his doctrines; but he laughs in his sleeve as he taps his foot upon the earth and whispers, "It moves for all that." The quiet expansion and contraction of unseen iron-girders will loosen the masonry of the strongest buildings. With the present rapid diffusion of mental activity and political information, we find it difficult to believe that Austria is firmly seated on her Hungarian any more than on her Italian throne. She will want extraneous help yet.

But then it is said (and very confidently) that Austria has an intense hatred and dread of the subjugators of Hungary, that she feels the humiliation of such aid, and will take care to be independent of it in future. We share no such confidence. It is not in the power of the Court of Vienna to be independent. It was not the empire which was obliged and humiliated; the empire was subdued. The fatal favour was not the reduction of an insurgent province, but the salvation of the house of Hapsburg when the total dissolution of its power was imminent. As long as that house keeps any hold on its dominions, it must ward off dissolution at any price and with any assistance. Our wishes that it may even now seek safety in the attachment of its own subjects are stronger than our hopes. We, on our side, have our scepticisms, and among them is an incapacity to anticipate

the repentance of the Hapsburgs.

It will be asked whether it is better that Austria, supposing her to be necessarily dependent, should be taught to rely rather on France than on Russia. That the realms at present cursed with her sway should be liable to be trodden by the armies of either is a great evil; but we think that there is much less danger from France than from the aggressive suzerainty of Russia. Besides the brotherhood in legitimacy and the steady policy of Russia, it seems likely to be easier to secure a European combination against France than against Russia. Russia herself will always retain power enough in the East to keep France in check

by her rivalry; and the weakness of Austria is in the East, not in the West. It is difficult to imagine France exercising the insidious protection over Austria which we know to be easy for Russia. It is certain that she has no hold over the subjects of Austria like that which Russia possesses as the champion of the

Slavonic race.

We cannot see that the peace now under discussion will materially diminish the permanent dangers to be apprehended from Russia. We have assumed throughout that it will be a good peace according to its professions. Our space will not allow an investigation of its basis. We believe that the main points involved in it are very generally understood, and we do not apprehend that our diplomatists will be remiss in dealing with them. We cannot suppose, for instance, that so evident an evasion as the permission to make naval arsenals at Nicolaieff, or elsewhere on the estuaries of the Black Sea, while they are prohibited on the coast of the Black Sea itself, will be listened to for a moment. About one matter it is natural to feel more anxiety, both from its importance, and from the sinister influence which Austria is too likely to exercise in respect to it: we mean the future constitution of the Danubian Principalities. If they are rendered really strong and independent,—and to make them so the wishes of the population must be consulted in good faith, -something in the right direction will have been done which we must except from the general tenor of our remarks. If there is a failure here, Austria will indeed have had her per-We trust that the late rumour of an intention to fect work. leave this matter to future arrangement, as of secondary moment, is unfounded, and that it will not be left to accident and Austria to settle whether her creature Stirbey is to be in power or not, and whether the Principalities are to be united or not.

ART. IX.—MEDIATORIAL RELIGION.

The Nature of the Atonement, and its relation to Remission of Sins and Eternal Life. By John M'Leod Campbell. Cambridge, Macmillan and Co. 1856.

This is a strange book. A Greek would have hated it. A Puritan would have found it savoury, even where it was unsound. Rosenkranz, who has written on the Æsthetik des Hässlichen, would have been thankful for such a fund of illustration. Cumbrous, tiresome, monotonous, it has few attractions

for the natural man, who may have a weakness in favour of pure English and nice grammar. It despises the graces of carnal literature, and treats all the colour and music of language as the roundheads treated a cathedral, silencing the "box of whistles" and smashing the "mighty big angels in glass." And yet, if you can get over its grating way of delivering itself, you will find it no barbaric product, but the utterance of a deep and practised thinker, charged with the richest experiences of the Christian life, and resolute to clear them from every tangle of fiction or pretence. Beneath the uncouth form there is not only severe truth, but great tenderness and beauty,—a fine apprehension of the real inner strife of tempted men, and an intense faith in an open way of escape from it, without compromise of any sanctity. The author, though not tuneful in his speech, has the gifts of a true prophet; and often enables one to fancy what Isaiah might have been if he had heard nothing but the bagpipe, and had set his "burdens" to its drone. Whether Mr. Campbell's style has been formed north of the Tweed, we know not. In any case it is trained in the school of Calvinism; is untouched therefore by any feeling for art; and runs on with a sort of extemporaneous habit, insufficiently relieved by occasional flashes of grotesque and forcible expression. It is only in exterior aspect, however, that he presents the features of the rugged old Calvinism: and though the first-born of that system and its younger sons are distinguished like Isaac's children, "Esau is a hairy man, and Jacob is a smooth man," yet no true patriarch of the school can be so blind as not to see beneath our author's goatskin dress, and know that he is other than the heir. In fact, the peculiarity of this work as a theological phenomenon is, that it is a destruction of Calvinism without any revolt from it,—an escape from it through its own interior. Its postulates are not denied. Its phraseology is not rejected. Its statement of the problem of redemption is in the main accepted. Its provision for the solution,—the Incarnation of the Son,—is sacredly preserved. Yet these elements are put into such play as to make it check-mate itself on its own area. Its definitions are shown to be suicidal; and its sharp-edged logic is used to cut through the ligaments that constrain and shape it.

We have spoken first of the style of this book, because it strikes the reader at the outset, and is not unlikely to repel him if he is not warned. Of one other feature, derived from the same school, we must say a word, to qualify the admiration and gratitude which we shall then ungrudgingly tender to the author. In common with all the great masters of the "evangelical" school, he is too much at home with the Divine economy; knows too well how the same thing appears from the finite and

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the infinite point of view; can tell too surely how a mixed nature, both divine and human, would feel on looking from both ends at once; and altogether goes with too close a search to the "secret place of the Most High." Not that he speaks unworthily on these high themes; we have nothing truer to suggest, except more silence. But we must confess that when a teacher lays down the conditions of divine possibility, expatiates psychologically on the sentiments of the Father and the Son, and seems as though he had been allowed a peep into the autobiography of God, we shrink from the sharp outlines, and feel that we shall believe more if we are shown less. With so many soundings taken, and so many channels buoyed, the sense of the shoreless sea is gone, and we find only a port of traffic, with coast-lights instead of stars. The temptation to this theological map-making has always proved peculiarly strong among the disciples of Geneva: and the reason is to be found in the very nature of the problem they have attempted to resolve. Religion has two foci to determine,—the divine nature and the human. Athanasius and the Greek influence fixed the doctrine of the Godhead: Augustine and the Latin Church defined the spiritual state of man. The one, it has been said, produced a theology; the other, an anthropology. In the construction of the former it is obvious that the appeal could be made only to positive authority, whether of Scripture or the Church. On the Nicene question no one could pretend to have personal insight or scientific data: it must be decided by arbitrary vote on impressions of testimony. But for establishing a doctrine of humanity, the living resources of consciousness and experience were present with perpetual witness; every proposition advanced could be confronted with its corresponding reality: the disciple could not help carrying the dogma inward to the test of his self-knowledge. The scheme of the Trinity partook of the nature of a Gnosis, which dwelt apart from the stir of phenomena, and having once set and crystallised, could only be hung up for preservation. The dogmas of human depravity and helplessness partook of the nature of a Science, coming in contact with the facts of life and character at every point. Moral experience had something to say to them; and unless they could keep good terms with it, they could not hope to hold their ground. Hence the Augustinian divines have been constrained to seek a philosophy of religion, and to collate the text of their scriptural system with the running paraphrase of actual life. No writers have contributed so much to lay bare the inmost springs of human action and emotion; have tracked with so much subtlety the windings of guilty self-deception, or so found the secret sorrow that lies at the core of every unconsecrated joy. If we must concede to the Roman Catholic casuists and the problems of the confessional the merit of creating an ethical Art embodied in systems of rules, we owe to the deeper evangelical spirit, whether in its action or its reaction, the ground-lines of an ethical Philosophy;—or, if you deny that such a thing as yet exists, at least the true idea and undying quest of it. The disciples of Augustine, belonging to an anthropological school, have been naturally distinguished by a reflective and

psychologic habit.

If it was the function of the Greek period to settle the doctrine of God, and of its Latin successor to define the nature of man, it was the aim of the Reformation, leaving these two extremes undisturbed, to find the way of mediation between them. So long as the great sacerdotal church, living continuator of Christ's presence, was intrusted with the business, private Christians wanted no theory on the subject; all nice questions went into the ecclesiastical closet and disappeared. But as soon as ever the hierarchy fell out of this position, there was an immense void left to be filled. On the one hand, Infinite Holiness, quite alienated; on the other, Human Pravity, quite helpless: how was any approximation to be rendered conceivable? True, the great original Mediation on Calvary which the papal priesthood pretended to prolong remained; for it was fixed in history. But it lay a great way off, a fact in the old past; and its intervention was required to-day by Melancthon, and Carlstadt, and a whole generation quite remote from it. How was its power to be fetched into the present? how applied to men walking about in Wittenberg or Zürich? This was the problem which flew open by the cancelling of the Romish credentials: and the various answers to it constitute the body of Protestant theology. In one point they all agree, that, to replace the priestly media that are thrust out, Personal Faith is the element that must be brought in. In what way this subjective state of the individual mind draws or appropriates the efficacy of the Incarnation; in what order the redeeming process runs among the three given terms, the alienated Father, the mediating Son, the believing disciple; whether any part of the process is moral and real, or all is legal and virtual; these are questions which the Reformation has found it easier to open than to close. But answer them as you will, they entangle your thoughts in the mutual relations and sentiments of three persons; and cannot be discussed without establishing some principles of moral psychology, as the common grounds of intercommunion between minds finite and infinite, and dealing with hypothetical problems of divine as well as human casuistry. Hence the inevitable tendency of the doctrine of Mediation to venture on a natural history of the

Divine Mind,—to construct a drama of Providence and Grace, with plot too artfully wrought for the free hand of Heaven, and traits too specific and minute for reverent contemplation.

It is deeply instructive to observe the pulsation of religious thought in men. Revealed religion is ever passing into natural, and natural returning to reinterpret the revealed. We can almost see the steps by which sacred history was converted into dogma; while dogma, assumed in turn as the starting-point, is ever producing new readings of the history. This world may be regarded as a human theatre, where the Wills of men perform the parts; or as the stage of Divine agency, using the visible actors as the executants of an invisible thought. Its vicissitudes, presented in the former aspect, yield only history; in the latter, give rise to doctrine. Noticed by Tacitus, the life of Christ is a provincial incident of Tiberius' reign, and his death a judicial act of Pontius Pilate's government. In the three first Gospels and the book of Acts, the crucifixion is still the act of wicked or misguided men, inflicted on an expostulating victim; not, however, without being foreseen as the appointed precursor of a resurrection. The event is thus in the main simply historical; but with a divine comment which gives it an incipient theological significance. It appears under another aspect in the Gospel of John; there, Christ not only foresaw, but determined his own death: his life "no man taketh it from him," but he "lays it down of himself;" he is not merely the submissive medium, but the spontaneous co-agent of a Divine intent. Finally, in St. Paul, to whom the person and ministry of Christ were unfamiliar, who, as disciple of his heavenly life, looked back upon them from a higher point,—the historical aspect almost wholly disappears in the ideal; and the cross becomes the gospel, the wisdom of God and the power of God, the self-sacrifice of the Son the reconciling way to the Father, the very focus and symbol of all the mystery and mercy comprised in humanity. The movement of thought through these successive stages is obvious. An event is at first accepted as it arises. But, in proportion as its concrete impression retires, the need becomes more urgent to find its function: instinctive search is made for all those elements, accessories, and effects of it, which promise to bring out its meaning and idea, until at last its doctrine absorbs itself, and enters the human mind as a permanent factor of positive religion. It is thus that the great antitheses, of Law and Gospel, of the Natural and the Spiritual man, of dead Works and living Faith, of self-seeking enmity and self-surrendering reconciliation with God, - have settled upon the consciousness of Christendom, and grown into the very substance of its experi-They have become part of its natural religion. But in

this character they may, conversely, be taken as the initiative of a new version of the history whence they sprung. They could not be born into unmixed and formed existence at once: but, like all new affections, must feel their way out of an early indeterminate state, into clear self-apprehension and settled purity. The testimony of the Christian conscience needs time to become articulate and collected. The shadow of human guilt may lie so dark upon the mind, the dawn of the divine holiness may so dazzle the inward vision, that blindness in part may linger for a while; and the eye, in very opening to Christ's healing touch, may fail to see. Once accustomed to the new light of life, men are no longer occupied with it alone, but find in it a medium for truer discernment of objects around. The special sentiments awakened by the gospel test themselves afresh, like any other theory, by being fully lived-out, and tried as experiments upon the soul. The type of character, - the edition of human nature, - in which they take embodiment, becomes a distinct object of critical appreciation; and while all its deep expressive traits speak for the inner truth whence they are moulded, every mixture of disharmony or defect calls for some revision of idea. In the thirsty spiritual state to which men were reduced on the eve of the Reformation, they drank up with intense eagerness the most turbid supplies of evangelical doctrine. With purer health and finer perception they become aware that not all was water of life; and that coarse notions of the nature of justice, the conditions of mercy, and the measurement of sin, were intermixed and must become mere sedi-Cleared of these, the theory is taken back to the facts of revelation, and so washed through them, that they also emerge as from a sprinkling of regeneration. Through such re-baptism does our author, furnished with a purified conception of "atonement," pass the history of Christ.

In looking for the whereabouts of the atonement, we are guided, as in search for the pole-star, by two pointers whose indications we are to follow. Its function was double,—to cancel a guilty past,—to make a holy future: and it must be of such a nature as to disappoint neither of these conditions. In determining its form, the great anxiety of theologians hitherto has been to fit it for its retrospective action, and disembarrass the problem of salvation of the burden of accumulated sin. It is Mr. Campbell's distinction that he lays the superior stress on its prospective action, and requires that it shall positively heal the sickness of our nature, and evolve thence a real and living righteousness. God's moral perfectness could be satisfied with nothing less. If, indeed, He looked on our guilt merely as an obstacle to our "salvation," and desired to remove it as a hin-

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drance out of the way,—if He rather sought a pretext for making us happy than a provision for drawing us to goodness,—then the work of Christ might be so devised as simply to tear out the defiled page of the past, and register an infinite credit not our own, without inherent care for ulterior personal holiness. But were it so, the divine love would amount only to an unrighteous desire for our happiness, and the divine righteousness to an unloving repulsion from our sin. Such spurious analysis corresponds with no reality; and in the truth of things there can be no heavenly affection that is not holy, nor any holiness that is not affectionate.

"While in reference to the not uncommon way of regarding this subject which represents righteousness and holiness as opposed to the sinner's salvation, and mercy and love as on his side, I freely concede that all the divine attributes were, in one view, against the sinner, in that they called for the due expression of God's wrath against sin in the history of redemption; I believe, on the other hand, that the justice, the righteousness, the holiness of God have an aspect according to which they, as well as his mercy, appear as intercessors for man, and crave his salvation. Justice may be contemplated as according to sin its due; and there is in righteousness, as we are conscious to it, what testifies that sin should be miserable. But justice looking at the sinner, not simply as the fit subject of punishment, but as existing in a moral condition of unrighteousness, and so its own opposite, must desire that the sinner should cease to be in that condition; should cease to be unrighteous-should become righteous: righteousness in God craving for righteousness in man, with a craving which the realisation of righteousness in man alone can satisfy. So also of holiness. In one view it repels the sinner, and would banish him to outer darkness, because of its repugnance to sin. In another it is pained by the continued existence of sin and unholiness, and must desire that the sinner should cease to be sinful. So that the sinner, conceived of as awakening to the consciousness of his own evil state, and saying to himself, By sin I have destroyed myself. Is there yet hope for me in God? should hear an encouraging answer, not only from the love and mercy of God, but also from his very righteousness and holiness. We must not forget, in considering the response that is in conscience to the charge of sin and guilt, that, though the fears which accompany that response are partly the effect of a dawning of light, they also in part arise from remaining darkness. He who is able to interpret the voice of God within him truly, and with full spiritual intelligence, will be found saying, not only, 'There is to me cause for fear in the righteousness and holiness of God,' but also, 'There is room for hope for me in the divine righteousness and holiness.' And when gathering consolation from the meditation of the name of the Lord, that consolation will be not only, 'Surely the divine mercy desires to see me happy rather than miserable,' but also, 'Surely the divine righteousness desires to see me righteous—the divine holiness desires to see me holy—my continuing unrighteous and unholy is as grieving to God's righteousness and holiness as my misery through sin is to his pity and love.' 'Good and righteous is the Lord, therefore will He teach sinners the way which they should choose.' 'A just God and a Saviour;' not as the harmony of a seeming opposition, but 'a Saviour, because a just God.'"—p. 29.

From this justly-conceived passage the characteristics of Mr. Campbell's theory may already be divined. He sets his faith on a concrete, living, indivisible God, whom you can never understand by laying out His abstract attributes one by one, with their separate requirements, and then putting them together again to compute the resultant. He insists on the absolute dominance of a moral and spiritual idea throughout the revealed economy: of this nature is the evil to be met—sin and estrangement; of this nature is the good to be reached-righteousness and reconciliation; and only of this nature can be the mediation which effects the change; related upward to the Father and downward to men, in a way accordant with the lawsof conscience, and intelligible by its self-light. He craves, therefore, a natural juncture, a real causal nexus, between the several parts of the process, to the exclusion of all forensic fictions and arbitrary scene-shifting and sovereign tours-de-force. In short, he will have no tricks passed off, no quasi-transformations upon the conscience; he feels the moral world to be above the range of mere miracle; any change in it irreducible to its solemn laws would ipso facto fall out of it and become a mere dynamical surprise. Of physical miracle our author avails himself to the full amount; the incarnation of the Son of God being, with him, as with others, the central fact and essential medium of Christian redemption. But the august power thus supernaturally set up—the Person at once divine and human—works out his great problem naturally, without requiring the suspension of one rule of right, or holding any magical dealings with the character of God or man. His problem, therefore, is to show how the life and death of Christ-considered as God in humanity—were fitted, and alone fitted, to blot out the sins of the world before God, and to introduce among men a new state of real righteousness and eternal life.

The common evangelical scheme of redemption so far affects to be deduced from certain general principles, and to render the way of redemption conceivable, that it is stigmatised as rationalistic by Catholics and Anglicans. It is so, however, only in the sense of hanging well together, and serving the purpose of a theological Mnemonic to those who want a religion ready more than deep. In the higher sense, of occupying any natural ground of reason, it does not earn its reproach. The proposi-

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tions which it lays down, as to the inability of a holy nature to forgive unless circuitously and with compensation, and as to the commutability of either penal liabilities or moral attributes, are without any support from our primary sentiments of right and wrong, and could be carried out by no sane man in the conduct of life. The doctrine is taught in two principal forms;—the earlier and more exact scheme of "Satisfaction," elaborated by Anselm of Canterbury, and perfected by Owen and Edwards; and the modern theory of "Public Justice," maintained in the writings of Dr. Pye Smith and Dr. Payne, and prevailing wherever the first decadence from the old Calvinism is going on. The first of these prepares its ground by laying down these principles as fundamental;—that the connection between sin and suffering is inviolably secured on the veracity of God; that "when we have done all, we are unprofitable servants," and have only rendered our strict due; that, far from "doing all," we have done and can do nothing, except accumulate guilt, which, measure it as you will,—by the majesty of the authority defied, or the multitude of the offenders and their sins,—is practically of infinite amount. Here, then, is a case of utter despair: infinite debt; nothing to pay; remission impossible; punishment eternal; death unattainable. But we are brought into the labyrinth on one side, to emerge from it on the other. While men can only multiply demerit, there are natures conceivable to which merit is possible. A divine Person, laying aside a blessedness inherently his, and assuming sorrow not his own, and doing this out of a pure love, fulfils the conditions; and when the Son takes on him our humanity, the act, carried out unto the end, has a merit in it which in amount is a full setoff against the guilt of men. Still, this only leaves us with two opposite funds—of infinite good desert and infinite ill desert which sit apart and unrelated. In due course, the one ought to have a boundless reward, the other a boundless punishment. But to render his affluence available for our debt, the Son consummates his self-sacrifice, substitutes himself for us as the object of retribution, and dies once for all—one infinite death for many finite hereafters of woe. The Father's justice is satisfied; the allotment of suffering to sin has been accurately observed; His desire to pardon is released from its restraint. Having dealt with the person of the Son as if it were mankind, He may deal with mankind as if they were the Son, and look upon them as clothed with a perfect obedience.

The wholly artificial structure of this scheme, which is its greatest condemnation, has been its chief security. It is by approaching within conducting-distance of reality, that a doctrine elicits resistance and meets the stroke of natural objection; and

if it only keeps far enough aloft in the metaphysic atmosphere, it may float along unarrested from zone to zone of time. know not what to make of propositions so much out of their sphere, so evasive of any real encounter with their consciousness, and are apt to let them pass for their very strangeness' sake. But surely we are bound to demand for them some "response of conscience," and, with Mr. Campbell, to demur to such of them as will not bear this test. Limiting ourselves to the mediatorial part of the theory, we will assume the problem of moral evil to be correctly stated, and only ask whether, from the supposed case of despair the offered solution affords any real exit of relief. Nor do we assume this for argument's sake alone. We can perfectly understand any remorseful sense, however deep, of human unworthiness; any appreciative reverence, however intense, of Christ's self-sacrifice. Set the one under the shadow of the Father's infinite disapproval, the other in the light of His infinite complacency; so far we go; there let them lie. But what next? Here, on the left hand, is Sin with its need of punishment; there, on the right, a perfect Holiness with its merits. While they are thus spread beneath the Father's eye, they break up their inviolable alliances; each moral cause crosses over and takes the opposite effect. If such change took place, the seat of the fact must be sought partly in the consciousness of Christ, partly in the Father's view of things. In reference to the first, must we say that the Crucified felt himself under Divine wrath and punishment, and esteemed that wrath to be just—the fitting expression of his own inward remorse? If so, can we affirm that his consciousness was veracious? or did he not feel, in regard to others' sins, sentiments and experiences that are false except in relation to one's own? And, ascending to the other point of view, shall we affirm that the Father saw sin in the Son and was angry with him; so that, in the hour of sublimest obedience, the words ceased to be true, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased"? And on the other hand, what is meant when it is said that beneath the Divine eye men in their guilt are seen "clothed with" a perfect righteousness? Is such an aspect of them true? or is it akin to an ocular deception? We seem to be reduced to this dilemma; - the change of apparent moral place implied in "imputation" is either a faithful representation, or a quasi-representation, of the reality of things. If the latter, then the Divine consciousness is illusory, and the world is administered on a fiction; if the former, then the moral law, in assuring us of the personal and inalienable nature of sin, gives a false report, and there is nothing to prevent a circulating medium of merit from passing current through the universe.

Mr. Campbell's deference for the great advocates of this marvellous doctrine does not obstruct his perception of its difficulties:

"I freely confess," he says, "that to my own mind it is a relief, not only intellectually, but also morally and spiritually, to see that there is no foundation for the conception that when Christ suffered for us, the just for the unjust, he suffered either 'as by imputation unjust,' or 'as if he were unjust.' I admit that intellectually it is a relief not to be called to conceive to myself a double consciousness, both in the Father and in the Son, such as seems implied in the Father's seeing the Son at one and the same time, though it were but for a moment, as the well-beloved Son, to whom infinite favour should go forth, and also as worthy, in respect of the imputation of our sins to him, of being the object of infinite wrath, he being the object of such wrath accordingly; and in the Son's knowing himself the well-beloved of the Father, and yet having the consciousness of being personally, through imputation of our sin, the object of the Father's wrath. I feel it intellectually a relief neither to be called to conceive this, nor to assume it as an unconceived mystery. Still more do I feel it morally and spiritually a relief, not to be required to recognise legal fictions as having a place in this high region, in which the awful realities of sin and holiness, spiritual death and spiritual life, are the objects of a transaction between the Father and the Son in the Eternal Spirit."-p. 310.

The second form of mediatorial doctrine, to which we have referred as the modern type of Calvinism, has arisen from the endeavour to evade some of these perplexities. The riddle that haunts its teachers is still the same,—how it can become possible to show mercy to sinners; but the difficulty in the way is differently conceived, and therefore met by a different expedient. It is not an obstacle in God, arising from his personal sentiment of equity which must be satisfied; but springs out of the necessity of consistent rectitude, and adherence to law in his administrative government. The Father himself, it is intimated, would be quite willing to forgive, were there nothing to consult except his own disposition. But it would never do to play fast and loose with the criminal law of the universe, and, notwithstanding the most solemn enactments, let off delinquents on mere repentance, as if nothing were the matter beyond a personal affront. Something more is due to Public Justice. If the due course of retribution is to be turned aside, it must be in such a way and at such a cost as to proclaim aloud the awfulness of the guilt This, we are told, is accomplished by the sufferings remitted. and death of the Son of God, which were substituted for our threatened punishment, not as its quantitative equal paid to the Father, but as a moral equivalent in the eyes of men. Their validity is thus conceived to depend by no means on their particular measure, but on the meritorious obedience of love which

was their sustaining and animating soul, and which, being on the scale of a Divine nature, gave infinite value to the smallest sorrow. Within the casket of his grief was held such a priceless righteousness, that, on beholding it, the Father might regard it as an adequate plea for acts of mercy to sinners. He does not indeed impute to them the actual moral perfectness of Christ, so as to see them invested with it, any more than he imputed to Christ their guilt, and frowned on Calvary. It is the effects only of that holiness which he imputes; he offers to men the benefits of it, without reckoning it as really theirs, and giving them the

legal standing which its possession would bestow.

No doubt this scheme gets rid of the penal mensuration and moral conveyancing of the older Calvinism. It shifts also the bar to free mercy away from the inner personality of God, and sets it in his outer government. But when we again attempt to seize the mediatorial expedient, what is it? It is said to be a display of the enormity of that guilt which needs to be redeemed at such a cost. But is that need real? Have we not been told that it has no place in God? Does he then hang out a profession that is not true to the kernel of things, but only a show-off for impression's sake? If Eternal Justice in its inner essence does not require the expiation provided, why in its outer manifestation pretend that it does? As nothing can become right for "the sake of good example" that is not right in itself, so is "Public Justice," unsustained by the sincere heart of reality, a mere dramatic imposture. Mr. Campbell has supplied us with a forcible statement of this truth:

"Surely rectoral or public justice, if it is to have any moral basis, -any basis other than expediency,-must rest upon, and refer to, distributive or absolute justice. In other words, unless there be a rightness in connecting sin with misery, and righteousness with blessedness, looking at individual cases simply in themselves, I cannot see that there is a rightness in connecting them as a rule of moral government. 'An English judge once said to a criminal before him: You are condemned to be transported, not because you have stolen these goods, but that goods may not be stolen.' (Jenkyns, 175, 176.) quoted in illustration of the position, that 'the death of Christ is an honourable ground for remitting punishment,' because 'his sufferings answer the same ends as the punishment of the sinner.' recognise any harmony between this sentiment of the English judge and the voice of an awakened conscience on the subject of sin. It is just because he has sinned and deserves punishment, and not because he says to himself that God is a moral governor, and must punish him to deter others, that the wrath of God against sin seems so terrible, and as just as terrible."-p. 79.

Even were the expression backed-up by reality, we cannot

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but ask about the fitness of the medium for the thought to be conveyed. God's horror at guilt is publicly proclaimed by the most awful crime in human history! To explain the difficulty of letting off the offender, he exhibits the anguish of the innocent! The spectacle would seem in danger of suggesting the wrong lesson to the terrified observer,—of raising to intensity the doubt whether, in a world that gives its silver to a Judas, its judgment-seat to a Pilate, and the cross to the Son of God, any Providence can care for rectitude at all. Even when the death of Christ is contemplated exclusively as a self-sacrifice, without remembering the guilt which compassed it, we are at a loss to understand how it could be "an honourable ground for remitting punishment." What difference did it make in the previous reasons of the Divine government, so that penalties right before should be less right afterwards? If Catiline were undergoing his just retribution at the date of the Last Supper, what plea was there for releasing him at or before the date of the resurrection? That obedience rendered and suffering endured by one soul should dispense with the liabilities of another is a supposition at variance with the personal and inalienable nature of all sin; and to say that God "imputes the effects" of Christ's holiness to those who are not partakers in the cause, is to accuse the Divine government of total disregard to character and evasion of moral reality. The old Calvinism represents the Father as having an illusory perception of men, as if they were clad in a divine righteousness. The new Calvinism represents him as having indeed a true perception of their unrighteousness, but, notwithstanding this, falsifying the truth in action, and proceeding as if the facts were quite other than they are. Inasmuch as unveracious vision is intellectual, while unveracious practice is moral, the younger doctrine appears to us a positive degradation of the elder, not only in logical completeness, but in religious worth. Both of them make the redeeming economy proceed upon a fiction; but there is all the difference between unconscious and conscious fiction; between an inner "satisfaction" brought about by an optical displacement of merit, and an outward "exhibition" set up for the sake of impression. theory of Owen, stern as it is, bears the stamp of resolute meaning consistently carried through into the inmost recess of the Divine nature. The newer doctrine is the production of a platform age, which obtrudes considerations of effect even into its thoughts of God and his government, and can scarce refrain from turning the universe itself into a theatre for rhetorical pathos and ad captandum display.

With good reason therefore does our author feel that this whole subject is in need of reconsideration. His own doctrine

diverges from its predecessors at a very early point, and is seen at its source in the following proposition of Edwards, as cited by Mr. Campbell:

"In contending that sin must be punished with an infinite punishment, President Edwards says, 'that God could not be just to himself without this vindication, unless there could be such a thing as a repentance, humiliation, and sorrow for this (viz. sin) proportionable to the greatness of the Majesty despised,'-for that there must needs be either an equivalent punishment, or an equivalent sorrow and repentance; 'so,' he proceeds, 'sin must be punished with an infinite punishment;' thus assuming that the alternative of 'an equivalent sorrow and repentance' was out of the question. But, upon the assumption of that identification of himself with those whom he came to save, on the part of the Saviour, which is the foundation of Edwards's whole system, it may at the least be said, that the Mediator had the two alternatives open to his choice,—either to endure for sinners an equivalent punishment, or to experience in reference to their sin, and present to God on their behalf, an adequate sorrow and repentance. Either of these courses should be regarded by Edwards as equally securing the vindication of the majesty and justice of God in pardoning sin."-p. 136.

The side of the alternative which Edwards abandoned, our author takes up and follows out. The work of Christ, as a ground of remission, consisted in the offering on behalf of humanity of an adequate repentance. Adequate it could not have been but for his Divine nature; which attaches to his holy sorrow an infinite moral value, to balance the infinite heinousness of the sin deplored. The only reason why human penitence does not in itself avail to restore, lies in its imperfect purity and depth. Through the cloud of evil, and with the eye of self, we are disqualified for true discernment of sin as it is: both the limits of a finite nature, and the delusions of a tempted and fallen one, hinder us from appreciating the measure of our guilt and misery. Even when our better mind reasserts itself, our very compunction carries in it many a speck of ill, and our repentance needs to be repented of. But, were it not for this, there would be "more atoning worth in one tear of the true and perfect sorrow which the memory of the past would awaken" "than in endless ages of penal woe." It is not the inefficacy but the impossibility of due penitence that constitutes our fatal disability; to be relieved from which we need to be taken out of ourselves, to be identified with a perfect spirit; our humanity must cease to be human, and become one with the Divine nature. This is precisely the condition which realised itself in Christ. As God in humanity, he had perfect sympathy with the holiness. of one sphere, and the infirmities of the other; he saw the whole amount of the world's moral estrangement, not only with infinite

pity for its misery, but with infinite horror at its guilt. He could both make a plenary confession for us, and respond unreservedly to the Father's righteous judgment; could bear our burden on his heart before heaven, and utter the *Miserere* of holy sorrow, which our most plaintive cry can never approach. This is the true nature of his sufferings. He "made his soul an offering for sin," yielded it up to be filled with a sense of our real aspect beneath the Omniscient eye, and an Amen to its condemning look. Hence his sorrows had nothing *penal* in them, any more than the tears of a devout parent over a prodigal child are penal. They are incident to that attitude of soul which a perfect nature cannot but have in the presence of a brother's sin. They are altogether moral and spiritual; and their efficacy as an expiation, is that of true repentance; expressing at once our entire confession, acceptance of the Father's just displeasure, and sympathy

with his compassionate grieving at our alienation.

At the same time, this mere retrospective confession would not of itself avail, were there no better hope for the future of mankind. But our Mediator's own experience in humanity, his consciousness of intimate peace and communion with the Father, opened to him the other side of our nature, assured him of its secret capacity for good, and filled him with hope in the very moment of contrition. As his sympathy could have fellowship with our temptations, so could ours have fellowship with his righteousness; and the light of Divine love that rested actually on himself was thereby a possibility for the universal human soul, and was already hovering round with longing to descend. It was on the strength of this assurance that his intercession on our behalf was presented; it would never have pleaded for indemnity in relation to the past but as the prelude to a real righteousness, a true partnership in his life of filial harmony with God. The validity of his transaction on our behalf consisted in its perfect seizure of the whole reality, its entire "response to the mind of the Father in relation to men;" sorrow for their estrangement, conviction of their possible return, and desire to draw them into the spirit of genuine Sonship.

It was needful, then,—so we conceive our author's meaning,—that the sentiments of God towards the world's sin and misery should quit their absolute position, and should come and take their station in humanity; and from that field should turn their gaze and expression upward to meet the Father's downward and accordant look. As this "Amen of the Son to the mind of the Father" constitutes the essence of the atonement on the Divine side, so does it consist on the human side in "the Amen of each individual soul to the Amen of the Son." The reproduction in us of the filial spirit of Christ,—his confession, his

pleading, his trust,—is our fellowship with him and reconciliation with God:

"This is saving faith,—true righteousness.—being the living action, and true and right movement of the spirit of the individual man in the light of eternal life. And the certainty that God has accepted that perfect and divine Amen as uttered by Christ in humanity, is necessarily accompanied by the peaceful assurance that in uttering, in whatever feebleness, a true Amen to that high Amen, the individual who is yielding himself to the spirit of Christ to have it uttered in him is accepted of God. This Amen in man is the due response to that word, 'Be ve reconciled to God;' for the gracious and gospel character of which word, as the tenderest pleading that can be addressed to the most sin-burdened spirit, I have contended above. This Amen is sonship; for the gospel-call, 'Be ye reconciled to God,' when heard in the light of the knowledge that 'God made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him,' is understood to be the call to each one of us on the part of the Father of our spirits, 'My son, give me thine heart,' addressed to us on the ground of that work by which the Son had declared the Father's name, that the love wherewith the Father hath loved him may be in us, and he in us. In the light itself of that Amen to the mind of the Father in relation to man which shines to us in the atonement, we see the righteousness of God in accepting the atonement, and in that same light the Amen of the individual human spirit to that divine Amen of the Son of God is seen to be what the divine righteousness will necessarily acknowledge as the end of the atonement accomplished."—p. 225.

In this view, it is not the rescue from punishment, not any favourable change in our legal standing, not any imputed righteousness, that Christ's mediation obtains, but a real transformation of soul and character through the divine infection and infusion of his own filial spirit. Only in so far as his mind thus spreads to us are we united to him, or in any way partakers of his gift of life. Personal alienation can have no reversal but in personal return; nor can any thing "extraneous to the nature of the divine will itself, to which we are to be reconciled, have part in reconciling us to that will." The fear of Hell is not repentance; the assurance of Heaven is not salvation; nor under any modification can the desire of safety, or the consciousness of its attainment, constitute the least approach to holiness. The good alone can touch the springs of goodness; and the divine and trustful life of Christ must speak to us on its own account, and win us by its own power, or not at all. Not that it acts on us merely in the way of example. We do not so stand apart from him in our independent individuality, that by an external imitation we can copy him, and become, as it were, each another Christ, repeating in ourselves his offering of propitiation. He is the Vine, of which we are the branches. The sap is from him,

drawn through the eternal root of righteousness, and does but flow as a derived life into us. The Son of God is not a mere historical personage, to be contemplated at a distance in the past, but ever with us in the power of an endless life; still succouring us when we are tempted, and ministering to conscience a present help and peace. It is not, therefore, by following him, but by abiding in him, that we have our fellowship in his harmony with God.

The essence, then, of the scheme of redemption, in the view of our author, seems to be this: that the Divine nature entered humanity to open the Fatherliness of God by living the life of perfect Sonship; and that, having awakened that life in us by this its visible realisation, he sustains it by the inner presence of his Spirit. It is one of the obvious consequences of this doctrine, that no exclusive or exceptional value is to be ascribed to the death of Christ. It is simply the final and crowning expression of the same filial mind which is the continuous essence of his whole existence upon earth. Nor does the theory attach importance to any sufferings of Christ, as such; but only as media and measures of moral expression. Had men sinned as spirits, his reconciling work would not have involved death at all: but since in our constitution mortality is "the wages of sin," his response to the Divine mind in regard to sin would have been incomplete, had he not honoured this law and tasted its realisation. Not to lose sight of the main features of the doctrine in pursuit of details, we must pass without notice many curious and subtle thoughts of our author on this part of his subject. Indeed, every where the reader who has patience with the entangled style will find deep hints and delicate turns of reflection. But we must withdraw to a little distance from his system, and endeavour to look at it as a whole; fixing attention especially on the central point of all,-the mediatorial provision, which replaces the penal "satisfaction" of the elder Calvinism, and the "exhibition of rectoral justice" of the modern divines.

Instead of an infinite punishment endured or represented, the theory offers us an infinite repentance performed. Repentance for what?—for human sin. Repentance by whom?—by him "who knew no sin." Is this a thing that can be? Is vicarious contrition at all more conceivable than vicarious retribution? It is surely one and the same difficulty that meets them both. On what ground is the transfer of either moral qualities or their effects regarded by our author as impossible?—because at variance with our consciousness of the personal and inalienable nature of sin. But not less is this truth contradicted when we say that the guilt may be incurred by one person, and the

availing repentance take place in another. Nor can any imagination of Christ's state of mind identify it with penitence. Mr. Campbell himself describes it (p. 135) as having "all the elements of a perfect repentance in humanity for all the sin of man—a perfect sorrow—a perfect contrition,—all the elements of such a repentance, and that in absolute perfection—all—excepting the personal consciousness of sin." This exception, however, contains just the essential element of the whole. Penitence without any personal consciousness of sin is a contradiction in terms; and the requisition of the divine law is, that the sinner shall turn from the evil of his heart, not that the righteous shall make confession for him. The entire moral value of contrition belongs to it as the sign of inner change of character, from prior evil to succeeding good; and it admits of no transplantation from the identical personality which has been the

seat of the evil and is the candidate for the good.

Further: it seems a paradox to say, with our author, that true repentance is impossible to man, who alone needs it; and can be realised only by the Son of God, in whom there is no room for it. It would indeed be a hopeless realm to live in, which should annex to all sins both an imperative demand and an absolute disqualification for adequate contrition, and first open the fountain of availing tears in holy natures that have none to shed. It is, in truth, of the very essence of repentance to have its seat in mixed and imperfect moral beings: and our author lays upon it quite an arbitrary requisition, when he insists that, to pass as adequate, it must contain a perfect appreciation of the sin deplored, - a view of it coincident with that of God. Under such an aspect as this it could never have appeared to us, though we had remained guiltless of it, and recoiled from it: and we can hardly be required to reach, in the rebound of recovery, a point beyond the station which would have prevented the fall. Many errors in theology arise from applying absolute conceptions to relative conditions, and forgetting that religion, as realised in us, is a life, a movement, a progress, and not an ultimate limit of perfection. Repentance is a transitional state, to which it is absurd to apply an infinite criterion: it is a change from the worse to the better mind, and cannot need the resources or belong to the experience of the best. To pronounce it impossible to the wandering and fallen, and make it the exclusive function of the All-holy, implies the strangest metamorphosis of its meaning.

But how, it may be asked, could a paradox so violent find favour with an author every where intent on the exclusion of fiction from Christian theology? To refer a moral act to the wrong personality, to toss about a solemn change like penitence

between guilty and innocent, as if its particular seat were a matter of indifference, is so serious an error, that it could never enter a mind like Mr. Campbell's unless under some plausible disguise. Can we find the shape under which it has recom-

mended itself to his approval?

The sentiment ascribed to the Son of God in regard to sin,wanting as it does the essential penitential element of personal compunction,-is simple sorrow for others' guilt, founded on perfect apprehension of its nature. But this attitude of soul in him awakens the conscience of his disciples, and is reproduced in them by fellowship. Spread into their consciousness, it is no longer clear of the immediate presence of sin, but, falling in with it, assumes the missing element, and becomes repentance. When the Christian sense of evil, which ever partakes of true contrition, is thus contemplated as a transmigration of the Mediator's own spirit into the soul, the two are so identified in thought, that what is true only of the human effect is referred to the Divine cause; and the moral sorrow of Christ is regarded as potentially equivalent to repentance, because that is actually the form of the corresponding phenomenon in us. If this, however, explains our author's position, it hardly justifies it. Intercession for others in their guilt may move them to remorse for their own, but is a fact of quite different nature. As attributes and expressions of character the two phenomena are not to be confounded; and as affecting our relation to God, there is the obvious and admitted distinction, that intercession avails not for those who remain impenitent, and would not be needed for the spontaneously penitent. The sorrowful expostulations of the Son of God have only so far a reconciling effect as they become the medium, in the hearts of men, of an awakened contrition, aspiration, and faith. We cannot conceive them to have immediately altered,—as repentance does,—the personal relation between God and the transgressors of His will; else the change would be a change in the Divine sentiment whilst its objects still remained unchanged. The effect waits for its development in souls melted and renewed. And thus the atoning sorrow of Christ becomes simply a provision for a healing penitence in

The ascription of "repentance" to Christ is curious in another point of view. It arises from a blending together of his consciousness and his disciples'; from slurring the lines of personality between them; from regarding their spiritual state as an organic extension of his, and his as the vital root of theirs. In his endeavour to recommend it to us, our author instinctively runs into abstract expressions in speaking of mankind; fusing down concrete men into "humanity;" referring to the Mediator

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as "God in humanity;" and so, dealing with our nature as if it were a single existence, carrying or turning up all its individuals as partial phenomena of one essence. On the other hand, in our endeavour to correct his doctrine, we have had to lay stress on the inalienable and separate character of all particular persons, taken one by one; to insist on the solitude of each responsible agent, and the impassable barriers which forbid the transference of moral attributes from mind to mind. Which of these two modes of conception is the truer? For according as we incline to the one or the other,—according as we treat humanity as the organic unit of which individual samples of mankind are numerical accidents, or take each man as an integer of which the race is a multiple,—shall we lean towards mediatorial or towards direct religion. We are firmly convinced that no doctrine of mediation,—in the strict sense implying transactions with God on behalf of men, as well as in the opposite direction,—can be harmonised with the modern individualism; and that it is precisely in the attempt to unite these incompatibles, that the forensic fictions to which Mr. Campbell objects, and the moral fiction in his own theory to which we object, have had their They are mere artificial devices to compensate the loss of that realistic mode of conception in which alone a true atoning doctrine can rest in peace. So long as you contemplate the Redeemer as a detached person, not less insulated in his integrity of being than angel from archangel or from man, the difficulty will remain insuperable of making his moral acts avail for other human individuals, unless by a fictitious transference, against which conscience protests. Punishment by substitute, righteousness by deputy, vicarious repentance, are notions at variance with the fundamental postulates of the Moral Sense: and in the attempt to defend them, we are liable to lose the solemn, living, face-to-face reality of the strife within us, and to weave around us a web of legal and formal relations, as little like any heartfelt veracity as a Chancery-decree to a law of nature. In proportion as the soul is pierced with a sharper contrition, and attains a deeper and clearer insight into her own unfaithful disorder, will the inherent impossibility of any foreign exchange of righteousness become apparent, and the desire to be shielded from punishment will pass away: nor is the Conscience truly awakened which does not rather rush into the arms of its just anguish than start back and fly away. And the more you hold up to view the holiness of Christ, the darker will the personal past appear to grow: for self-reproach will say: "Yes, I see him as the holy Son of God; the guiltier am I that the vision did not keep me from my sin." Talk to such a one of Christ's transactions on our behalf as "federal head" of a redeemed people; and his

misery will take no notice of the cold pretence, unless to think,

—"Whatever engagements he made for me, I have broken them
all." In short, while Christ is regarded simply as an historical
individual, with the chasm of an incommunicable personality between him and us, no ingenuity can construct, except from the
ruins of moral law, any other bridge of mediation than the suasion of natural reverence, by which his image passes into the

heart of faith.

It is otherwise when we break through the restraints of the modern individualism, and strive to enter into that literal identification of Christ with Christians which is so frequent with St. If, instead of saying that Christ had our human nature. we could put our thought into this form,—"He was (and is) our human nature,"-if we could suppose our type of being not merely represented in him as a sample, but concentrated in him as a whole,—we should read its essentials and destination in his biography: his predicates would be its predicates: and in his sorrows and sanctity it might undergo purification. Humanity thus made into a person would then be the corresponding fact to Deity embodied in a person: both would be Incarnations, essential Manhood and essential Godhead, -co-present in the same manifested life. In the ordinary conception of the doctrine of two natures Christ is represented, we believe, as a man: in the mode of thought to which we now refer he appears as Man. The difficulties which arise in the attempt to carry out this form of thinking are evident enough even to those who know nothing of the Parmenides of Plato. Indeed they are rendered so obtrusive by our modern habits of mind, that even a momentary seizure, for mere purposes of interpretation, of that older intellectual posture, scarcely remains possible to us. The apprehension of it, however, is indispensable to one who would appreciate the mediatorial theology of Christendom, -a theology which never could have sprung up if our present conceptualist and nominalist notions had always prevailed, and which, ever since their ascendency in Europe, has been driven to deplorable shifts of self-justification. The parallel between the first and second Adam, the fall and the restoration, the death incurred and the life recovered, acquire new meaning for those who thus think,—that as the incidents of Adam's existence become generic by descent, so the incidents of Christ's existence are generic by diffusion; that if in the one we see humanity at head-quarters in time, in the other we see it at head-quarters in comprehension; so that, like an atmosphere which, purified at nucleus, has the taint drawn off from its margin, our nature is freed from its sickliness in him. It becomes intelligible to us in what sense we are to take refuge in him as our including term, to find in him an

epitome of our true existence, to die (even to have died) with him, to suffer with him, to be risen with him, to dwell above in him. On the assumption of such a union, his life ceases to be an individual biography; what is manifested in him personally becomes true of us universally; and it is as if we were all,—like special examples in a general rule, or undeveloped truths in a parent-principle,—virtually present in his dealings with evil and with God. It is evident, that in this view his mediation has no chasm to cross, no foreign region to enter, but is an inseparable predicate of his own personal acts. The facility of conception afforded by this method is betrayed by Mr. Campbell's resort to an analogous hypothesis as a mere illustrative help to the mind. Witness the following striking passage:

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"That we may fully realise what manner of equivalent to the dishonour done to the law and name of God by sin an adequate repentance and sorrow for sin must be, and how far more truly than any penal infliction such repentance and confession must satisfy divine justice, let us suppose that all the sin of humanity has been committed by one human spirit, on whom is accumulated this immeasurable amount of guilt; and let us suppose this spirit, loaded with all this guilt, to pass out of sin into holiness, and to become filled with the light of God, becoming perfectly righteous with God's own righteousness,—such a change, were such a change possible, would imply in the spirit so changed a perfect condemnation of the past of its own existence, and an absolute and perfect repentance, a confession of its sin commensurate with its evil. If the sense of personal identity remained, it must be so. Now, let us contemplate this repentance with reference to the guilt of such a spirit, and the question of pardon for its past sin and admission now to the light of God's favour. Shall this repentance be accepted as an atonement, and, the past sin being thus confessed, shall the Divine favour flow out on that present perfect righteousness which thus condemns the past, or shall that repentance be declared Shall the present perfect righteousness be rejected on inadequate? account of the past sin, so absolutely and perfectly repented of ? and shall Divine justice still demand adequate punishment for the past sin, and refuse to the present righteousness adequate acknowledgment,the favour which, in respect of its own nature, belongs to it? It appears to me impossible to give any but one answer to these questions. We feel that such a repentance as we are supposing would, in such a case, be the true and proper satisfaction to offended justice. Now, with the difference of personal identity, the case I have supposed is the actual case of Christ, the holy one of God, bearing the sins of all men on his spirit,-in Luther's words, 'the one sinner,'-and meeting the cry of these sins for judgment, and the wrath due to them, absorbing and exhausting that Divine wrath in that adequate confession and perfect response on the part of man which was possible only to the infinite and eternal righteousness in humanity."—p. 143.

The case which our author here presents as an aid to the imagination was to Luther the literal reality; to whom, accordingly, Christ was "the one sinner," without "the difference of personal identity," which is here so innocently slipped in, as if it were of no consequence. Christ, in the reformer's view, was humanity, our humanity; and the grand function and triumph of faith is to feel ourselves included in him, to merge our individuality, sins and all, in his comprehending manhood and atoning obedience. Hence the stress which Luther lays on "the well-applying the pronoun" our, in the phrase, "who gave himself for our sins;" "that this one syllable being believed may swallow up all thy sins." The effect of this realism on the theology of Luther has not been sufficiently remarked. We believe it to be the key to much that is obscure in his writings, and the secret source of his antipathy to the Calvinistic type of the Reformation. Absorption of Manhood into Christ, distribution of Godhead into humanity,—these were the correlative parts of his objective belief,—Atonement and Eucharistic Real Presence: and neither in themselves nor in their correspondence can they be appreciated, without standing with him at the point of view which we have endeavoured to indicate.

Whether mediatorial religion shall continue to include in its scheme some provision for dealing with God on behalf of men, will mainly depend on the successful revival or the final abandonment of the old realistic modes of thought. Mr. Campbell's compromise with them, taking refuge with them for illustration while disowning them in substance, answers no logical or theological purpose at all. If he follows out the natural tendencies and affinities of his faith, he must rest exclusively at last in the other half of the doctrine, which exhibits the dealing with man on behalf of God. In this best sense mediatorial religion is imperishable, and imperishably identified with Christianity. The Son of God, at once above our life and in our life, morally divine and circumstantially human, mediates for us between the self so hard to escape, and the Infinite so hopeless to reach; and draws us out of our mournful darkness without losing us in excess of light. He opens to us the moral and spiritual mysteries of our existence, appealing to a consciousness in us that was asleep And though he leaves whole worlds of thought approachable only by silent wonder, yet his own walk of heavenly communion, his words of grace and works of power, his strife of divine sorrow, his cross of self-sacrifice, his reappearance behind the veil of life eternal, fix on him such holy trust and love, that where we are denied the assurance of knowledge, we attain the repose of faith.

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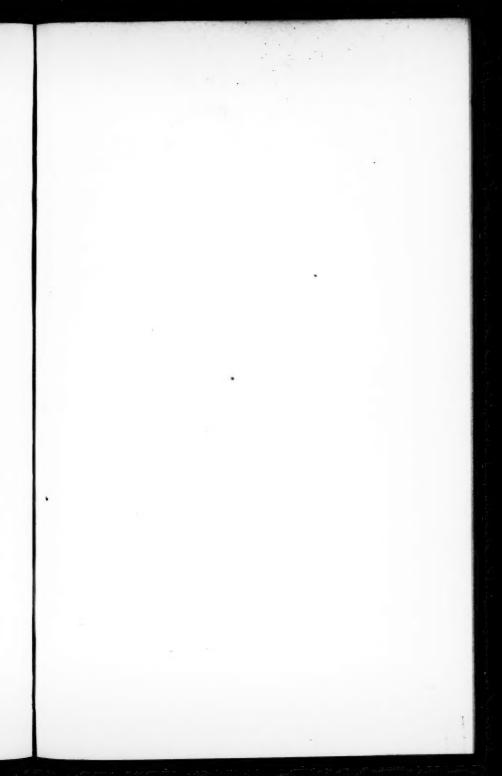
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